

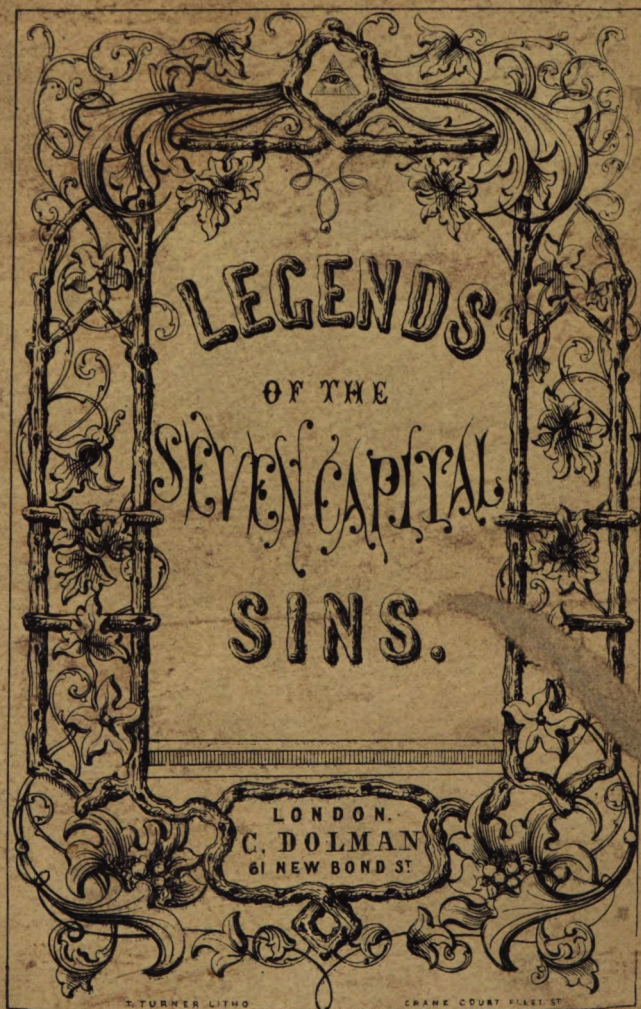
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LEGENDS  
OF THE  
SEVEN CAPITAL  
SINS.

LONDON.  
C. DOLMAN  
61 NEW BOND ST.

T. TURNER LITHO

CRANE COURT, FLEET ST.



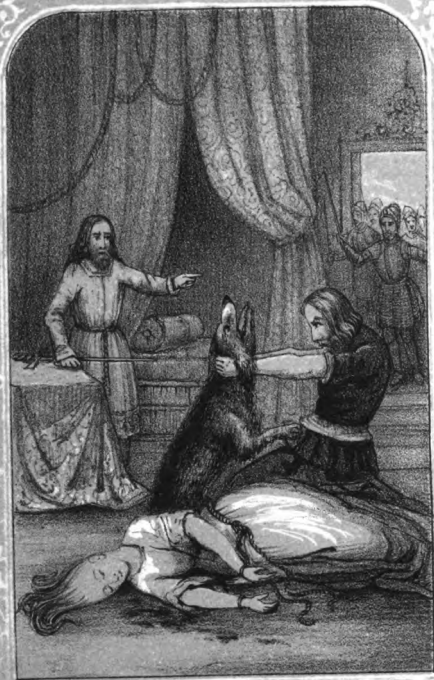
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WENCESLAUS  
THE DRUNKARD. *p. 124*

# LEGENDS

OF THE

## SEVEN CAPITAL SINS.

BY

J. COLLIN DE PLANCY.

*Translated from the French.*

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LONDON :

CHARLES DOLMAN, 61, NEW BOND STREET,  
AND  
22, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1857.

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**LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.**

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE Author hopes that these Legends will be welcomed by those who seek recreation and instruction in such reading as is free from danger. He is confident that he has spared no pains in order to attain this end. He has dived into the chronicles of the middle ages, pressed into his service ancient works of legendary lore, collected local traditions, consulted collections, and borrowed from foreign literature, particularly from that of Flanders, the treasures of which are little known here (in France).\*

These Legends are not imaginary narratives. They are all founded on history. The dates are exact. In no case are characters altered. History, as it has been given us to know it, is everywhere respected. The author contributes only the colouring, the arrangement, and details of the narrative. If he introduces a tale, he fails not to present it as such.

In order to render more apparent the moral of these narratives, they have been connected with the seven capital sins, which are the sources of all our vices. The application is not always exact; nor do we pretend that it is. But we are of opinion that logical rigour, which ought to regulate the writings of the moralist philosopher, does not bind in the same degree the narrator who is obliged to respect facts.

Several of the legends which compose this volume have appeared separately within the last twelve years, diffused

\* The translator hopes that they will be no less new to the English reader.

throughout divers literary collections, and in divers organs of the periodical press, in Holland, Belgium, and France. Some even have been translated into German, Dutch, Spanish; and from these languages have occasionally returned to the French periodicals, which hence attributed to them a false origin. They have been revised and completed for the present publication.

## APPROBATION.

---

DENIS AUGUSTUS AFFRE, by Divine Mercy and the Favour of the Holy Apostolic See, Archbishop of Paris.

Messieurs Paul Mellieur and Plon, publishers, having subjected for our approbation the undermentioned works, forming part of a collection, entitled *The Library of Legends*, viz.: *Legends of the Seven Capital Sins*, 1 vol.; *Legends of the Commandments of God*, 1 vol.,—

We have caused them to be examined, and, according to the report which has been made to us, we have formed the opinion that they may be read with interest and without danger.

Given at Paris, under the seal of our Vicar-general, the seal of our arms, and the counter-seal of our secretary, October 18, 1844.

F. DUPANLOUP,

*Vicar-general.*

By order of His Grace the Archbishop of Paris,

E. HIRON,

*Honorary Chancellor, Pro Sec.*



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# LEGENDS OF THE SEVEN CAPITAL SINS.

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## THE ADVENTURES OF MASTER ADAM BOREL, THE RELIGION MAKER.

“ Antwerpians, lend ear,  
And a new faith you’ll hear.”

“ —Eh! have we not our faith?  
Who doubts it, insult saith.”

*Old Flemish Song.*

---

### I.

EVERY inhabitant of the Catholic Netherlands still bewailed the death of the infant Isabella. All without exception praised her virtues, and the mildness of her government; her enemies even did her justice; and the stadtholder, Frederic Henry himself, wrote in his memoirs, that *Isabella had deserved, by her goodness, to be loved by every one.*

It was the year 1632. Spain was at that time with difficulty regaining possession of the Belgian provinces, which had been for thirty years accustomed to national independence. Frederic Henry availed himself of the moment when there existed certain grounds of discontent. He had seized upon Limbourg, and his troops from time to time made incursions into Brabant.

Whilst the stadtholder was thus endeavouring to conquer a province, or at least some districts, another child of the Netherlands was dreaming of still more ambitious projects. Adam Borel, of Middelburgh, a powerful head of the time, well stored with some shreds of science, but much more with pride, had conceived that he must take advan-



tage of the circumstance to withdraw Belgium from the Roman Church, by preaching in the country some remodelled faith. Isabella was no more ; the people were not too fond of the Spanish yoke. "Who knows," said he, "but there will happen in that country what has happened in our own? And I shall have the honour of having brought about the change." For the inhabitants of the ancient country of the Dutch were good and honest Catholics, who, in the wars which arose out of their disturbances, had never seriously thought of renouncing their belief, and who would have been highly indignant, consistent and attached to their customs as they were, if the German heads, who were beginning to experiment upon them, had said to them,—“You are going to apostatize!” But when, terrified by the excesses which the troops of Frederic of Toledo were committing, the Dutch called William the Silent to their assistance, he came, and the Westphalian reformers, who accompanied him, said to the people of the Netherlands,—“If you would erect a really formidable barrier between yourselves and the Spaniards, you have only one way of going to work ; declare yourselves all Protestants at once. They will thereby see that you separate yourselves from them for ever. Besides, this great manifestation is only proposed to you as a political measure ; the country once liberated, you will be free to follow your consciences.” This singular stratagem succeeded ; and the proposition was hailed by people who did not foresee the consequences. They forgot, alas ! that the things of God are not to be played with. When they had lived some years in the enjoyment of their liberty, eating flesh-meat in Lent, using the right of free examination, sinning at will, without dread of a confessor, pillaging the churches, advancing farther every day on the broad way that leads to perdition, they went so far at last, that they thought no more of retracing their steps. They would have required, at the return of peace,—which, however, was not so soon concluded,—to confess, expiate, make reparation, restitution ; which was all very hard : and the half of this unfortunate people continued in the reformation, crushing and restraining the other half ; for in this sublunary world it is not necessary that those who are in the wrong should be the most numerous in order to have the ascendancy.

Master Adam Borel proposed, therefore, to have recourse

to a similar stratagem; but being well aware that the Belgians were not very partial to the reformation of Luther and Calvin, he prepared to offer them something better.

"Undoubtedly, I shall succeed," said he; "and how glorious will it not be for a young theologian, such as I am!"

And, in fact, he was only nine-and-twenty.

He was the bearer of some letters of recommendation, that had been given him by Dr. Nicholas Tulp, of Amsterdam. Among these was one to Peter Scholiers, of Antwerp. Thus prepared, he set out upon his journey towards Brabant, through the country of Campine, joyous and buoyant, modestly riding on an ass, like Peter the Hermit, when he went to preach the Crusade. This was his own remark. But he had neither the austerity, nor the piety, nor the humility of the good pilgrim.

He lived gaily, eating and drinking like a man of pleasure; he paid his court to the ladies, and sang a jolly song, —things rather new for an apostle. He was, however, warranted in this by the example of Luther; and, besides, he was the preacher of a convenient and easy religion.

Not knowing the roads, he fell among a band of Hessian marauders, whose chief was Samuel Bach, a Jew of Dordrecht, converted to the reformation. Before allowing him to speak, Samuel declared him a spy, searched his person, and stripped him of all the money he possessed, took his ass from him, and allowed him to depart. But Adam Borel raising a great clamour, and demanding justice, the robber returned upon him, gave him a sound beating, and brought him to the camp, where he boldly presented him to Count de Styrum, as a Catholic spy, who deserved to be hanged without being allowed to utter a word in his own defence.

Adam Borel, nevertheless, having obtained a hearing, made known that he was from the United Provinces, and from the faithful town of Middelburgh; that he belonged to the reformed religion; that he was a divine, a doctor, and more than all, a minister. Upon which, Count de Styrum began to look with an evil eye on the zealous Jew. To support the truth of what he said, the Zealander showed his letters from Nicholas Tulp, with whom Count de Styrum happened to be acquainted. Samuel Bach was immediately ordered to restore to the traveller everything

he had taken from him. The ass had disappeared, and was nowhere to be found. In vain did the reformer claim a hundred good ducats of gold which had been taken from his pockets; eleven only were found in those of the Jew, who, perhaps, had skilfully handed the rest to some of his comrades, protesting that he had not any more. For an appearance of justice he was placed in confinement, which he liked better to undergo than to reproduce the eighty-nine ducats that were wanting.

Master Adam Borel was now at liberty to leave the camp, and he was not very deeply afflicted at finding himself reduced to eleven ducats, as he carried with him a draft on a banker of Antwerp. He took his resolution, and commenced an exhortation to the soldiers who surrounded him, among whom he expected some proselytes. But he had scarcely spoken a quarter of an hour, expounding his doctrines, when he was interrupted by a stout man of low stature, in whom, from the shape of his little hat, and the rather soiled bands he wore, he recognized one of the Protestant pastors of the army.

"Before proceeding farther," said the minister, "I claim a conference with you, in order to inquire whether you be entitled to exercise amongst us. You appear to me not to be in accordance on every point with the synod of Dordrecht."

"But have I not the right of free examination?" replied Borel. "We are no longer under the rigorous discipline of Mauritius."

"Which will not hinder me," replied the stout little minister, "if you venture upon another discourse, from causing you to be hanged as a dissenter."

"Ah! this is your toleration!"

"Toleration is folly. With toleration there are as many religions as individuals."

"But Luther has recognized the right of free examination."

"We do not belong to Luther, but to Calvin and Gomar. We are not to be jested with. If you do not conform, you are at liberty to hold your peace."

And this Borel understood was the only thing he could do.

"That minister," thought he, "in an army full of dissipated people, has doubtless but a sorry number of clients. He dreads lest I should bear away from him his small

profits and his authority. Patience ; he is a fool. I must consider."

Having deliberated with himself on the means of propagating his ideas without noise, he imagined that the surest way to attract amateurs around him was to become tavern-keeper. He hired a tent, and purchased a cask of beer. "Every path is good," said he, "provided it leads to the goal."

He congratulated himself on his resolution, was proud of his modesty, and reckoned on doing honour to the trade of tavern-keeper. Nothing gladdens one so much as the gratification of vanity under the appearance of humility, or as a resource which one thinks ingenious, whilst it appears to be quite simple.

Master Adam Borel having broached his cask of beer, advertised it for sale at six liards the pot. It was a great source of astonishment and bitterness to him, considering the low price of his merchandise, to spend a whole forenoon without attracting a single drinker to his little table, whilst a soldier, who also sold beer behind his tent, having no other shelter than a dry tree, found it impossible to attend to all the customers who crowded round his beer-pots. True the soldier sold his beer at three liards only, whether it was that he had stolen it, or made it half up of water. Nevertheless, those who drank of it appeared to think it good.

The hour for dinner having struck, the customers of the rival ale-house dispersed. Adam Borel, taking a pot, went to his cask to draw beer for his own use ; but, to his still greater amazement, the cask was empty. After a few moments of surprise and consternation, he reflected, looked about, examined, and after a searching inquiry, discovered that his cask, being placed against the canvass of his tent, had been pierced from the outside at the opposite end, and that it was his own beer the soldier had managed to sell, without ruining himself at three liards the pot.

To whom complain ? Adam Borel having experienced quite enough of the pleasant things of the camp, adopted the resolution of abandoning the soldiers to their hardness of heart. He shook the dust from his boots, and set out for Spanish Brabant. "To make anything of the soldiery," said he, as he walked along, "one must have gone through a special course of study. I ought to live a little with the common people, become familiar and intimate with them,

in order to observe how they think and judge. This I shall certainly do."

He arrived without any mischance at Hoogstraeten, where he proposed to sleep. He went to spend the night at the best-known inn. Owing to the enemy's posts being in the neighbourhood (Hoogstraeten was filled with soldiers), Borel found it difficult to obtain the promise of a bed. But a crowd was quite to his purpose:—"I shall be better able to study the people," thought he.

Being fond of good living, he ordered the best chicken that could be had to be prepared for him; and, whilst it was being done, he went about among the groups of people at the hotel, endeavouring to get engaged in some conversation, by which he might succeed in making himself known. Few listened to him; still fewer made any reply to him. One man, who carried a great sword and an enormous black walking-stick, lent him some attention, but with an interested object. This man was the rural justice,\* and he had already inquired of the innkeeper whether the stranger were not an emissary of the *Gueux*. This was the name by which the reformers were designated. The innkeeper, who considered Borel quite a simple man, had reassured this country officer. Nevertheless, the Zealander was obliged to show his letters. His recommendation to Peter Scholiers, who was well known, told in his favour; the title of Doctor, which had been given him without any specification as to whether it designated a doctor of divinity, rendered him almost respectable. He was taken for a barrister; and his attention in taking a glass of port wine with the justice entitled him to the privilege of eating his supper quietly in the chief inn of Hoogstraeten.

His appetite was so keen, that he could not wait for the hour of the *table d'hôte*. He made his chicken be served up as soon as it was ready. He had calculated that in so doing he would have an opportunity of paying his court to the landlady. As soon as he observed that his cover was laid, he sat down to table, muttering a short Zealand song against the Catholic clergy. He broke a crust of bread, placed it between his teeth, and inquired of the hostess who was serving him what might be her age?

"Every year twelve months more," replied she, smiling.

\* This was a sort of peripatetic provost, who generally administers justice in a summary manner.

Although disconcerted by this rustic answer, Adam Borel did not discontinue his questions ; in the midst of which walked in the landlord, holding in one hand the fowl, nicely disposed on a plate of china-ware, and in the other a kettle, in which were hardening four eggs, that had been ordered for raising the salad.

The landlord was a wag, and always took delight in playing tricks on such travellers as were possessed with the mania of courting the women of the inn. The Zealander being turned towards the hostess, and not observing him, he pushed forward the chicken so as to spill the sauce on the ruff of Master Borel, and at the same time contrived to overturn the kettle of boiling water on his feet.

A fearful cry, which made the whole house shake, and which proved the strength of Master Borel's lungs, gave the host to understand at the same time that his jest was a little too warm. He excused himself in the best way he could, on the ground of the distraction the traveller had given him ; and the hostess having gone out to attend to her household matters, he helped the Zealander to take off his boots, wrapped his feet up in cotton, lent him a pair of large slippers, and then left him, wishing him a good appetite.

But the doctor suffered so keenly that he could not eat, and he dared not complain too loudly ; he felt that he had brought the evil upon himself, guessing rightly that there was more malice than awkwardness in the landlord's proceeding.

His vanity being wounded ; "Things do not run well with me here," said he ; "and this dish they will make me pay for, although I cannot eat it. It is served up, but they shall have no profit by it." He drank a large glass of beer, packed up the chicken in a sheet of paper, and crammed it into the pocket of his doublet, remembering that he was very fond of cold chickens for breakfast—a meal which he promised himself the pleasure of on the morrow, as he proceeded on his journey. That night, however, he was obliged to sleep in the villanous hotel ; and besides, the state of his feet would not have permitted him to walk.

Just as he had completed these arrangements, and was drinking a second glass of beer, the landlord entered again, bringing with him the salad. He was followed by his dog, a large and intelligent animal, which never failed

to accompany his master at the second service, in order to have the bones and the remains of the first. The host perceived that the chicken had disappeared, but did not think himself entitled to make any remark; he served up the small dish of salad, took the four eggs out of the kettle, and withdrew. But the dog, who had not got his dues, remained behind Borel.

As he looked at the plate of salad, it occurred to the Zealander that such light food would prove refreshing without overloading his stomach, which he could not by any means allow to remain empty. He took the shells off his eggs, cut them up, made and seasoned his salad, and began to eat, never remarking that whilst he was engaged with salt and pepper, oil and mustard, vinegar and yolks of eggs, the dog stationed behind him was quietly drawing the chicken from his pocket, and bearing it back to the kitchen.

After his frugal supper he went hobbling away to his bedroom, and then only, in taking off his doublet, did he find in place of the chicken nothing else than a dirty grease-spot.

He had a very bad bed, did not sleep, and in the morning, notwithstanding the pain which was still burning his feet, he paid his reckoning and resumed his journey, leaning on his staff. "I shall rest awhile," said he, "at the next village."

He was not aware that in Campine the villagers are not easily bitten. After a three hours' walk he stopped, quite overcome with fatigue, in a cabin, where there was given him for breakfast some black bread and gin. Little satisfied with so rustic a meal, and thinking with a sigh on his cold chicken, he observed a ham suspended in the chimney; he begged to have a slice of it done on the gridiron.

"You shall not have it either roasted or raw," said the peasant. "This is Friday—return on Sunday."

"Ah! you are a Catholic," replied Borel. "But, for my part, I don't keep Friday."

"So! so! you belong to the reformation," added the peasant; "you have the more need to do penance, and you shall have none of my bacon. Do you imagine that if my wife had died to-day, and there came a man who should begin to sing and laugh, saying, 'I do not belong to the family,' I would permit him to laugh and sing?"

I would do no such thing. I keep Friday, that I do, and it is kept in my house."

"Excuse me," said Borel, "it is possible that the reformers may be wrong, but my religion is more consistent."

"But," replied the honest fellow, "if you are not a Gueux, you are not a Jew either, since you wish to eat ham."

"I am of a creed that has not as yet received a name."

"If you are a fool, so much the worse. In that case empty your glass, and continue your journey."

Master Adam Borel, seeing that he had no chance with his rustic host, took his advice and resumed his travels."

"I do not really know the people," said he to himself, as he walked along. "Before thinking of ruling the masses, I must, I repeat it, study the manners of the lower orders, understand their language, appreciate their ideas, enter into their ways of reasoning and seeing."

From one reflection to another he came to the conclusion, that he must dissemble, extinguish himself, conceal for a time the theologian, the doctor, the man of genius, put his science under a bushel, mingle with the people, and, the better to effect this, he resolved to enter a castle as a domestic.

"I limit myself to a month's stay there without allowing myself to be discovered; I shall observe the people of the house first, and afterwards the villagers, who reveal themselves entirely to a man of their own class. Nothing in the world ought to induce one to draw back when meditating such conquests as I have in view."

He slept that night at Braschaet, conducted himself properly, and next morning inquired of the host whether he could point out to him a respectable country-house where a faithful servant was required.

"If you have talents for fishing," replied the landlord, "go to the castle; the ponds will be fished in eight days."

"I am in reality a fisher," replied Borel.

He was the son of a fisherman of some renown in Zealand. He made no scruple of claiming his father's skill, an inheritance, however, which had not fallen to his lot; and he was received for a month among the servants of the castle. This was just what he desired.

He dissembled so well, or at least the manners of the common people were so natural to him, that the other



servants did not suspect his quality of theologian. He did more : in a household wholly composed of Catholics, he disguised his Calvinism, to which, besides, he did not attach any importance. He amused every one with his songs and tales ; and, but for his black clothes, which were readily taken for the cast off habiliments of some of his former patrons, he would not have been thought ridiculous in the kitchen. But he possessed no other garments, and they rallied him chiefly on a woollen girdle, terminating in two tassels, which confined his doublet. Although this portion of his costume was not suitable for a servant, he held to it precisely for this reason perhaps, and likewise in order to preserve in his own mind some degree of self-respect.

Meanwhile he pursued his study of popular manners, and congratulated himself on his resolution. One thing only was not to his liking ; he was obliged to fare rather sparingly. He sought means of obviating so serious an inconvenience, and now and then he contrived to purloin a choice morsel ; in this he displayed great subtlety, for he was never suspected.

The fishings commenced, and they were really a great affair. All the fine fish were sent to Antwerp to be sold, whilst all the large pieces that had been somewhat roughly handled were served up at the table of the lord of the manor, who had invited a number of friends on the occasion ; the small fry only was used in the kitchen.

On the third day, and when the labours of the day were over, Borel, together with a comrade as passionately fond as himself of nice things, caught with the net a splendid pike which weighed twenty-five pounds. The two fellows looked at one another, and divined one another's thoughts so well, that the Zealander hesitated not to say, "We shall keep this for ourselves."

Night came on, and with the aid of a drizzling rain completely screened the two friends from observation. They withdrew to a neighbouring thicket, Borel bearing under his arm the huge pike, and controlling its convulsive efforts, whilst his comrade went before with a light. The fish was laid in a hole, which was covered over with leaves, grass, and dead branches. After this, making sure that they had not been seen, they retired through the coppice, with the intention of returning next morning to carry away their pike.

When at supper in the kitchen the coachman observed that there were no longer at Borel's girdle the two black tassels on which he had so often rallied him. He complimented him on having sacrificed them ; but the Zealander did not deserve this eulogium, as the tassels had disappeared without his knowledge, and he presumed they had been caught in some bush.

In the course of the night, a fox in search of prey, attracted seemingly by the smell, came to the place of concealment, where lay the pike in its humid and not very comfortable bed. In removing the leaves and the dead branches which covered the tyrant of the ponds, one of the paws of reynard fell up to the knee-joint into the open mouth of the great fish. The pike, in its convulsive agonies, locked so firmly its powerful jaws, that the fox was fairly trapped. With all his efforts he could not escape. In vain did he strive : he could not drag along with him his heavy snare.

The instinct of preservation made him stifle his cries. At break of day, however, whether he had groaned, or whether it was from some other cause, the Seigneur de Braschaet, who every morning took a turn in his domain with a carabine, happened to fall upon the thicket where reynard was entrapped. Surprised to see with his own eyes the great devourer of poultry caught in a place where he had not laid a snare, the good seigneur fired his piece and killed the poor fox. Desiring to carry him away, he ran up to him, but found that he was not alone. It required several efforts to move so heavy a weight. The whole was at length extracted. The seigneur, delighted at having taken both a pike and a fox, returned to the manor-house, bearing reynard under one arm, and the huge fish under the other. He met on the way Borel and his comrade, who were proceeding towards the scene of his singular good fortune ; he communicated it to them, and, without observing a certain degree of embarrassment in their manners, brought them to the kitchen, where he called together all his people, as well those who were rising as those who were already up, and inquired of them, bestowing upon all interrogatory looks, whether they could not tell him who had concealed the pike in the thicket, where he had fished it while hunting the fox.

All who had a clear conscience could make no revelation, and the two guilty parties showed as much assurance as

the most innocent. "No matter, then," said the lord of the manor, "sooner or later the thieves will be discovered."

As he pronounced these words, his eyes fell, and no doubt by the merest accident, on Master Adam Borel, who was inwardly alarmed, but without making any demonstration. Meanwhile he walked off, tolerably disquieted, to the fishing.

A good hour after the first interrogatory, the Seigneur de Braschaet ordered the kitchen-maid to scale and empty the pike, and prepare it for breakfast. Whilst this operation was going forward, Borel's comrade, having come to procure cork for his nets, beheld with alarm two black tassels extracted from the stomach of the pike,—a most inopportune indication, which revealed the culprit. He made his escape amidst the shouts of his fellow-servants, and ran to warn the Zealander. Borel, terror-struck on learning that his tassels which the pike had swallowed denounced him as the author of an ignoble action, instantly fled, leaped the ditches, quitted the domain, and disappeared on the road to Antwerp.

The discovered thief was not pursued, and his accomplice in the theft did not allow himself to be suspected. But the apostle who made his debut by such detestable adventures, arrived under the walls of Antwerp, saying to himself: "Everything goes ill with me in the country. I shall try the town."

## II.

One hour after he entered Antwerp, Adam Borel had his draft of one hundred and eighty ducats honoured at the bank of Josias Bloum.

Before lodging himself, haunted as he was by the dread of being pursued by the peaceable lord of Braschaet, he set about having his costume changed. He went accordingly to a clothes shop, purchased a suit of bright yellow cloth, and a grey felt hat decorated with a rose-coloured feather, and having put on this new dress, he went, followed by a lad carrying the garments he had put off, to lodge provisionally at the hotel of the sign of the Cross.

"Down with the black!" said he. "My religion is not gloomy; and as I am now rigged out, things will go better with me."

He dined, passed the day in visiting the port, the evening

at his meditations; and on the following day he carried his letter of introduction to Peter Scholiers.

"I have studied the lower classes by mingling with them," said he. "With him I shall learn something of well-informed people."

Peter Scholiers was a man of about fifty years of age, who had not long before returned from Spa, where the waters had cured him of a lethargic complaint. This man was a singular compound of melancholy and gaiety. He was a magistrate of Antwerp; he had studied philosophy at Louvain, and had left that university a licentiate in civil and canon law; he had travelled in Italy with the duke of Arschot, and passed for an able antiquary and a learned connoisseur in the fine arts. He was preparing to publish two works—*Diogenes (Diogenes Cynicus)*, a series of satires against the bad customs of his time, obscurely written in the language of Juvenal, but full of point, of genius, and of character; and, side by side with this distinguished book, a treatise on the culinary art (*Koock-Boeck*), plainly and facetiously written in his mother-tongue, setting forth how flesh-meats, fowls, game, and fish are prepared, how wines are preserved, &c.; the whole dedicated to the *Flemish fair sex*, in an epistle, where he says that he founds his culinary doctrines on four-and-twenty years of experience, &c.

To this extraordinary man was Master Adam Borel recommended by Doctor Nicholas Tulp, a learned physician, senator of Amsterdam, curator of the Illustrious School, a great inquirer after medical cases of an uncommon nature, a wit, a tolerably pure writer, an amateur in paintings. The letter presented by the Zealander was conceived in the following terms:—

"I address and recommend to you, my dear licentiate, one Adam, who is not the first man in the world, but who will not either be the last, and who ought to have espoused my wife, considering that she is called Eve (*Eva Van der Voegh*). He will tell you what his views are; and it is possible, as he has attained the degree of Doctor, that you may resolve on being useful to him. I am always expecting your work on the culinary art. But if your studies are seductive, do not forget that they are perilous."

Peter Scholiers, a short, stout, high-coloured man, was also a lover of dainty fare, though not a gormand. He

read, smiling, the letter of Nicholas Tulp ; and having invited Borel to sit down, he began the conversation.

"Your friend of Amsterdam is a fool," said he ; "his last word is not intelligible. But he is a doctor, let him pass with it. If he were here, I am sure he would order me leeches, or a powerful dose. From what country are you?"

"From Middelburgh."

"Zealand!—an abominable country! They know nothing of cookery there ; and on this ground your fellow-countrymen deserve to be condemned to eat grass and hay. Pray forgive me, if I offend you by what I say ; I am not, I conceive, making the remark on your account. But it is unheard of that good things should be so dreadfully spoiled as they are by those people. You have excellent fresh fish. How do you eat it ! Stupidly boiled in water ; and in what water ? So as that it has a marshy smell and taste, and is as bad as if it were eaten raw. But I, young man, cook fresh fish in a *court-bouillon*, relieved with white wine ; I add to it laurel and other aromatics ; after which I honour it with sauce. Your countrymen do not even know how to make of pears, scallions, parsley, and yolks of eggs, a seasoning for mussels ; nor white sauce from frogs' feet. They eat everything washed and washed again, boiled and reboiled with stagnant water. Fye upon it ! I hope you have left the country on this account, and that you will only return to it in order to enlighten them."

"Pardon, Mynheer," replied Borel ; "I am certainly of your opinion. Between an ill-cooked dinner, such as they have with us, and even throughout all Holland, and a dinner prepared according to the most approved culinary art, I would not for a moment hesitate. I like good living."

"In what way do you prefer ham?" said Scholiers, interrupting him.

"In every way."

"In every way!" exclaimed the epicure, quite pale with excitement. Admit that you are a gormandizer, but pretend not that you understand good living. So, ham simply stewed suffices you? This is shocking. If you won't have it cooked with wine, at least have it broiled or roasted. I am quite sure you are one of those people who eat a jigot stupidly done in hot water, when there is nothing to hinder them from doing it on the spit, or in the oven ;—

who boil *carbonnados*, and metamorphose them into sponges, when they are quite at liberty to make a real carbonnado broiled to a nicety ;—who never in their lives beheld a *fricassée* of chickens according to rule, nor cutlets served with cucumbers.”

“Pray excuse me, Mynheer,” interrupted Borel, in his turn, “I like good living, as I told you ; but know nothing, I must own, of the science of it. I confine myself to the enjoyment of it, when it comes in my way ; and, in truth, I never could meet with it in my own country. If you will permit me to cultivate your acquaintance, I shall be your most tractable disciple, although personally I am engaged in quite another kind of reformation.”

“So you are sensible that it is good to make the most of everything. Perhaps you give your attention to pastry-work ? This science is also at its A, B, C in this country. They make nothing here but that everlasting gingerbread, and dry, tasteless cakes. I regret not having profoundly studied this subject. Flour mingles with everything,—with cream, milk, butter, hard cheese, sugar, honey, fruit, jellies, dried raisins, cognac, orange-flower ; by combining a little, excellent things are produced ; meat pasties may be varied to infinity,—they may be made cold or hot ; you may eat the dish which contains, after having partaken of the exquisite *ragoût* contained therein, as did the soldiers of *Æneas*.”

“My studies are quite of a different nature,” observed the Zealander, smiling.

“What then are they ?” inquired Scholiers, looking steadily at him ; “do you labour to improve the fashions ? For this there is certainly great occasion ;—they are becoming ridiculous.”

“No, Mynheer,” replied Adam Borel, “my views are not confined to material things.”

“Ah ! you cultivate the muses ! Why then did you not say so ? We also know something of them ; and I shall read you a few Latin verses, that are really well done. What is your style ?”

“I am not a poet, Mynheer.”

“A *savant* ?—a commentator ?—a grammarian ?—a philosopher ?—a critic ?—a theologian ?”

“A little of all that, Mynheer.”

“You are unassuming ; and you are labouring at——”

“A reformation.”

"A reformation! Against whom?"

"Against Luther."

"Well, the best way to reform the Salmagundi he has made, and which has produced so many spoil-sauces, is to upset his kettle. See you, doctor, for such you are, it is of no use wasting your time on Luther's work; it will fall of itself, and sooner, perhaps, than the bad cookery of your country, which at any rate is not poisonous. What is nowadays called Lutheranism, is no longer what Luther taught. Of what sect are you?"

"I am a reformer."

"Reformer or deformer in what?"

"That is to say, I am a Protestant."

"But, why?"

"Because I protest."

"Against what? If it were a matter of less importance, I would laugh," said Scholiers, becoming serious. "But Tulp was wrong in sending you to me. Because I am a poet and write a treatise on cookery, does he think me crack-brained, like one half of his fellow-countrymen? Young man, we may amuse ourselves reforming cookery, and laws, manners and little cakes, clothes and houses; we may employ ourselves in ameliorating the petty inventions of man; but the things of God are not to be reformed at the discretion of every drunken fellow who may choose to meddle with them. Here, we are not ashamed of our forefathers; for sixteen hundred years they have been Catholics; as they were neither fools nor knaves, we have no mind to deny them. I do not see in what I could be of service to you, if not in combating the bad arguments by which you are led astray; and for such a task I would not venture to rely upon my humble abilities."

Master Adam Borel was a little crest-fallen at finding that this man, whom he had considered so frivolous, had no leaning towards him. He took courage, however.

"You are a Catholic," said he, "I know it. But we might converse; and you would see that my project is not so bad, if you would only avail yourself, as I do, of the right of free examination."

"Of the free examination of what?"

"Of the Holy Scriptures."

"But, my young doctor, that is one of the absurdities of Luther. Are the Holy Scriptures, then, subjected to

our examination? By no means; they are imposed on us. To make use, if you please, of a very lame comparison, does a legislator make laws in order that they may be examined? No; but that they may be put in force. And do you imagine that what comes from God can be discussed by Arminius, or by Gomar, who cannot take the same liberty with regard to what proceeds from your legislators of the States-General? I have no pretensions to be a theologian; but I have always observed, that those who claim, in regard to the Holy Scriptures, the free examination you assert, were exceedingly shallow persons. Increase not their number; you would only be like them, a vessel of clay; and the allegory of the earthen pot and the pot of iron is at hand: free examination will never be the iron pot.

"I am perhaps a little too hard," resumed Scholiers, after a short pause. "Excuse me if I have offended you; I have not permitted you to speak, and it is possible I may understand you better when you have unfolded your project."

"What I propose is quite plain," replied Borel, taking courage. "I cling to the Gospel; on it I found my system. I would have fraternity re-established; no more superiors and inferiors, equality in all things, community of goods."

"Admirable!" interjected Scholiers, who was not perhaps over patient. "But this is no new system."

"You are merely aiming at bringing into notice again the *family* or *house of love*. This heresy flourished last century. It arose, in 1540, out of the reveries of the Anabaptists, and was preached by one Nicholas Munster."

"Now, don't talk to me either of that country or of Westphalia! The associates of the *family of love*, who are not yet quite extinguished, acknowledge only charity; they reject hope, and hence they are not over cheerful; they also reject faith, which you, with your free examination, will likewise do. They love all men, without loving any one; they pretend that charity renders them perfect, and raises them above the laws; and, so long as they possess nothing, they put everything in common."

"Their chief, Henry Nicholas, began also by preaching perfect equality; afterwards, however, he made himself chief; he next declared himself inspired, which will also be your case. Then he fancied himself deified; and at last he boasted that he was greater than our Lord, who had



been, he proclaimed, his type, his image, and his precursor.

"But, as he had established equality, all his disciples pretended that they were deified as well as himself. This was consistent. In order to maintain his superiority, he composed a gospel; every one cannot make a gospel. He entitled it *The Gospel of the Kingdom*. When asked of what kingdom, he could not tell. It was observed to him, that his gospel of the kingdom was not the gospel of equality, considering that a kingdom supposes a king, unless all the associates of the sect be kings alike, which with those people is quite possible.

"He was anxious to bring over to his opinions Theodore Kornheert, who beat him hollow in all their disputes, although Henry Nicholas maintained that the spirit spoke in him. It is true, that when he knew not how to reply, he shielded himself with the excuse that the spirit commanded him to be silent.

"If it was a spirit, it was not the spirit of light. You will also get into its fangs. Out of the church, my young doctor, there are only unknown and trackless deserts: he who once enters upon them never knows whither he is tending."

"This is your opinion," replied Borel, at length, irritated; "but it is not mine."

And, persuaded that he would lose his labour with Peter Scholiers, he took up his grey hat and departed.

"Abominable country!" said he to himself. "If they are bad cooks in Zealand, they follow reason better."

He called *reason* what the founder of the *family of love* called the *spirit*.

He returned to his hotel dissatisfied, deliberated the whole day, and came to the conclusion that he possessed a resource more easy than discussion. It was to print his doctrine. Remembering rightly that he also had a letter from Tulp to the eminent printer Moretus, he went to see him the following morning, having nothing written, but full of his subject, quite prepared to make the press groan, although too indolent to take the trouble of tracing many lines, before he was sure that they would be printed.

He was conducted to the cabinet where the honest heir of Christopher Plantin, alone at a desk surmounted by a beautiful crucifix, was piously concluding the recitation of his chaplet, and waiting for a proof of the missal, of

which he was preparing a new edition. He was at the last decade. He turned round a little, and, only stopping to make a sign to Borel to sit down, he pursued his devout exercise.

"He is telling his beads," thought Borel; "he is undoubtedly a good-natured fellow I may practise upon."

When Moretus had finished and made the sign of the cross, he saluted the Zealander, and inquired what business had procured him the honour of his visit.

"I am a stranger," replied Borel, "and am desirous of having a few sheets printed. Here is a letter that will introduce me to you."

The note of Nicholas Tulp\* greeted the distinguished archtypographer Moretus, and set forth that Adam Borel was a man of talent. Moretus, having read it, bowed politely to the bearer, and said:—

"I only know your friend of Amsterdam by having also printed a few sheets for him, as you say, on medical questions, which I did, after having had the manuscript examined, in order to be satisfied that it contained nothing heretical or rash. I have pleasure, sir, in believing the eulogiums he bestows upon you. Have you your work with you?"

"No, Mynheer."

"What is the subject of it?"

"Questions of theology."

"I must have it looked into before printing it, if you will give me your confidence."

"But I put my name to it."

"That is not sufficient for me, sir. In publishing a book, the printer is in concert with the author; and he is the more guilty of the two, if the book be dangerous. What would you say of an apothecary who would not poison you, but who would furnish the powders and the drugs for composing the poison? What would you say of the accomplice, who would not kill you, but who would lend a

\* Nicholas Dirx, called Tulp (tulip), from the sign of the house in which he was born on the Keizersgracht at Amsterdam, the son of a merchant, born in 1593, was six times an alderman and four times burgo-master. He attracted Paul Potter to Amsterdam by purchasing from him whatever he should do. In 1673, notwithstanding his old age, he spoke so powerfully as to prevent Amsterdam, although terror-struck, from yielding to Louis XIV. He was 78 years of age. He died in 1674. He was a physician. In his works, we find curious things. He observed stones (calculi) in the arteries, polypi in the heart, hairs in the bladder, the lobes of the lungs cut without danger, spittings of blood that lasted thirty years, two persons who breathed for some time at the ears, &c.—*Pacquot*.

poniard to your assassin? and of the man who would not burn your house, but who would give a torch to the incendiary? Sir, are you orthodox?"

"I do not know very well how I ought to reply to you on that point," said Borel; "but I must own to you, that I intend to introduce some novelties."

"In that case, sir, I cannot be your printer, and I trust that nobody in our town will undertake your work."

"Nevertheless, Mynheer, I am a Christian."

"No doubt, sir, you believe you are. Rebels at the outset are always very faithful subjects; and, in matter of religion, I call rebels those who, inventing novelties, propose them to others than him who has the right to pronounce upon them."

"But do you think," replied Borel, "that it is an act of rebellion to attack certain abuses, as, for instance, the prayers of the chaplet, which you were just reciting?"

"What do you find wrong with the chaplet?"

"The frequent repetition of the same prayer."

"Is the repetition of fine things, then, a fault, an abuse, or an offence? I could give you more than one argument on this subject. I shall confine myself to a short anecdote. We possess here a painter of some merit and renown; his name is Peter Paul Rubens. It is possible you may have heard speak of him."

Adam Borel made a sign, as if to say—"We reject images, and we know nothing of painters."

"Well, sir," replied Moretus, "this man, who is one of our glories, has made a *Descent from the Cross*, which is very beautiful. He has made a *Calvary*, representing the moment when the soldier withdraws the lance from the side of our expiring Saviour. This is also very beautiful. He has made a great many more paintings, which will always be considered masterpieces. Two years ago, a great French lord came here for the purpose of conducting certain negotiations: he remained a year in our town. He went regularly every day to spend a quarter of an hour before the *Descent from the Cross*, and a quarter of an hour before the *Calvary*. He said nothing else than these words, which he repeated twenty times with feeling,—*How beautiful!* (*Que c'est beau!*)

"This praise, thus expressed, would have shocked you. Well, sir, Peter Paul Rubens told me, with his own lips, that, of all the eulogiums he had received (and they have

been justly heaped upon him), this one was the compliment which flattered him the most.

"I only speak thus," pursued Moretus, after a brief silence; "and I only compare human praises to prayer, as far as it is allowable, to liken small things to great,—*parva licet componere magnis.*"

The materials by which we are guided in this legend afford still more details of the conversation between Moretus and Borel; but they are not of much interest. Let it suffice then to add, that the doctor could not find at Antwerp a printer who would consent to give him the aid of his art. As he was persevering, he desired to try divers other ways. He hired a furnished room in the street de l'Empereur, and he engaged for his household work a good woman, whose appearance pleased him.

"I shall begin with this woman," said he; "she is simple-hearted, and will understand me."

And, to be sure, so early as next morning, whilst Magdalene Wiert was preparing his breakfast, he set about expounding to her his system of morality. As often as he enunciated a Christian maxim, she replied, "It is true, Mynheer, it is in the Catechism." But whenever he launched out into his vague argumentations, which he considered so beautiful, she plainly told him that she did not at all understand him.

The exertions he made in order to render himself intelligible demonstrated to the poor woman that he was a heretic. She was no sooner convinced of this, than she demanded her wages for the eight days she had been serving him.

"These devotees," said he, "are more tenacious than I had thought."

He made inquiries, in order to find a woman less firm in her principles.

He was soon provided with one—quite a young person. True, the information regarding her morals was rather equivocal; but what mattered that to Borel, if she were disposed to follow his new doctrines. Unfortunately, at the end of eight days, she also ceased to serve him, not, like Magdalene, in calling for her wages, but in disappearing all of a sudden; and the clever theologian understood that she was as clever as himself; for, by reason of the community of goods he established, she had stolen from him all his money.

This awkward circumstance was not very cheering to Borel ; it rather damped him. "It is hard, indeed," said he, "if there be only Catholics and knaves."

He went to walk about the port, and there, by a fortunate chance, finding a vessel belonging to Middelburgh, which was setting sail for his own country, he thought not of some trifling debts he left at Antwerp, but boldly embarked, and returned to Zealand.

When he was asked in his native town what he had done at Antwerp, he made only this reply :—"It is a country of Jesuits ; religious novelties do not take there."

But he did not give up what he called his great thought. All his life, which was tolerably long, he employed himself, without ceasing, in founding a Christian church, distinct from all other churches. In this, however, he could not succeed. In vain did he attack Lutherans, Calvinists, Socinians, Anabaptists, Gomarists, Arminians, Zuinglians, Mennonites, and all the thousand and one sects born of the hydra that sprang from the brain of Luther ; all alike repelled him. The Lutherans even considered him an atheist.

Among the bad arguments with which his writings are loaded, he nevertheless stated in reply to them a truth which it may be useful to bring forward, as an avowal of some small importance. It is this : "Protestants, by rejecting all authority, have opened the door to every heresy, and to indifference in matter of religion."

But if Master Adam Borel could not succeed in establishing his marvellous scheme, he bequeathed it to his successors in a little work in Flemish or Dutch, which was printed at Amsterdam in 1674, and which is entitled—"*Conference on Fraternal Religion, designed by an Association of Friends.*" It is thus seen that he would not consent to bury his great idea of the Campine ; and he would be very happy to-day if he could return and see his work resumed by the Fourierists, who put everything in common, and who, to be more in analogy with the Zealander, aim at civilizing the world by excess—the first duty of their religion.

## LEGEND OF THE DUELS OF YPRES.

“Courage de Tigre ! Courage de Panthère !”

*M. Le Marquis de Beaufort.*

THE town of Ypres, like almost all ancient cities, possessed of old its glories. It would appear even, that, in the twelfth century, it was the most important and the best-peopled of all the towns of the Low Countries. Its greatness was at that time the fruit of a high degree of industry, higher than we suppose it to-day, ignorant as we are of the middle age, and ill acquainted with the times of our forefathers. In an authentic document of the 12th of June, 1246, preserved in the archives of Ypres, we find that that city numbered at that time a population of 200,000 souls. No city of the Low Countries, in our days, with the exception of Amsterdam, can rival it in this respect.

At the period when the action we are about to relate occurred, Ypres had not yet attained this pitch of grandeur ; but it was increasing every day.

It was the 15th of October of the year 1116. In a hall, carpeted in the fashion of the east, ornamented with arabesques of gold and trophies of arms, which was the hall of honour of the castle of Ypres, there stood, in an oval window, a robust man, six feet in height, leaning forward, with his right hand resting on a round massive table of brown walnut. This man had long chestnut hair, which fell in ringlets over his shoulders, an auburn beard carefully arranged, a clear complexion, and keen eyes. He was good-looking, but his whole person bore the marks of extreme severity. To judge from his lips, not accustomed to smile, he must have been just but implacable. He wore a large scarlet mantle of one piece, without collar and without bands, fastened round his neck by two large clasps, representing two battle-axes. A real battle-axe, weighing thirty pounds, was suspended from his girdle of brown leather. A doublet of white wool covered his breast, falling down to his knees. Boots of brown leather, strewn with ornaments of silver, protected his feet and legs. Whilst listening, he appeared to be pre-occupied, distracted by what was passing before his eyes, from the interest he

seemed to take in a gibbet that was being erected a few paces from the castle, and which was very distinctly seen from the window. This man was the count of Flanders, Baudouin VII., known as Baudouin-à-la-Hache, who had a great affection for his good town of Ypres.

Before him was seen a young girl of twenty, fresh-looking and beautiful, but all in tears. She was clothed in a long robe of white linen; her beautiful fair locks were turned up on her head; she was supplicating and stretching out her hands, kneeling, and resolved to remain in that attitude until she obtained a favourable reply to her prayer. It was Helly Moreel, the daughter of a rich merchant of Ypres. Two young rivals were paying court to her; the one noble and beautiful, Juste Goethals de Courtra, had won her heart; the other, André Boren d'Ypres, loved without being loved in return. This last was a little man of thirty years of age, a fishmonger, and stuffed with pride, on account of the great fortune he possessed. But his nose was crooked, and the colour of his hair gave to his head the appearance of a faded wild poppy. He was ill-tempered, as are sometimes men who labour under the twofold misfortune of vanity and ugliness. Sinewy and powerful, practised in all kinds of fencing, he was given to quarrelling. An admirer of his rich costume, decorated with plates of silver, and of his cap of hare-skin, surmounted by an aigrette in gold, he fancied himself good-looking and formed to please. This man, abounding in every vice, and whom nothing could excuse, if, indeed, anything can be an excuse for vice, gloried also in immorality, made a mockery of religion, ridiculed virtue, and thought himself capable of fascinating by that deleterious jesting which corrodes, and which stupid men have agreed to call wit. For about a year that he was endeavouring to win the affections of d'Helly, the pure and candid soul of that young lady had only seen in his features a monster, and in his mind a demon. Nevertheless, he had asked Helly in marriage.

The father of the gentle Helly, honest Paul Moreel, was one of those men who idolize their daughters to such a degree, as to leave to them entirely the choice of a husband. He replied to André Boren that he would have him for his son-in-law if it were his daughter's wish; and he went immediately to consult her. The young maid of Ypres at once declared her mind; she made known her deep-rooted antipathy to the little, proud, red-haired man, and at the

same time declared her love for Juste Goethals. The father approved the choice, and he politely thanked André, who flew into a passion, and reproached his rival with having wickedly supplanted him in the affections of d'Helly. This man, who did not believe in the truths of religion, was the slave of superstitious notions, an extravagance which is pretty common. He accused Goethals of having bewitched d'Helly. Under the influence of a species of madness, he went to him and proposed a duel, according to the ancient usage which still prevailed in Flanders.

"Or, if you refuse to fight," said he, "you will clear yourself by the ordeal of fire of the magical practices which have been laid to your charge."

"Single combat," replied Juste Goethals, "is the judgment of God. I must accept it."

The 18th October was the day named for the fight. The lists had been asked from Baudouin VII., who gave his consent. The duel was appointed to take place in the court of the castle of Comtes, and it was decreed that the vanquished party should be hanged on the gibbet which was seen from the window.

When Baudouin-à-la-Hache heard the recital of the circumstances which we have just exposed, he reflected seriously.

"There is only one of the parties guilty," said he, walking rapidly; "the ordeal may lead astray."

He then thought of the frequent duels which desolated the town of Ypres, every day quarrels, which were ended only by the sword; he considered the iniquitous results of the greater part of the ordeal fights, and concluded that generally force alone constituted right; and, stepping before the youthful maiden, he took her hand, and spoke to her encouragingly:

"Take courage, my child," said he, "Juste Goethals shall be your husband."

Baudouin-à-la-Hache was well known. It was well understood how promptly and exactly he rendered unto all the strictest justice, how carefully he supplied the absence of laws by ordinances prepared *impromptu*, and with admirable precision; and although he could not prevent a duel, as custom authorized it; although he could not, by his energetic will, eradicate a practice which all in vain deplored, Helly had the greatest confidence. She returned



to her father's house, congratulating herself in silence on the courage she had had in making application to the count.

The following day passed, and nothing occurred to confirm Count Baudouin's promise; but the young lady was not disquieted. On the 17th of October, the prince's herald went through the streets and places of the city, preceded by two trumpeters, and proclaimed everywhere a special law or privilege accorded by Baudouin to the burgesses of Ypres. This law formally provided that, in order to prevent in future the abuses of capricious duels, no inhabitant or citizen should be entitled to challenge his adversary to the lists, whether to fight in *champ-clos*, or to seek to be cleared of suspicion by the ordeals of fire, of hot iron, or of boiling water, without being accompanied by five of his relatives or friends, resolved to incur with him the risks of the quarrel. The antagonist was required to bring the like support.

This measure was hailed by the applause of the whole town; it presented a guarantee against judicial fights. A furious person or a fool will not always find five madmen resolved to make themselves be killed together with him, or run the risk of the gibbet.

As soon as André Boren was aware of the ordinance of Baudouin-à-la-Hache, he experienced an unpleasant sensation; he felt that it would embarrass him. And, indeed, on the following day, Juste Goethals, who was generally beloved, appeared before the hour appointed with five of his friends, who had warmly espoused his cause. But Boren was less fortunate. The time was approaching. At noon, although he was the challenger, he had not yet arrived; he was dishonoured, and was no longer qualified to enter the lists without being expelled by a gauntlet-stroke on each cheek.

It struck twelve. There was already in the belfry of Ypres a clock, where at least the watchman, guided by a sun-dial or by a sand-glass, sounded the hours on the public bell. It was twelve o'clock, and André did not appear, although the judge of the lists called him three several times. Immediately, the companions of Juste, having congratulated him, left the field, to attend to their respective avocations. But when scarcely five minutes had elapsed since their departure, and as Juste Goethals was also withdrawing, Boren at length appeared with five

armed men. He excused his delay, on the ground that the measure adopted by the count had left him so little time.

"All the company are leaving at this moment, and, for a good reason," replied Goethals; "the hour is past, and my champions have departed."

"And you are not displeased at it," was the insolent reply of André.

A blush mantled the cheek of the young man.

"If his highness the count of Flanders will permit it," replied he, turning towards the window where was seen Baudouin-à-la-Hache, "I shall make you eat your foolish words, Boren!"

"The laws are inviolable," said the count of Flanders, "and I myself must obey them. But I can give you back your champions. Four knights attend me!"

In a moment afterwards, the redoubted Baudouin and four of his bravest lords were by the side of Juste, who was confounded by so great an honour.

The companions of André were terror-struck; they knew the extraordinary strength of the count; death appeared inevitable. After having remained for a few minutes pale with fright, the five champions, as if actuated by the same impulse, cast down their arms and took to their heels.

"The accuser who deserts the lists is guilty," said Baudouin, coldly. "Let justice be done!"

One of the knights of his suite seized André Boren, carried him away to the foot of the gibbet, fastened a cord around his neck, then raised him up in the air, and said, "Justice is done."

This appalling justice deeply moved the crowd of bystanders.

"Great God!" said the younger citizens of Ypres, "there will be no more fighting."

"This is what we wish," said the count. And he returned composedly to the castle, whilst the little red-haired man was closing his brief career.

Juste Goethals had been himself so much struck with all this scene, that his tongue, clinging to his mouth, could not utter a word. He ran to the house of d'Helly, who did not expect such severe satisfaction, and who could not refrain from sighing over it. But the disaster of one's enemies is soon forgotten. A few days after-

wards, she was married to her beloved Juste, and for more than a year there was no public duel witnessed at Ypres, that city which, before the proclamation of 17th October, 1116, ordinarily bewailed such atrocities every day.

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## THE REPUBLIC OF TER-PIETE.

“Généralement, où l'Eglise a trouvé des serfs, elle en a fait des hommes.”  
*Rapsaet.*

“Generally, where the church found serfs, it made men of them.”

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THE evening of Palm Sunday, 1265, old style, there was remarked much movement and some appearance of joy in a small house of the street Pont-aux-Moines, near the abbey of St. Peter at Ghent. One of the millers of the convent kept there a tavern, and sold at a reasonable price spiced hydromel, honied hypocras, and foaming beer. A dozen peasants were within, drinking and enjoying their excitement, conversing about grave matters, diversified with pleasant thoughts. These twelve men, whom ideas of liberty, already broached, agitated so powerfully, were all from Ter-Piété, a considerable town between Biervliet and Philippine. They were fishermen, cattle-feeders, labourers, and ale-brewers, sent as a deputation from the town of which they were the most prominent citizens; and, together with Eligius de Smet, the worthy landlord, they congratulated one another on the good and paternal reception they had met with from the abbot of St. Peter, their liege lord.

“When I told you,” repeated Eligius, with a joyous countenance, “that you could ask everything, was I not right? All your lay lords are hard, warlike, proud egotists. It is only by money and long services that one can extort from them a *keure*, article by article, and such a one, too, as does not give complete liberties like those you are about to have from my lord John, our excellent abbot.”

They called *keure* in Flanders what was elsewhere styled charter, peace, privilege, communal or burghal constitution, not to speak of the particular names which were given to these acts in divers places; as, for instance, the ancient immunities of Lille, which the burghers called *the great*

*calf-skin* (la grande peau de veau), because they were written upon a large piece of leather.

"The Lord Abbot," said one of the peasants of Ter-Piété, "is indeed a venerable man, and deserves all praise. Hence we would not have thought of asking a charter of him, if he were always to live; but his successors may be less just."

"I dreaded much," added the fisherman, "lest the Lord Abbot should repel us, and smile at our proposal; for it may, indeed, appear audacious in us to solicit a *keure*, as we are only a mere burgh, whilst so many walled towns are still without franchises."

"Eh! what matters our extent!" said another; "a small people, in everything save numbers, is as good as a greater. Besides, our neighbours of Biervliet have their privileges; we are not less numerous, nor less rich; and if we must enclose ourselves in order to be a town and burgh, we shall willingly erect our palisades. We are already surrounded by fosses. Our fathers were, with the people of Biervliet, at the crusades, under the noble Count Baudouin, who became emperor; and if, like them, at that time we had had a bell, we might have disputed with them the dragon of St. George, which they brought from Asia, and which is now their vane."

"We desire," said a cattle-feeder, "to be governed as a republic; such as my two uncles, the brave crusaders, told me there were in Italy, great and small, and such as are formed amongst ourselves in different quarters. Nevertheless, we shall faithfully respect the sovereignty of the abbots of St. Peter; our legitimate and natural lords."

The conversation turned on these interesting matters till the time of the curfew-bell. The good people of Ter-Piété retired to their night's repose, full of happy thoughts and fine dreams.

Next day (Monday) they returned to the monastery. The abbot, having celebrated a Mass of the Holy Ghost, assembled all the monks, in order to give solemnity to the charter he was about to grant; and, having seated himself in his abbatial chair, he spoke the following words with much gravity and mildness:—

"My good people of Ter-Piété, you are now, then, on the eve of possessing, as you have ardently desired, your law; and henceforth you will be governed as a burgh. You will no longer be children under tutelage, but men;

for, whilst under the protection of the blessed St. Peter, it cannot be said that ever you were slaves. But our lieutenants may sometimes have taken too much advantage of your condition, by which you are born children of our soil. Consider, my good people, that liberty requires more determined virtue than servitude, and that there are never any but virtuous men who remain free. If you be united, indulgent, equitable, masters of your passions, ambitious of giving good example; if you observe exactly and loyally the commandments of God and the Church, particularly if you guard against pride, liberty will be easily retained; it will take delight in abiding with you, and you will grow in greatness. If ever again you fall back into servitude, if war or other evils overtake you, be convinced of this—it will be your own fault.”

Having concluded his brief discourse, the abbot of St. Peter made the sign of the cross; and, beholding the aged monk who acted as his secretary leaning over a parchment scroll, and prepared to write, he dictated as follows:—

“THE CHARTER (KEURE) OF THE MEN OF TER-PIÉTÉ.

“John, by the grace of God abbot of St. Peter of Ghent, salutes in our Lord all who shall see these presents.”

“See it be clearly expressed,” said the abbot, interrupting the reader, “that we are acting in concert with all our brethren: *Johannes Abbas, totusque ejusdem convocatus*; and that we grant this *keure in perpetuum, koram perpetue possidendam*. My brethren,” said he, addressing all the monks, “none of you opposes, nor is aware of any obstacle to the law which we are enacting?”

The monks all bowed, and declared that they approved, without reserve, the charter granted to the men of Ter-Piété. Could anything be more grand than this unanimity of religious men, against whom so many calumnies have been levelled, erecting a burgh (*commune*), and labouring to bring about the enfranchisement of mankind!

“From this day forth,” said the abbot, “our people of Ter-Piété are freemen.”

The twelve burgesses—for they became such at that moment—all knelt together, and said, “May God preserve and bless our good lord the abbot of St. Peter, and all our good fathers, the religious of this house, to whom we shall always be devoted.”

The abbot made them rise up, and began again to dictate, whilst all observed profound silence.

“All those who remain or shall remain on the territory of Ter-Piété, cannot be, either by ourselves or by our lieutenants, arraigned in justice out of the said territory, not even at Ghent, for crimes punishable by fines, for offences and crimes, whether light or grave, nor for any other thing which might concern ourselves even, on account of our jurisdiction. But they will be entitled to have justice administered at Ter-Piété itself, whether before ourselves or before whomsoever we shall appoint in our stead at the said place.

“Every year, within the eight days preceding the feast of St. John the Baptist, or in the octave which follows it, the liege lord shall name among the citizens of Ter-Piété five aldermen (*chevins*). They shall continue in office one year. They can only be re-elected after having been three years out of office.

“He who by corruption shall have bought his office, and who shall be convicted of this offence by three aldermen, will be excluded from the discharge of his duties, and will pay to the lord a fine of three livres of silver.

“Everything useful or necessary for the burgh must be done by common agreement between the lord or his representative and the aldermen and good citizens of the burgh. They shall have power to open roads, and direct water-currents, in the way that shall appear to them most profitable.

“When the aldermen shall have decided as to what bridges, roads, or ditches ought to be made for the good of the burgh, the liege lord or his lieutenant shall publicly order on Sunday, in presence of the said aldermen, the amount of labour to be done for each. He shall fix the day when this labour is to be executed. Such of the inhabitants of Ter-Piété as shall refuse to perform this labour, shall be replaced by paid labourers; and then, in presence of the aldermen, they shall be condemned to pay a fine, which must not exceed the double of the expense caused by their refusal.

“Every one may build whatever he pleases on his ground, provided that it be not to the prejudice or detriment of the lord, the neighbours, or the town.

“The aldermen, with the advice of the aged and wiser citizens, may establish a slight impost on the merchandize.

and articles of consumption that are sold in the market, if they consider it advantageous to the burgh. And we must, either ourself or by our lieutenant, give our consent to such tax as often as it shall be required of us. We must also hold the men of Ter-Piété quit and free of all *taille*, exaction, and vexation whatsoever, except for the cases in which they shall have forfeited, or unless convoked by us for an expedition, they shall have refused to come as they ought, providing us with twelve servitors, and a chariot drawn by four horses, the whole at the expense of the burgh.

"No man can be convicted of a crime, except by the judgment of three aldermen at least.

"He who desires to plead in justice must cite his adversaries before the bailiff (the lieutenant of the liege lord). Two aldermen at least must take cognizance of the citation. He states his case by a defender or amman. If he wishes to plead himself, he must have the permission of the bailiff. He who speaks without permission, and thus disturbs the court, pays a fine of twelve deniers.

"He who does not appear on being cited, is condemned to a fine of three sous. Such as are condemned for contumacy may nevertheless be relieved from their sentence, provided that they prove to the aldermen that at the time of the citation they were out of the country (*extra patriam*).

"The stranger who brings a complaint, provided he give sufficient guarantees, may have the benefit, in pleading his cause, of the custom of the burgh.

"The complainer who shall have failed himself to attend to three several citations, and who shall appear only to cite his adversary in order to annoy him, cannot, under the circumstances, obtain an audience. He shall pay three sous to the lord, three to the adverse party, and the costs of the procedure.

"No person having committed any crime or offence can be reconciled to the lord, without having, in the first instance, satisfied the plaintiff.

"Every cause must be judged, at the latest, within six weeks."

"This is admirable!" said a brewer, who had a process of which he could not see the termination.

The excellent abbot was about to continue, but the dinner-bell was heard. The whole auditory were speedily

seated at the frugal board of the monastery. The conversation, as may easily be conceived, was all about the great and noble work effected that day within the precincts of the ancient abbey. The modest Lent dinner lasted rather less than half an hour; at its conclusion, the party returned to the hall of archives, where the abbot continued to read the charter of freedom.

The good old man held in his hand notes that were agreed on beforehand between him and the men of Ter-Piété, as is seen at the end of the *keure*. He dictated them without much method, knowing well, that in a charter which was not complicated by a thousand niceties, the bailiff and the aldermen would be perfectly able to understand one another. He then gravely resumed:—

“He who shall be guilty of addressing to any one opprobrious language, shall pay to him two sous, and two sous to the lord.

“The man who shall strike another with his hand, or shall drag his hair, shall pay him ten sous, and ten sous to the lord.

“If he who is maltreated bleed, or fall upon the ground, the culprit shall pay fifteen sous to the lord and fifteen to the injured party.

“In a quarrel, where two men shall have fought or wounded one another, there shall be only one guilty person—he who shall have begun the quarrel.

“He who shall cut any member of another person, shall lose the same member—head for head, hand for hand, tooth for tooth—unless pardon be granted by the lord.

“Whoever kills another shall lose his head.

“He who carries forbidden arms in the burgh, shall pay to the lord a fine of five sous.”

(By forbidden arms were understood the poniard and the pocket-knife.)

“He who shall strike at any one with a pocket-knife, shall pay to him forty sous, and the same amount to the lord.

“He who shall wound any one with a pocket-knife, shall lose his hand.

“He who shall have done violence to a woman, shall lose his head.

“If a murderer escapes, his relatives shall satisfy the family of the deceased by paying to them ten livres, and



by swearing to refuse all assistance to the fugitive until he shall have been reconciled.

"He who shall afford shelter to an assassin pursued by justice, shall pay to the lord five livres.

"He who steals shall restore double of what he has stolen, and shall pay three livres to the liege lord.

"If a man who is robbed calls for aid, every man who shall not have come to his assistance, shall pay a fine of ten sous to the profit of the liege lord, unless he affirm, on oath, that he did not hear any call for aid.

"Whoever might be banished for theft, if he can produce two sureties to the amount of six livres each, who shall answer for his not stealing any more, may be absolved.

"Nobody can be detained as a thief, unless he shall have stolen at least the value of two sous.

"Every robber (*voleur capital*) — (*celui qui vole avec violence*) shall be hanged.

"He who shall sell wine, hydromel, or beer at a dearer rate than is permitted by the regulations, shall pay a fine of five sous; he who sells with a false measure, shall be subject to the same penalty.

"If any one claims payment of a debt which is known to the aldermen, the bailiff shall require them to make a deposition; and when the debt is thus confirmed, the bailiff shall make it be paid in money, or guarantee the payment of it by a pledge on the property of the debtor.

"Every contract whatsoever must be made before two aldermen, assisted by the registrar.

"He who shall have entered forcibly the house of another, shall pay him a hundred sous, and the same to the lord, if it was in open day; and those who shall have aided him in the act of violence, shall pay each fifty sous to the injured party, and fifty sous to the lord. If the attack shall have been in the night-time, these sums shall be doubled. The same fines shall be pronounced against way-laying.

"If a woman shall commit an offence or a crime, she shall pay a half less than a man." (*Si femina forefecerit, de forefacto emendabit domino et læso dimidietatem minus quam vir.*)

The aged abbot of St. Peter of Ghent stopped here, overcome with fatigue.

"To-morrow," said he, "if it please God, we shall

complete your charter, burgesses of Ter-Piété; and we entertain the belief that it will prove advantageous to you."

The twelve delegates of the new burgh, having said *Amen*, returned to their hotel, meditating and reflecting on the dispositions of the *keure* which had been granted to them—a piece worthy, perhaps, in many respects, of certain studies which would be interesting to-day, but which it is not our province to enter upon.\*

On the following day, after having, as formerly, invoked the Holy Ghost, the small legislative assembly concluded its labours. The venerable abbot having dictated several articles of less importance, but which would be of little interest to the reader, terminated the proceedings with the following words:—

"Every bailiff, our lieutenant at Ter-Piété, must swear to observe faithfully the present charter of liberty. He must, without delay, do justice to all who ask it. If ever he refuses to do so, the aldermen shall close their audience until satisfaction be given.

"The aldermen of Ter-Piété shall not have it in their power to alter anything in the present charter, whether by adding to it or taking from it, without the consent of the liege lord.

"When they shall have any difficulty about points not foreseen here, they shall take time to consider, and consult with upright and able men; and, if they cannot be sufficiently enlightened, let them come to Ghent, to take our advice as their chief. Whatever the aldermen of our burgh of St. Peter of Ghent, assembled by us, shall have maturely decided, they may follow in their judgments.

"Done, given, and *renewed*, by common agreement between us and our men of Ter-Piété, in the year of our Lord 1265, on the Tuesday after Palm Sunday."

This charter, carefully written on a large scroll of parchment, having been carefully read over, then duly sealed and signed, *Te Deum* was solemnly chanted; after which, the abbot handed over the document to the twelve burgesses, naming, at the same time, the five who were to be aldermen during the first year. The burgesses enclosed the *keure* by which they were raised to the rank of citi-

\* The entire text of this *keure*, written in Latin, was published in the *Annals of the Société d'Emulation pour l'Histoire et les Antiquités de la Flandre Occidentale*. Tome 1er. Bruges, 1839.

zens in a velvet sack, which they had caused to be made for the occasion ; having then partaken of an early dinner, they returned to Ter-Piété.

The whole of the numerous population of that place, having had notice by an express the evening before, came out to meet them, strewing their path with leaves. Entering the burgh, the houses of which were ornamented with draperies, they went immediately to the church, where the parish priest, in his turn, chanted a *Te Deum*, with the aid of six thousand voices. He then read the charter, amidst general applause, and the public rejoicings continued throughout the evening.

Ter-Piété seemed to be regenerated ; its inhabitants were animated with new life. The burgh was surrounded with good palisades, useful roads were made, and everything wore a flourishing aspect. The spirit of wisdom and of union guided the administration of this little Flemish republic ; during twenty years, it was referred to as a pattern ; its example caused charters to be granted to several other places.

But, in course of some time, its prosperity was interrupted by one of those reverses which almost invariably disturb the current of human affairs. The inhabitants of Ter-Piété having become opulent, began to cherish sentiments of pride and ambition. In 1287, believing themselves stronger than Biervliet, they remembered the part their fathers had taken in the conquest of Constantinople, the better right they thought they possessed than the citizens of Biervliet to the possession of the dragon won by the crusaders. They warmed at the recollection of the fact that it was a child of Ter-Piété who had brought it over the sea, and they formed the design of bearing it away from Biervliet. The town of Bruges chanced to hear of this project. To it, also, the dragon of St. George was a great temptation ; and it appeared to its inhabitants that such a monument was more suited to a great city than to an inconsiderable burgh. The people of Bruges went, therefore, unexpectedly ; availed themselves of a moment of confusion, caused by the intestine wars of the period, laid siege to Biervliet, carried away the dragon, and placed it among themselves, on the steeple of Saint Catherine.

This instance of the abuse of superior force made the inhabitants of Ter-Piété consider their ways ; and, for a long time, nothing that could be matter of reproach in a

material point of view ever occurred in their burgh. But, becoming richer every day, by fishing and other branches of industry, they were puffed up with pride, as chronicles relate, and were distinguished in the country by a remarkable degree of egotism; the punishment of which, as will be seen, they were doomed to undergo. They shook off, by degrees, the yoke of their own laws, which they remodelled and reformed, insatiable of liberties in proportion as they enjoyed them; like the drunkard, whose thirst increases, just because he has drunk too much. This comparison we borrow from our ancient chroniclers. Their morals became corrupted; there were seen among them murders, enmities, and scandals. Their hearts were hardened, their purse was closed against charity;—there was an end of them.

In the year 1377, in the reign of Count Louis de Maele, there having been heavy rains throughout the summer, there were everywhere great apprehensions for the embankments in the part of Flanders bordering on the sea. The people of Biervliet, placed, as it were, in the van, invited their neighbours of Ter-Piété to assist them in the great embankments which they undertook, and which were designed to protect the country against the invasion of the waters. Ter-Piété replied, that Biervliet, being more exposed, ought alone to bear the expenses; and, notwithstanding the wisest representations, the proud burgh would do nothing. The good citizens of Biervliet, therefore, thought only of surrounding sufficiently their little town. The whole of the left hand part of the *polders* remained without much defence, and what they dreaded occurred. On the 12th November of the same year (1377), immediately after a high tide, whilst the wind raged tempestuously, the vast branch of the Scheldt, which is called the Hont, broke through the too fragile barriers which stayed its course; it rushed impetuously over the neighbouring lands, and swallowed up nineteen villages. Biervliet alone was preserved. It is melancholy that a free country should thus close its annals. The republic of Ter-Piété, which gloried in its 7,000 citizens, disappeared bodily, with all its possessions. On the morrow, there was not a vestige of it to be seen.

## APPENDIX.

## NOTE ON THE DRAGON OF ST. GEORGE.

THIS dragon was of copper, gilt, and about the size of a small ox. It surmounted the dome of the church of St. Sophia of Constantinople, at that time a Christian city. Placed there as a vane, it appeared to be the trophy of the saint who had conquered it. An ancient popular tradition foretold, that every city over which this talisman should spread its wings would be prosperous, and could not be taken by assault. Unfortunately, in 1202, the dome of St. George being on the point of falling, it was necessary to take down the dragon, whilst the church was undergoing repairs. Baudouin, of Flanders, having in April, 1204, taken Constantinople, where he was soon after crowned emperor, a good priest of Biervliet, or of Ter-Piété, who accompanied the army of Flanders to the crusade, begged of Count Baudouin to bestow the dragon on his burgh. Baudouin granted his request. At their return the following year, the Flemish having carefully placed it on a galley, brought it in triumph to their country. The banks of the Scheldt were crowded with people from every quarter, anxious to behold so great a wonder, which became an object of general envy; for, the conquered dragon had no sooner occupied his post on the belfry of Biervliet, than the burgh increased, as if by enchantment, and became considerable.

The people of Ecluse, those of Yzfendyck, and particularly those of Bruges, were mortified at not having been honoured with the possession of this pledge of success; hence the citizens of Bruges having happened, during the troubles of 1287, to hold sway in Biervliet, speedily erected a solid scaffolding, took down the dragon, carried it away to Bruges, and placed it on the belfry of St. Catherine's.

From that time, Biervliet did indeed decay; and, in 1377, a fatal inundation, which occurred on the 12th November, submerged the environs, and almost swallowed up Biervliet itself. Bruges, on the other hand, flourished; the count of Flanders, Louis de Maele, had conceived a great affection for that town. He held his court there habitually, whilst the superstitious inhabitants attributed the splendour of the city to the influence of the dragon.

There was mention, also, of another prediction made by some *bonhomme* in 1287, when the dragon was fixed on the steeple of St. Catherine's. "Bruges will triumph," the popular prophet had declared, "until the moment when the dragon of St. George shall be placed nose to nose with the cock of St. Donatus." No wonder, if they laughed at this singular prophecy. How, indeed, could two vanes of great weight go to meet one another through the air? But a doctor had interpreted these mysterious words, and declared that, without touching one another, the cock and the dragon could, at a distance, be placed face to face, if either the one or the other, turning on its pivot, no longer turned with the wind. Great pains, therefore, were taken to preserve the two vanes. The prophecy, however, was no longer thought of at the time of the troubles of 1382. The people of Ghent, displeased with their count, Louis de Maele, had violently separated from him, and had chosen for Ruwaert Philippe d'Artevelde. Bruges rejoiced at this; for the lords attached to Louis de Maele had all retired to that town, where they spent their money freely. Very great luxury then prevailed among the citizens of Bruges. In an excess of municipal vanity, they made the dragon be taken down, as the gilding was blackened. It was conveyed into the shop of a skilful workman, who was commissioned to gild it anew.

A few days afterwards, the provost of St. Donatus, desiring that his church should not be less splendid than St. Catherine's, and never doubting a prediction of a hundred years' standing, or not thinking of it, caused to be taken down also, in order to have it regilt, the cock of his belfry, and sent it to the shop where was already the dragon. For eight days, the two vanes, objects of the prophecy, were placed exactly nose to nose in the court of the gilder, when, on the 3rd of May of the said year 1382, the people of Ghent, by a brilliant military exploit, took possession of Bruges. The good prophet was then called to mind; but it was too late. Philip d'Artevelde carried away the dragon, and the town of Ghent placed it on its belfry, instead of the imperial eagle, which formerly flourished there; and the citizens of Ghent attribute to this talisman the prosperity which for a long time has not departed from them, and which has declined only since the dragon began to be neglected.

This curious vane is an ancient and rather rude monu-

ment of Byzantine art ; it measures from the point of the dart to the end of the tail, twelve feet of the Rhine. In 1543, in 1689, in 1771, and, lastly, on the 27th of April, 1839, it was taken down, in order to be repaired. The braziers charged with the work treated it like a copper pan. We have seen it : in our opinion, the people of Ghent are wrong.

## A V A R I C E.

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### THE BOARDERS OF PALERMO.

Qu'est-ce que le savoir, sans le savoir-faire? Et qu'est-ce que l'art, sans l'adresse?

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It has been said that genius is often a fatal gift; and it is quite true that men of heart and talent, who devote themselves to the enfranchisement, the happiness, the intellectual emancipation, the glory, the well-being, the nobler enjoyments of their fellow-men, are very diversely rewarded. Amuse, divert, captivate the senses, flatter the material man,—you will succeed. But what courage will you not require, if you aim at improving the mind, enlarging the heart! In the world, as at present constituted, a sharper is happier than a sage, a master of puppet-shows is richer than a man of learning, a stage-dancer more prosperous than an artist. What numbers of great men have suffered for us, martyrs of our education! Tasso, Camoens, Zurbaran, Cervantes, and so many others, poets or painters, whose last refuge was an hospital bed!

Nowadays, fortune appears to be less cruel to artists; but how many painters, sculptors, learned men, and useful writers, still vegetate in misery, barely supported by the hope of posthumous glory, whilst only the more showy talents and address reap the golden fields of fortune, whilst a dancing-girl pockets her thousand guineas for an exhibition of cross-capers, a performer on the violin gathers in thousands of livres by the strokes of his bow, and stupid singing-girls, and idiotic dancers, bend under loads of gold and showers of coronets! If you would enjoy life, artists and authors, break your pencils and your pens; play on hurdy-gurdies; amuse yourselves at *thwick-thwack*;—that animal, the public, will pay you handsomely.

A melancholy anecdote inspires these reflections; and



would to heaven our time may produce nothing similar! Who knows, however? There are, perhaps, in some spot not far distant, men who suffer, and are artists. May God protect them! and may he move in their favour the hearts of those who possess the gifts of fortune.

If I were a man of genius, I would have some consolation in saying to the rich, "I may become what you are; but you will not become what I am." This would savour of pride, it is true. Artists, nevertheless, entertain this thought; with all its influence it sustains them. May God, from whom they derive their strength, look upon them in his goodness!

There was at Antwerp, in 1550, a Jew called Palermo. This man was a trader; but he traded not only in material things, in the productions of nature, in gems and gold, and works of industry. He was too knowing to stop at this. He sold genius; he traded in art; he turned the artist to account. Like all his fellows, he possessed that instinct as unerring as taste itself, which leads always to gain, and never deceives. In a city where painting was cultivated, where commerce had brought opulence in its train, where bankers were liberal enough to love the arts, he became a picture-merchant. He went into the academies and places of study; he there found young men, who were poor and ardent, mad of that madness which dreams of glory;—these he resolved to seize upon.

"You have no fortune," said he to them; "come to my house. I will put you beyond the reach of care; you will labour joyously at your avocations. I have the greatest liking to young artists; you will be lodged and clothed; you will pay me by some strokes of your pencil; and when you shall have become celebrated, and you will attain celebrity, you will owe me a little gratitude, which will be to me the greatest comfort."

Palermo appeared to be so good-natured! The poor artists went and engaged themselves with him; and, indeed, he lost no time in using all his adroitness in having them bound to him. "How, then," said he, "you are not rigged out? I undertake to provide you. Young men of talent ought to be suitably dressed. If you are in want of money, I will give you credit; you will repay me by degrees; I shall be glad to have you for debtors; I place the fullest confidence in you. As regards honour, the artist is a gentleman."

And, as he knew well with whom he placed his money, he commenced by clothing his boarders, and thus constituted himself their creditor to a considerable amount, which prevented them from getting out of his hands. According to the way in which he calculated his furnishings, their labours, as he valued them, never sufficed to cover what he called his disbursements. Nobody pays dearer than a young artist to whom credit is given. Thus did Palermo imprison in his house Jacques de Backer, Gilles Coignet, and Joachim Beukelaer.

Jacques, one of the best colourists among the painters of Antwerp—Jacques, whose beautiful draperies will always be admired, painted sacred subjects, the beautiful draperies and felicitous arrangements of which were much vaunted. Palermo sold them in distant places at enormous prices, and then complained every day that he could not get rid of them. He left not to the young man a day, an hour, of liberty; and Jacques redoubled his activity and zeal, labouring and exhausting himself, in order to acquire the talent of which he thought he was not possessed.

Jacques de Backer was a native of Antwerp; but his father had gone to France, and died there; he had never known his mother, and no relative had ever claimed him.

Joachim painted fascinating interiors, and spent his life for a man, who, with feigned compassion, gave him to understand that he was not gaining his bread. Gilles Coignet having, like his two friends, reached his twentieth year, but, being more self-confident, was longing ardently for liberty, when he was visited by his first master, the fortunate Jacques Stella, a painter of Mechlin, who has remained in obscurity, but who was the stock of an illustrious family of painters. Stella happily enjoyed some fortune, and he was about to marry his son. In the pleasant mood he was in on this occasion, he no sooner heard from Gilles the recital of his troubles, than he paid the hundred and twenty florins which he owed to the Jew, and took him with him.

Gilles would have been happy if, in quitting the house of Palermo, he had not remarked a look of this man—one of those looks which bear curses with them—cast upon Stella.

“I am sure he has bewitched us; evil will happen to us,” said he. “This Jew is a demon, he has the evil eye;

and nothing fortunate ever occurred to those who came under its baneful influence."

Stella only laughed at an idea which appeared to him superstitious and foolish ; and not long afterwards, at Mechlin, amidst the pleasures of a joyous wedding, Gilles Coignet forgot his terrors.

Immediately after the marriage of his son, Stella set out to visit Rome, a journey he had promised himself a long time ago.

To the great satisfaction of Gilles, he took him with him.

They had not been long in the Eternal City, when, on the feast-day of the sovereign pontiff, Gilles Coignet, being with Stella on the bridge St. Ange, a squib struck Stella on the breast. He was borne off expiring, and Gilles ventured not to remain any longer at Rome. He travelled over all Italy, where his style of painting attracted so many purchasers, that he only returned to his country in 1580, well supplied with money.

On reaching Antwerp, his first thoughts reverted to his two companions in misery at the house of the Jew. He made haste to inquire after them, in order to offer them his purse. Jacques de Backer, exhausted with melancholy and labour, had been seized with inflammation of the chest, and died at the age of thirty, deeply grieved at being brought to the end of his career before he could have the comfort to hope that he left a name behind him. Joachim Beukelaer expired in an hospital.

Gilles, filled with indignation, ran to the house of Palermo ; but lightning had struck that house ; all that had been rescued from it were a few calcined bones of the picture-dealer.

The following year Gilles Coignet was received a member of the Academy of Antwerp. He painted with success in every style ; his career was brilliant, and he died only in 1600, at the age of seventy.

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## LEGEND OF THE HUSSAR'S HORSE.

" Justice est faite !" — *Casimir de la Vigne.*

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IN the neighbourhood of Bruges dwelt John of Oostcamp, in a manor-house or castle, which has disappeared,

as will be seen in the sequel. The site which it occupied became, at a later date, a portion of the town as it increased.

The period alluded to was the year 1114, in the reign of Baudouin-à-la-Hache, a prince celebrated for his valour, and the strict administration of justice. Although he had enacted severe laws against the misdeeds of the castellains, and although the least punishment he inflicted was the *pœna talionis*, that is, head for head, and member for member, as Oudegherst observes, there were still many lords who set up for little tyrants in their domains. When Baudouin became aware of this evil, he corrected it; but he was far from knowing all.

The baron John of Oostcamp oppressed his vassals. He thought he could rely upon support, because his brother Peter was one of the knights who attended the count. He was avaricious, and so wicked, that none durst lodge a complaint against him. He had purchased from a small merchant of Bruges a great many yards of cloth and of linen, for the use of his house. The half of the fortune of the poor merchant was thus in the hands of the castellain, and the good man could not obtain payment. This occasioned difficulties in his business. This state of things had continued ten years, when, in the said year 1114, the merchant died. In order to liquidate all the debts she owed to the weavers of the town, his widow turned all her goods to account; she remained with two children under age. Having nothing else to live upon than the money due by John of Oostcamp, she went three times to that lord; and three times she was put to the door of his mansion.

If she had been alone, the poor dejected woman would have given up all hope of the sum due to her by John of Oostcamp, would have gone to work with some weaver, and been content to gain her bread in the sweat of her brow. But how support her two children? Her maternal feelings enabled her to overcome her dread of the castellain. The count of Flanders, Baudouin-à-la-Hache, being then at Bruges, she went to wait for him at the gate of St. Donatus, where he went to hear mass. Casting herself at his knees, she laid her case before him. Baudouin, as he listened to her narrative, carried his hand mechanically to his terrible battle-axe; but, remembering that there was not question of a crime, but of an offence, he merely said with kindness to the widow:

"You will send this day one of the officers of justice (*bedeaux, sergents, ou huissiers*) of Bruges to the castle of John of Oostcamp, and come and tell me to-morrow what answer he shall have given."

The good woman took her leave; but of all the judiciary officials established at Bruges for the purpose of executing justice on the part of the count, none would go to the manor-house of John. The merchant's widow, therefore, returned next day to the gate of St. Donatus, and related to Baudouin how the matter stood.

"So," said the count, "they fear a man who does not fear the laws. I will send Ulryck, one of my sergeants; and we shall see what the felon will say. You will explain the matter to him, my good woman."

The noble count said two words to a little man of his suite, and then entered the church.

The little man readily obeyed. He was a Fleming, calm and gentle, somewhat less than the ordinary height; pale, but animated, with features expressive of goodnature, which was relieved by a spiritual and penetrating eye. Under the title of bailiff (*sergent*) he had charge to execute strictly the orders of the count, like those who were called beades. This office was certainly but little in harmony with his character. Such, however, was his situation.

"This man then refuses to pay you?" said he mildly to the good woman.

"Yes, sir," replied the widow; "and none of the summoners of Bruges will venture to take a summons to him."

"I will go myself," replied the little man.

The grateful woman raised her eyes towards Ulryck with much interest.

"Weak and good as you appear to be, sir, do you not dread my lord John of Oostcamp? He is a powerful baron."

"Oh! I have nothing to apprehend," said Ulryck. "I bear the rod of authority; the battle-axe of the puissant count is embroidered on my coat. He must respect me as an officer of his sovereign. Return to your house, my good woman; after the holy mass, I shall execute this errand of justice, and in three hours hence you shall have a good account of the matter."

The widow thanked Ulryck and withdrew, full of strange feelings, without being able to understand what she felt.

Ulryck, as soon as he had heard mass, hastened to the palace of the count. He went at once to the stables, saddled and bridled his little horse, took his ebony rod, at the end of which was a lion of silver, and set out for the manor-house of John of Oostcamp.

Horses of good blood commonly possess in greater perfection that quality which men have agreed to call instinct, and which is sometimes of more value than our reason.

A horse will stop at the entrance of a wood infested by wolves; nothing will induce him to pass through a forest in which he perceives the presence of the tiger. Minn (such was the name of Ulryck's little horse) was peculiarly endowed with the tact alluded to; the poor animal appeared to foresee the danger, if not for himself, at least for his master. Never had the sergeant been able to prevail upon him to march to battle. The little animal was by no means fond of danger, but tenderly loved Ulryck. His master repaid his tenderness with affection; he attended to Minn himself, both evening and morning; and the beast, from habit, recognized him at a distance, saluted him by neighing, turned round his head to see him, and cast down his ears with sadness when he left him. If the sergeant was absent, and a stranger came in his place to bring hay or oats, the horse appeared to be grieved, and refused to eat. His master only he permitted to mount him.

Minn sometimes had inexplicable notions; he would take one road in preference to another, and he often made the sergeant go round about a whole league. Ulryck, who had never been able to overcome in these respects the obstinacy of his little horse, had ended by letting him take his own way. "Minn knows what he is doing," said he; "if he conducts me by the road to the right, which is the longest, and which increases his labour, it is because he perceives there is danger in the road to the left."

Nevertheless, when duty required it, Ulryck knew how to get the better of Minn. He dismounted, left his horse, and proceeded on foot.

The poor animal never failed to follow his master, as a dog would have done. If anything separated them, as soon as the creature could escape, it rejoined him, even in the midst of a crowd. If Ulryck made an excursion without his horse; and if, in his absence, the stable were opened, Minn immediately set off in pursuit of the sergeant, to the

distance of half a league from Bruges. Ulryck's expeditions scarcely ever extended farther.

Everybody in the town knew the little horse ; everybody could approach him, but he would allow none to ride him, or even lay hold of him.

We only mention these details, because of their singularity. Let us add an observation which the sergeant himself had often made—that on all the occasions when the faithful Minn had refused to march, Ulryck had met with dangers. In a battle with a rebel baron, Ulryck, having advanced on foot, on account of his horse refusing to go forward, had received a severe wound. Several other instances are also quoted.

In the affair there is now question of, Minn showed more restiveness than ever. He bolted to the right and to the left in the streets of Bruges. When it was necessary, on leaving the town, to proceed along the road to the manor-house of John of Oostcamp, the little animal came to a dead halt, and was so determined not to go any farther, that by degrees Ulryck grew angry. He did not wear spurs, which were at that time the distinctive mark of knighthood. He spoke to it in a threatening voice ; the pony held down its head ; he gave it a blow, but, not without much regret, with his rod of ebony. Minn held his head still lower, but would not advance a step.

"Minn," said he, at last, speaking to the beast, as if it could have understood him, "we are proceeding by order of his highness the count of Flanders, and we bear the black rod with the silver lion ; we shall be respected."

Minn answered only by returning towards the town which they had just left.

"This is quite pusillanimous," said the officer ; "your conduct, Minn, shows very little courage. We are under the protection of Baudouin-à-la-Hache."

Ulryck, as he finished these words, dismounted.

"Begone, then, if you are afraid, my poor Minn," said he to his horse, "for my part, I must do my duty ;" and he walked on.

Minn followed him, with sadness in his eye, and his head bowed to the very earth. On arriving at the gate of the castle, the portcullis being down, Ulryck sounded a horn that was fastened to a post.

"Who are you?" said a man-at-arms, making his appearance.

"An officer of my lord Baudouin-à-la-Hache, the redoubted count of Flanders."

The portcullis was instantly raised.

Ulryck entered the castle, followed by Minn. As he penetrated into the narrow court, which was surrounded by high walls, he might have fancied himself in a prison, or in a den of thieves. The man-at-arms, or the valet who had raised the portcullis, conducted him to the great hall where John of Oostcamp was. The apartment was forty feet in length, and twenty-five broad. It had no other ceiling than the roof, which was composed of large tiles supported by rude carpenter-work. A massive table stood in the centre. Around it were benches of fir-wood. The walls of brick, without plaster, were tapestried with arms, nets, and skins of wolves. A knight's armour, all of iron, stood at one end, supported by a mannikin of wood. At the other end, before a large chimney, where a trunk of a tree was burning, on a stool of wood painted black, sat John of Oostcamp, attended by three servitors. He wore a bonnet of hare-skin, large pantaloons, in coarse green cloth of Bruges, black wooden shoes, and for overcoat, a frock or *blouse* made of red woollen cloth; confined by a black girdle, from which was suspended on the right-hand side, a long knife in its sheath, and on the left hand, a short but heavy battle-axe. A pot of beer and slices of buttered bread stood before him on a billet of wood, which served the purpose of a portable table. The floor of the hall, not being paved, was strewn with fresh straw. Under the table were reposing two large dogs, which growled at the approach of Ulryck, but were silenced by a word from their master.

This description will give an idea of the baronial mansion at the commencement of the twelfth century. The luxury introduced by the crusades had scarcely begun to make itself be felt in some of the more privileged mansions.

As soon as the officer appeared, John of Oostcamp, without saying a word, presented to him the pot of beer, with a slice of bread, as was the custom at the time.

"I cannot accept of anything," said Ulryck, "until you have received my message."

"You are come on the part of Count Baudouin," said John of Oostcamp. "What do you require?"

"I am here," replied the sergeant, "as public summoner



in behalf of the justice of his highness. No officer of the city having dared to proceed in respect of the debt you owe to a certain merchant of Bruges, my lord the redoubted count of Flanders has directed the widow of the said merchant to apply to me."

"These things," said the castellain, abruptly, "concern not the count."

"Everything connected with justice belongs to him," replied the officer; "and by the lion-rod, in the name of God and of justice, I charge you to pay immediately into my hands the sum due, or to follow me before the judge of the burgh, to be there condemned on account of the said sum, and to remain in the prison of the town till it be paid in full; for such is the law."

Ulryck had not time to say more. The castellain's countenance had grown purple at the first words of the summons. He rose in a passion, and stammering,

"Miserable serf! Me in prison!" He rushed upon the officer, pushed him violently out of the apartment, shut the door, and re-seated himself upon his stool, quite beside himself with rage.

Ulryck, sensible that he was fulfilling a severe duty, bore patiently this ill treatment; and desiring not to return without having completed his task, he replaced his ebony rod in a small pocket of the horse-cloth of Minn, who was waiting for him; he took from it at the same time an ink-holder, a pen, and a sheet of parchment. He now wrote the summons,—for he had learned the art of writing—an accomplishment by no means common at that time among officers of justice.

Before nailing the schedule to the gate of John of Oostcamp, he read it in a somewhat hesitating but solemn voice, calling, in the name of the most redoubted count of Flanders, upon all the vassals, servants, and peasants of the castle, to give the aid of their arms to justice,—to apprehend the person of the said castellain, and to conduct him to the prison of the burgh, under pain of being treated as felons and rebels.

Whilst he was performing this bold action, John of Oostcamp, beside himself with rage, rushed out with his battle-axe in his hand, and, beholding the officer on the point of fixing the summons on his gate, he dealt him a mortal blow on the head.

Ulryck staggered, but still had strength enough to drag

himself to his pony, and place the schedule, all stained with blood, in the horse-cloth. After this exertion, he suddenly dropped down and expired.

On beholding the officer of Count Baudouin fall dead, the baron became calm. He ordered his servants to let down the portcullis, and take Minn to his own stable. But the little animal, as if he understood what was passing, suddenly sprang forward, and was out of the castle before the portcullis could be lowered. The gates were shut; and in order that no traces might be left of the crime which had been committed, the valets of the castellain hastily made a grave and buried the officer.

The pony, meanwhile, had, without loss of time, returned to Bruges. On arriving, it stopped at the gate of the palace of the count. Baudouin was at dinner, with some of his knights. It was immediately announced to him, that Ulryck's horse had returned alone, carrying in his horse-cloth the rod of ebony, and a scroll of parchment stained with blood. The count of Flanders, much disquieted, took up the schedule, hoping, however, to find Ulryck wounded only; he immediately rode out, attended by some of his lords, and hastened to the manor-house of John of Oostcamp. Minn, whom nobody thought of, followed the cortège unperceived, so completely was Baudouin absorbed with the thoughts of his bailiff.

Scarcely two hours had elapsed from the time the murder was committed, when the count of Flanders appeared at the gate of the castle. The portcullis was raised at his approach; all traces of the crime had disappeared. John of Oostcamp, who must have foreseen this visit, had prepared himself for it. He presented himself apparently quite composed.

"I come," said Baudouin, in a tone of severity, "to require of you Ulryck, my officer of justice."

"Nobody has been here," said the castellain with effrontery; "and your knights may inspect the whole manor."

"What!" exclaimed the count, "did not Ulryck come here, disloyal castellain, to present this schedule, and summon you to restore the property of the widow?"

John coolly took the parchment, and observing that it was stained with blood:

"This schedule, no doubt, was intended for me," said he calmly. "But you will remark, my lord, that it is

stained with blood. It is probable that Ulryck will have been murdered when on his way here."

"And who would have dared to murder him if not thyself?" replied Baudouin. "He bore with him the lion rod, he was under my safeguard. Knights, visit the manor-house, interrogate the valets and the people of the neighbourhood."

Whilst the persons in the suite of the count of Flanders were executing his orders, John of Oostcamp remained in the presence of his sovereign, continuing to excuse himself, protesting that he was at last about to pay the widow, and, speaking with so much assurance, that Baudouin began to believe that he was innocent. This idea almost amounted to certainty when the knights returned, having learned nothing, having made no discovery.

Baudouin, perplexed at not being able to find any trace of the horrible deed, was about to withdraw. Casting a last scrutinizing glance at John of Oostcamp, he perceives that the castellan has changed countenance, that a mortal paleness covers his features, and that he cannot avert his eyes from the remotest corner of the court. Baudouin also looks in that direction; he observes Minn, whom he thought he had left at Bruges, turning up with his forefeet a portion of ground which had been recently dug. He approaches, he observes big tears in the eyes of the little horse; he causes the earth to be removed, and the corpse of Ulryck is discovered.

John of Oostcamp, finding that he was discovered, sought to make his escape. Baudouin's knights held him back. He fell upon his knees and begged forgiveness. But Baudouin-à-la-Hache was inexorably just. He caused the castellan to be taken out of the manor-house, and there on the highway, which was wholly under the dominion of the sovereign, he condemned him to death. Then, taking the little horse by the bridle, he said to him,—

"Be comforted, my poor Minn; thou shalt be the avenger of thy master."

Two knights, understanding at once the will of the count, took from John his battle-axe and his poniard; two others bound his legs and his hands; after which they tied him by the feet to the tail of Ulryck's horse, which began to kick for the first time in his life, and which, rushing among brambles and underwood, tore in pieces the murderer of his master; and returned in the

evening to the town, bringing with him only some hideous fragments.

The manor-house was demolished by order of the count, the debt of the widow was paid, and mass was appointed to be celebrated for a hundred years at St. Donatus for the repose of the soul of Ulryck.

Baudouin had ordered his officer's horse be put in his own stables, and attended to with the utmost care ; but the fatigue of the preceding day had completely ruined him, and on the morrow he also was found dead.

## ENVY.

## THE PAMPHLET.

" Si ceux du parlement s'en mêlent,  
 Bien fin qui s'en démêlera."

*La Misère des Plaideurs.*

On the 27th December, 1594, there was joyous and noisy festivity in one of the principal houses of the street *de la Pelleterie*, known to-day as the flower-market (*Marché aux Fleurs*). The children of the house were making their preparations for the following day, which was the festival of the Holy Innocents. At that time religion possessed the sweet privilege of gladdening the year by unaffected enjoyments. The feasts of St. Martin, of St. Catharine, of St. Nicholas, Christmas Day, Holy Innocents, New Year's Day, St. Geneviève, the Epiphany, —this series of joyous festivals, which brought families together, lent a charm to the dull weeks of winter. The feast of the Holy Innocents particularly was dear to the children of all classes, to whom it brought important rights. They were treated on that day as the masters of the house; they were entitled to assume the habits of their elder relatives, order the dinner, carve at table, receive visits. The venerated grandmother could not refuse her antique ruff to her grand-daughter, who could scarcely walk; and the aged magistrate beheld with joy his grandson, who was beginning to spell, lost in his vast peruke. Nurses and mothers devised costumes ridiculously grave; and everywhere the lively joy of children diffused happiness throughout families.

The house alluded to in the street *de la Pelleterie*, was that occupied by Mr. Peter Lugoly, chief criminal officer. Notwithstanding the severe nature of his functions, and the hardness of character they induce, Lugoly, seated

beside his wife, smiled with delight in beholding the happiness of his children. He was engaged in making for his eldest son a splendid belt of parchment, to which he was fastening a magnificent speaking trumpet; and Madam Lugoly was stuffing with bran a piece of camelot, in order to make a hooped gown for her little daughter, who had begun to walk only six months before, when a young man entered with such a distracted appearance, that he suddenly suspended these homely occupations.

"What is the matter with you, Scipio?" said Mr. Peter, rising and advancing towards the young man, who, agitated as he was, had begun by taking his seat on a leathern stool.

"What the matter with me!" replied Scipio. "I regret having come to your town; would I were back to my own province! It will spoil my supper this evening. A new crime has been perpetrated on the person of his majesty."

"On Henry of Bourbon? On his majesty the king?"

"His majesty is but slightly wounded in the mouth; but it is a crime."

"What age do we live in?" said Madam Lugoly.

"I cannot then go out. I cannot move from hence," replied Mr. Peter Lugoly. "I must await here the orders that will not fail to be immediately expedited to me. But are you not aware of the details of this crime?"

"A gentleman of the household of the count of Soissons has just related them to me. It happened only a few minutes ago, just as the King Henry IV. arrived from Picardy. Among several who entered in his train an apartment of the Louvre, was a little young man, whom nobody remarked, and who concealed in his sleeve a knife, with which he desired to stab the king in the heart. Just then, as his majesty was bowing slightly to the lords De Montigny and De Ragny, who were presented to him, he received the stroke on his mouth, and one of his teeth was broken. Nobody had seen anything; and the king feeling himself wounded, believed that he owed the stroke to Mathurine, the queen's fool; but she, on the contrary, had alone perceived the murderer, and had hastened to shut the door; and so the count of Soissons, observing the young stranger greatly confused, seized him by the throat, saying, 'It is you who have struck the king!' The assassin immediately dropped his knife, and acknowledged his design, which was to kill Henry of Bourbon."

"And has the name of this young villain been ascertained?"

"His name is Jean Châtel; he is the son of a rich draper who lives in this neighbourhood, in the street *de la Barillerie*, opposite the palace of justice."

"He is arrested?"

"And in prison, although his majesty said that he forgave him, beholding in him only a fool."

"A second Peter Barrière, who but too soon follows his model. But if he be young, as you say, is he not a student?"

"He studied at the university."

"Pity he did."

"Why?"

"Because it were better he had studied with the Jesuit fathers. It would have been a great triumph for the gentlemen of the parliament. They had hoped, on occasion of the trial of Barrière, to entangle in it those fathers who are troublesome to them. But, far from its being a Jesuit who was an accomplice in the plot, it happened, unfortunately for their views, that it was a Jesuit who gave notice of it to his majesty."\*

"But you speak strangely," replied Scipio. "I do not well understand how the members of our parliament, if they be Catholics, can be opposed to the fathers of the Society of Jesus."

"This, my young friend," said Pierre Lugoly, "is a thorny and delicate question. I am criminal officer, under the authority of these gentlemen of the parliament, whom I must obey in everything. Decisions in matters of theology do not belong to me. I merely know that the learned members, being accustomed, ever since the disturbances, and especially from the time of the league, to govern more or less everywhere, reject the council of Trent, which it is said would establish peace in the kingdom, and oppose the Jesuit fathers, who preach obedience. It suits these gentlemen that there should be a little

\* Henry IV. himself, in his answer to the remonstrances of the parliament, when the Jesuits were recognized in 1605, publicly recognized this fact. He acknowledged, also, that of the four monks of different orders, whom Barrière had consulted on the question, whether it were permitted to kill Henry IV., as had been proclaimed everywhere in the time of the league, he who had most strenuously diverted him from it was a Jesuit, Father Varade, who told him that the mere thought of such a crime, if he deliberately entertained it, was sufficient to damn him.

tumult, and a certain amount of opposition; by such things they acquire importance, and the parliament would fall if everything were as it ought to be; and then a great degree of tranquillity would perhaps suggest the idea of looking out certain curiosities of bygone days.

"Several counsellors (members of the parliament) were leaguers; some have written libels, others have pronounced sentences, and there are those who have signed placards against the late king, Henry de Valois, and against the reigning king himself; there are some, also, who entertain the new doctrines, or who have married the daughters of reformers, or who are in their hearts more or less Huguenots, or who have grown indifferent towards the Roman Catholic Church; and you will see that there will come out of all this a sort of semi-catholicism,—a little schism, which will neither be Roman nor Lutheran, but parliamentary, inasmuch as it will spring up entirely in the parliament. I can even tell you, Scipio, in confidence, an opinion which I have heard expressed by the president De Thou himself, who loves not the Jesuits, that there is a violent struggle between the robe and the sautane; that under perfect Roman Catholic priests, such as the Jesuits show themselves to be, law pleas will become impossible; that it is necessary, consequently, that the advocates (members of the parliament) make an end of the Jesuits, or that the Jesuits destroy the advocates,—and I believe these last to be——"

"The more ferocious," said Scipio Duplex.

The sound of bells, now rung in every direction, interrupted this conversation. Pierre Lugoly went out to hear what was passing. He was informed that the churches were filling with people returning thanks to God for the preservation of the king.

"Go you, also, to Notre Dame, Scipio," said he, "and pray for me, as I cannot go any distance from home."

The young man immediately took his cap, and walked towards the cathedral.

He was only a few minutes gone when Lugoly was eagerly visited by Louis Masure, a counsellor of the parliament. He was followed by a lackey of the great chamber, who was the bearer of a package of clothes.

"Victory!" shouted Masure, as he entered; "we have them now; and the snare is so well laid that they cannot possibly escape this time!"



"Of whom are you speaking, Sir?" inquired Lugoly.

"Of them, to be sure; I speak of them," replied Masure; "it is quite clear. You have done well to remain here at your post. You know what has occurred, and what there is question of? The young parricide is in prison, with irons on his feet, his neck, and his hands. His sacrilegious dagger has been secured. Most fortunately he studied with them."

"I had been told," answered the criminal officer, beginning to understand, "that he was a pupil of the university."

"What does that matter? He studied philosophy with them in the college of Clermont: that, I hope, was studying with them—the Jesuits;—it is their college. He must have continued to keep up relations with them; nothing more is necessary. You will now disguise yourself as a priest, and go immediately to the prisons of Fort l'Evêque. The gaoler has been warned. The young man is asking for a confessor. In this disguise you will learn everything from him, and inform us of it. It is fortunate that we observed the thing in time. The grand provost had seized the regicide, and was about to despatch him, when most happily the president De Thou had the case brought into the court of parliament. He will be judged tomorrow at one sitting. Make haste, Pierre; I must away to Notre Dame, to say a few words to the people."

Pierre Lugoly, as may have been remarked, was a man without political passions; but, a slave of place, and without conscience, he believed himself bound to a degree of passive obedience, which it is beyond our commission to appreciate. He put on in silence the priest's robes that had been brought to him, and set out upon his errand under cover of the night, which was coming down, to extort, according to the order he had just received, the confession, of which the parliament appeared to have need.\*

Meanwhile, Louis Masure, the honest counsellor, went to excite the people as they came out of the churches, telling them that the regicide was an agent of the Jesuits. There were at that time among the populace of Paris many religionists, and also wicked people, from every quarter, accustomed through so many years of disturbance to take delight in disorder. Divers little mobs, therefore, were soon got together, which marched to the college of Cler-

\* See on this subject the journal *l'Etoile*.

mont, exclaiming, that the Jesuit fathers, those king-slayers, must be cast into the Seine.

It must be observed here, that of all the ecclesiastical orders which condemned the odious doctrine which authorized the murder of heretical kings, the Jesuits were precisely those who repelled it with the greatest zeal. Besides, it was no longer applicable to Henry IV., who had left the ranks of the enemies of the Church; and it is the opinion of some grave personages, that if inquiry had been honestly made, the originators of such deeds of darkness would have been found in certain reformed sects.

We shall see what were the results of the plottings of Louis Masure. At the same time that he was giving himself so much trouble to forward the views and wishes of the parliament, the king, Henry IV., was writing a letter, in the following terms, and causing it to be copied by several secretaries and gentlemen, desiring to send it that very evening to the good towns of his kingdom, in order to counteract the bad effect of sinister reports:—

“We were not more than an hour at Paris, after returning from our journey to Picardy, and had not yet put off our travelling apparel, when, having around us our cousins, the Prince de Conti, Comte de Soissons, Comte de St. Paul, and more than thirty or forty of the principal lords and gentlemen of our court, as we were receiving the lords De Ragny and De Montigny, who had not yet saluted us, a young lad, called Jean Châtel, of very low stature, and eighteen or nineteen years of age, having glided among the crowd into the apartment, approached without being observed, and, intending to strike us with a knife which he held, the blow (because we had bowed down a little, in order to raise up the lords De Ragny and Montigny, who were saluting us) only struck us on the upper lip, on the right-hand side, injuring us slightly, and knocking out a tooth. There is, thank God, so little harm done, that we shall not on account of it go to bed a moment earlier.”

As the king was writing this letter, a messenger came with the intelligence, that the Jesuits were threatened by an infuriated mob. Surprised at this news, he hastened to send troops, who preserved the college of Clermont from the blow which was meditated. But he could not protect them from the other snare.

That same evening the whole family of Jean Châtel was

arrested, although they had not the least knowledge of the crime, as well as several religious persons of different orders, and some notable members of the league.

After the parricide had confessed to the criminal officer, whom he took for a priest, he was transferred from Fort l'Evêque to the dungeons of the palace. Louis Masure seemed to be dissatisfied on learning from Lugoly, who had obeyed his perfidious orders to the best of his ability, that the young criminal laid nothing to the charge of the Jesuit fathers; that he had ceased for some time to frequent them; that, indeed, he had recently consulted Father Gueret, formerly his professor of philosophy, on a case of conscience, which was, however, quite foreign to his project.

Night brings reflection; and by next morning, 28th December, Louis Masure had resolved on his plan of proceeding. He caused Father Gueret to be arrested, and had him brought in the midst of the most brutal outrages to the *Conciergerie*, whilst their honours of the parliament were commencing with great zeal their procedure against the assassin.

Such matters were quickly despatched in those times. The young fanatic was interrogated, then put to the question in the ordinary and afterwards in the extraordinary manner. He confessed only, that, having been addicted to criminal practices, he had desired to expiate them by killing a bad king, according to what he had been taught some time ago, during the disturbances of the league, which were then over about a year. He said nothing that could be construed against the Jesuits, with whom he no longer had relations. He was asked whether, in his course of philosophy at the college of Clermont, the fathers had not taught, in his presence, the doctrine of regicide; he formally replied that they had not. He declared that he had acted from a conviction so deeply rooted in his mind, that if the blow had to be struck anew, he would not hesitate to strike it.

It was easily perceived that he was one of those gloomy maniacs, like Pierre Barrière, a species of monsters that are produced in times of social disorganization. But this result did not meet the hopes of the enemies of the Jesuits. Jean Châtel was replaced in his dungeon, and Father Gueret was brought in his turn to be tortured. He was a man of study, humble and mild, who, the day before,

little suspected that the feast of Holy Innocents, for the joyous amusements of which his beloved pupils were preparing like all the other children of the city, would be for him a day of punishment. When the rack on which he was destined to undergo the question was brought to him, his heart was wrung; he grew pale; then raising his eyes to heaven, he prayed as follows:—

“Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, who hast suffered for me, have pity on me, and enable me to bear with patience this torture to which I am doomed. I have deserved it, and still greater pain; nevertheless, O Lord, Thou knowest that I am pure and innocent of the sin laid to my charge.”\*

Then being racked, says *l'Etoile*, he showed great constancy, complained not of pain, did not even sigh; only repeated his prayer, but confessed nothing. As it became clear that the question was only useless barbarity, some of our parliament gentlemen, less bent on the destruction of the society, obtained a little mitigation of the process;† Father Gueret was carried back to the *Conciergerie*, where his wounds were dressed, for he had been cruelly maltreated.

The councillors, displeased at having made nothing of their attempt, looked anxiously at one another.

“We shall be laughed at, and deservedly too,” said a Huguenot reporter, “if we cannot get the better of these fathers. They are seditious. It is impossible that they should not have among their papers some of the writings forbidden by edict. A visit must be ordered; now is the occasion for doing justice.”

“Besides,” added an aged procurator, who had been distinguished during the league by his talent for punning, “the assassin is called Jean Châtel; the person we have just questioned, Jean Gueret; the librarian of the college of Clermont, Jean Guinard; and from the circumstance that the crime was committed yesterday, which was St. John’s Day, it is proven that these three men are in concert.”

A visit to the library of the Jesuits was, therefore, immediately decreed. Louis Masure, their inveterate enemy,

\* Jesu Christe, Fili Dei vivi, qui passus es pro me, miserere mei, et fac ut sufferam patienter tormentum hoc, quod mihi præparatum est, quod merui, et majus adhuc; attamen tu scis, Domine, quod mundus sum, et innocens ab hoc peccato.—*Journal de l'Etoile*.

† Chiverny, *Mémoires d’Etat*: Histoire de Scipion Dupleix, règne de Henri IV.

was also sent on this mission ; he went accompanied by people on whom he could rely, and said to the councillors, "Go to dinner, gentlemen, and look upon it as certain that I shall manage, in one way or another, to make a discovery for you."

The students of the college of Clermont were coming out of the refectory ; the Jesuit fathers, not having thought proper to sadden their pupils in making known to them the outrage offered to a member of their order, allowed these children to enjoy their holiday. It was during this contrast of the stifled sorrow of the masters, and the joy of the scholars, that the delegates of the parliament arrived.

They made themselves be conducted at once to the library, and asked to see Father Guinard, mutilating his name as if to crush him by showing their sense of his insignificance ; and this falsification being introduced into the process, has been kept up in historical accounts, where the good father is constantly called Jean Guignard.

Father Guinard hastened to their presence ; he found the delegates already engaged in ransacking the papers and the books, perhaps imagining, as some have actually believed (this was remarked by Chancellor Chiverny), some kind of snare for the fathers.

"We have just been examining your papers," said Louis Masure, abruptly. "You are guilty of sedition. You have pamphlets."

"I do not think so," said the aged librarian, mildly. "Since peace was concluded, we have made a strict scrutiny ; and everything connected with the disturbances has been destroyed."

"You are rebels, enemies of his majesty."

"I know not, Sir, how you come to have an idea so injurious to us. You can easily satisfy yourselves, that from the time of his majesty's return to the bosom of the Church, we pray daily for the king. As for myself personally, Sir, I have never failed to make mention of his majesty in the *memento* of the holy sacrifice of the mass."

"And if I prove to you that, contrary to the ordinances which forbid the keeping of pamphlets, you have one here ?"

"It will be without our knowledge, and we are ready to destroy it. If, notwithstanding, you will have it that

there is crime, we are protected by the amnesty which his majesty has granted."

"As to that we shall see. Do you recognize this?"

At the same time Masure took from a large volume three or four slips of manuscript.

"Oh! you speak of these copies," replied the father. "I thought there was question of a printed document. I do not know them. It is possible that these notes may have been placed there in order to be refuted, in the supposition that they are from the hand of a stranger."

"These notes are in your handwriting," impudently replied the delegate.

Guinard protested, for he did not recognize the papers. But it immediately occurred to him that these imprudent notes might have been copied by some of his brethren, and, dreading lest he should compromise a still greater number of persons, he was silent when Louis Masure maintained anew that these papers were from his hand.

This was all the delegate desired. He ordered Father Guinard to follow him, and he consigned him to a dungeon. After this he went himself to his house to take some refreshment. At two o'clock he returned, and handed over to his fellow-councillors the writings which he had seized; they were put under seal.

"We have got something now," said he; "but we shall only be in the right if we manage well. We are embarrassed by the king in our pursuit of the Jesuits; he will not give his countenance on the few pieces we have to show. My advice is, if you please, that we be satisfied with despatching to-morrow the meaner villain, and that we allow the two fathers, we have got caged, to recover themselves a little. The king sets out in three days for Burgundy, to meet the Spanish army; in his absence we shall be masters without control. Let Pierre Lugoly, therefore, be ordered to prepare for the execution of Jean Châtel to-morrow; and we, who have done work enough to-day, shall now go home to keep the festival of the Holy Innocents."

The advice of Louis Masure was approved of; and next day, 29th December, the sentence of Jean Châtel, having been pronounced at nine o'clock in the morning, was immediately put in execution. In the agonies of his barbarous punishment, the young fanatic remained immovable. After they had cut off his right hand, in which had

been placed the knife with which he struck Henry IV., they tore off his flesh with red-hot pincers, made him be dragged in opposite directions by four horses, then burned his lacerated limbs, and cast his ashes to the wind.

This sentence was executed under the orders of Lugoly. Scipio Dupleix resolved not to see this man any more, and took his departure the same day from Paris, foreseeing the wicked practices which were preparing against the Jesuits.

The king having gone on his journey in the beginning of January, the parliament hastened the trial of Father Guinard. The writings called "The Pamphlet" were produced; they were of an exceedingly gross description. One of the most criminal things was an extract from a placard, which had been exhibited in the streets of Paris in 1591. It bore, that "Neither Henry III., nor Henry IV., nor the elector of Saxony, nor Queen Elizabeth, were real sovereigns; that Jaques Clement had performed an heroic action in killing Henry III.; that if it were possible to make war upon Henry of Berne, it should be done; but that if not, he should be killed."

The possession of these lines was made a capital crime, and Father Guinard was not permitted to defend himself. On the 7th of January, accordingly, the parliament pronounced a sentence, which "declares the said father guilty, and convicted of the crime of lese-majesty, and, in reparation of the same, condemns him to make amends in his shirt, with a rope about his neck, before the principal gate of the church of Paris, holding in his hand a lighted torch of the weight of two pounds; from thence to be conducted to the *Place de Grève*, to be there hanged, and his body reduced to ashes."

In an hour afterwards this sentence was executed.

When they read to the good father the formula of the the expiation (*amende honorable*), in which it was said that he begged pardon of God, of the king, and of justice, he answered, that he begged pardon of God; but that, as to the king, he had not offended him; that he prayed for him, beseeching the Lord to enlighten him from above. Having come to the place of execution, he protested his innocence, and, at the same time, exhorted the people to obey the king, and reverence the magistrates. He also prayed aloud for his majesty. He then admonished the people not to believe too readily the false reports that were

circulated to the prejudice of the Jesuits, insisting that they were neither king-killers, nor supporters of such detestable doctrines, and that they had never sanctioned the murder of a king.

After these words he suffered death, forgiving them his ignominious punishment. Dulaure, who, notwithstanding such things, is an enemy of the Jesuits, admits that in this condemnation of Father Guinard, the parliament went so far as to be unjust. In the "Universal Biography" of Michaud, M. Lécuy is indignant that Father Jouveney, the historian of the Society of Jesus, has given to Guinard the epithet of martyr. But what then was he?

On the day after the martyrdom of Guinard, Father Guéret was condemned to perpetual banishment. He withdrew to England, where he soon after died of the effects of the question. An edict was then hastily got up, by which all the Jesuits were banished. Pierre Lugoly was commissioned to make them quit Paris that very day.

Whilst, in obedience to the sentence, they were departing on foot, without resources and without asylum, the president De Thou remarked that the parliament had acted rather precipitately, the parties having been condemned without a hearing.\* But Louis Masure replied, like Pilate of old,—"*what is written is written.*"

On this occasion were banished also all the pupils of the college of Clermont; the whole family of Jean Châtel was driven from Paris, his unoffending father having been first obliged to pay a fine of two thousand *écus*. His house was given up to pillage, and then levelled with the ground. On its site was erected a little pyramid, known as the pyramid of Jean Châtel. Its four sides were covered with the most insulting lies against the Jesuits.

The ground occupied by this pyramid—the disgraceful monument of the baseness of a judicial body—was in the street *de la Barillerie*; it is now lost in the *Place du Palais de Justice*.

The king, who was engaged with the affairs of France, learned at his camp what was passing at Paris in his absence, and understood that he was not yet master in his kingdom. He was obliged, however, to disguise his indignation, and act with circumspection.

He was under the necessity of exculpating at foreign courts an act in which *he had no part*. It was not till ten

\* Non servato juris ordine, neque partibus auditis.



years afterwards that he was able to recall the Jesuits, and make reparation for the iniquity of the chief administrators of justice. At that time, even, the parliament was not ashamed to remonstrate against his proceedings. Henry IV. shut their mouths with the following not very palatable words: "You pretend to know something of state affairs; and you do not understand any more than myself how to report a process."

In that same year, 1605, the pyramid was solemnly destroyed. Scipion Dupleix, who became at a later period the historiographer of France, even remarks, that several members of the parliament *were almost beside themselves with rage*. But the enemies of the Jesuits had this *monument* engraved, notwithstanding its unmeaning and stupid brutality. There are still some foolish books where the engraving is to be found.

Such is the exact, impartial, and scrupulous account of one of the saddest blots that have stained the ancient parliament, the history of which remains still to be written.

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## THE TWO COUSINS.

### A CHRONICLE OF THE STREETS OF GHENT.

"Pourquoi les cousins ont-ils donné leur nom à un insecte incommode?"

*Gaffarel, Questions.*

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THERE were at Ghent in 1339, in the street which leads from the street *de la Cave* to the street *du Mortier*, near the quay *aux Vaches*, two merchants who were cousins-german; one of them, who lived at the high end of the street, at the sign of the Ear of Corn, was a wholesale and retail grain-dealer, and was called Jacobs Paes. Joseph Paes, the other—they were cousins by the father's side—dwelt at the lower end of the street, at the sign of the Poppy, and dealt in oil.

These two men had no love for one another, as is but too often the case, alas! between cousins. They were mutually envious; the success of the one kept the other from sleeping, and precisely, perhaps, because they were cousins, who started from nearly the same point, each of these two ambitious merchants would fain have been

the richer. Were they both honest? This question may be decided, in regard to one of them at least, from the following adventure :—

From a certain regard to custom and propriety, they were in the habit of furnishing one another with the articles belonging to their respective trades. Thus Jacobs bought oil at his cousin's, and Joseph did not go to any other than his cousin Jacobs for the divers kinds of grain he required for his establishment; such as oats for his horse, and millet for his little birds. Joseph was mild and active, Jacobs was active and bold.

All this being well understood, it happened one day that Jacobs Paes went to buy at his cousin's twelve pounds of oil. As soon as it was served out to him, Jacobs, from an impulse of that vanity which is so willingly displayed between relatives, cast the price upon the counter in a sum of gold (*mouton d'or*), calling upon Joseph to give him back what was over.

The oil-merchant opened his drawer, and not finding there enough of money to change the gold, he set about opening a sack which stood upon his counter, and in which there were counted in divers coins three hundred florins. The sight of this money so rejoiced him, that he tied up the sack again without taking anything out of it, and went to the neighbouring tavern to change the gold which Jacobs had given him.

During the short absence of Joseph, Jacobs, who, apparently, had still more vices than envy, allowed himself to be tempted by the sack left under his eyes, and put it in his doublet.

As new purchasers were coming every moment into the shop, he concluded that he would be less suspected than any other person. If any other reflections occurred to him, they passed with the rapidity of lightning. When Joseph returned, the crime was consummated. He paid back the change, thanked his cousin, recommending himself as usual, and set about attending to other customers as they entered.

But the thief had not walked fifty paces when Joseph thought of his sack. He cast his eyes upon the counter, and by a species of instinct, exhibited sometimes between parties who are well acquainted, contrary to what Jacobs had foreseen, he suspected no other person, left once more his shop, where nothing precious now remained exposed,

and, running after his cousin, he overtook him at his own door.

"You have made a mistake," said he, "in taking my sack of three hundred florins."

"What sack do you mean?" replied Jacobs, without being in the least disconcerted.

At the same time he endeavoured to enter his house. Joseph prevented him, and spoke with more animation than usual. One is not fond of being robbed. The neighbours crowded round them; and the quarrel getting louder, the two cousins were conducted to the dean of the quarter.

At that time the town of Ghent was very populous. In order to facilitate a good police administration, and also with a view to meet the democratic ideas that were then widely spread, James of Artevelde had divided Ghent into two hundred and fifty neighbourhoods (*voisinages*). The inhabitants of each neighbourhood chose between themselves, from among the wisest and most experienced of their aged men, a dean, who settled all their differences, and before whom were carried all affairs before being laid before the judges. The dean of the quarter or neighbourhood in question was Claes-Dierickx, an old man of ability and resource.

It was ten o'clock in the morning, and the good dean had just breakfasted, when the two cousins appeared before him.

The matter having been unfolded to him: "It is melancholy," he said, "that two cousins should be at variance. But, since it is so, the first thing to be done is to search him who is accused; for the sack must still be on his person, as he has not been in any house since the time of the theft."

"Och! God!" cried Jacobs boldly, as he drew the sack from his doublet, "I have a sack, it is true, but it is my own."

"And how much does your sack contain?" inquired the dean, addressing Joseph.

"Three hundred florins."

"This is a singular coincidence; but it is not impossible. You cannot suspect any other person than your cousin?"

"No other," replied Joseph; "he only remained a few moments without witnesses in the shop."

"As there are no witnesses," rejoined the dean, "the matter is difficult and serious. I remind you that the punishments are severe, both for the thief and the calumniator; that we have at Ghent terrible prisons and a good gibbet in the service of justice. You shall now swear both the one and the other, before God our Lord, to speak nothing but the truth."

A crucifix was brought, on which the two cousins, kneeling, placed their hands; they both swore, with countenances equally serene, to speak the truth unreservedly. The good dean was perplexed by the firmness of these two men: he began to think that Joseph might be wrong; nevertheless, his former experience preventing him from judging too hastily, he proceeded to a regular interrogatory.

"Explain to me," said he, addressing the accuser, "how you came to have these three hundred florins in a sack on your counter."

"I had them there," replied Joseph, "for the purpose of paying a like sum to Mynheer Liévin Soyers, of the Place St. John, in payment of a large supply of linseed with which he furnished me; and it is because I must pay this very day at noon that I was not willing to break upon this sum, and that I went to change the gold piece at the tavern *du Ruwaert*."

"And you," said Claes-Dierickx, after a moment's silence, "you, Jacobs, whence came these three hundred florins which, by an extraordinary concurrence, you carry on your person this morning, and which are like those of Joseph in as many coins?"

"This sum I derive," said the thief, "from the sale of barley and other grains which I sold this morning to divers grain-dealers of the town and neighbouring country."

The dean reflected a little, and then said, addressing himself to Jacobs, "Have you, indeed, then at home in your shop three hundred more florins, in small coins such as these, making up the sum in this sack?"

Jacobs Paes having replied in the affirmative,

"Leave there, then, for a moment, the sack in dispute," said the old man; "go to your house with two witnesses, and bring us that second sack of three hundred florins; after which we shall give judgment."

Jacobs, not understanding what the dean could have in

view, but encouraged by the good appearance he had made, went with two witnesses to his shop, gathered up three hundred florins in small pieces, and brought them in a sack.

During his absence, Claes-Dierickx had ordered his servant to boil water in two kettles at the same time. None of the persons present had the least idea of what was about to take place. The dean put the money of the sack that was claimed in one kettle, and in the other, apart from it, the money of the second sack; he then patiently stirred the specie in either kettle with a stick.

Although the bystanders began to say that the old man was having recourse to magic, and that the truth would necessarily be discovered, Jacobs Paes persevered in his bold denial, and was not yet disquieted.

When the water grew cold, the dean carefully examined the surface, and made it be examined also by all the witnesses. The water in the kettle which contained the sack which was last brought in by the grain-dealer, and which was taken from his own counter, was covered with small straws, particles of dust, and farinaceous substances.

"Here, indeed, is a sum of money which comes from the grain-dealers," said the dean; "but see now the water of the disputed sack is charged only with such fat and oily substances as betray the counter of a merchant of oil and groceries!"

The theft was thus discovered, thanks to the ingenious proceeding of the dean; Jacobs stammered at last; he was sent before the judges, by whom his condemnation was pronounced.

Unfortunately, the incomplete notes which have preserved for us the names and some circumstances of this anecdote do not inform us how the thief was punished. We know not whether he was condemned to be whipped, banished, or hanged. The popular accounts of the circumstance, that have been preserved for centuries among the elders of the quarter, establish that he was hanged by the neck; only, as general opinion will have it, the street *des Cousins*, at Ghent, owes its name to the celebrity of the two men whose history we have written.

As to those who pretend that it derives its name from the detestable insects with which the vicinage of the water

causes it to be peopled, they would do well to remark, that these accursed insects do not inhabit more the street *des Cousins* than the neighbouring streets, and that, besides, they might give their name to a hundred of the streets of Ghent.

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## THE MAN OF THE SEA.

“ Ne quid nimis.”—*Phædrus*.

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AMBITION is frequently nothing better than a deplorable compound of pride, avarice, and envy, three intellectual essences which readily amalgamate, and sustain each other with threefold power. What follows is less a legend than an ancient popular tale. It originated, we believe, in Flanders, where we found it. It came to be known, also, in England, Holland, and Germany; from this last country it was transported to France; and amateurs may have read it, a little altered from what it is here, and a little more vague, in a pretty collection entitled, if I remember well, “Gothic Tales for the Use of young and old Children.” We insert it in this series as a piquant apologue illustrative of ambition.

Ostend previously to the seventeenth century was only a village,—a collection of fragile cottages covered with reeds, inhabited by fishermen. It is only since the great siege of 1601 that it has begun to be a city of any importance. But long before that time, about 1000, the desert site of Ostend only presented to the view an uncertain and dangerous sea, shifting sands, morasses; and in the little hollows, where one might have hoped to find shelter from the tempest, were wretched cabins, the abodes of poor people who lived by fishing.

“Notwithstanding the wildness of this place, the proud desire to rule over other men—mad ambition—grew, as well as to-day, in the hearts that beat on this wretched coast. We are told, that our fathers had more wisdom than we possess. Insidious lie! Our

fathers were not better than ourselves; we are not superior to them." \*

There was, then, at the time alluded to, in a small ravine, a kind of hut, formed of branches and torn sails, where lived a young man, whose name was Tweck, and who was employed in fishing the live-long day. He had espoused Lisbeth, the daughter of a fisherman whom the sea had swallowed up a long time ago; these poor people almost all became its prey. Lisbeth was a beauty in rags; but, notwithstanding her wretched position, she was great and high-minded. She was full of pride and ambition; she knew that the earth bore on its bosom men who lived in splendour. She dreamt of gold, of power, of luxury; she envied whatever she saw the least in the world above her; her heart beat with the desire to rule and to dazzle. She had married Tweck, because it was necessary that she should marry some one; she loved him because he was mild and tractable; she remained in his hut and in his moat because she had no means of going elsewhere. This was, however, a happy settlement for Tweck, who was good, and loved his wife.

One day that he was seated at the mouth of the sandy bay which now forms the harbour of Ostend, and as he was watching his line attentively, the sea being perfectly calm, the cork was suddenly and violently dragged to the bottom, and Tweck, gently drawing up his hook, beheld at the surface of the water a large fish, which had a crest on its head and golden fins. His surprise increased, when the fish, having been brought upon the sand, said to him, in a suppliant voice :—

“O good fisherman, let me live, I beseech you, in my own way. I am not a real fish, but a victim of fairy spells. I am an aged prince enchanted. O good fisherman, allow me to live in liberty !”

\* *Malgré cette terre sauvage,  
Le désir orgueilleux de dominer autrui,  
La folle ambition germait, comme aujourd'hui,  
Dans les cœurs qui battaient sur ce pauvre rivage.  
On nous a dit que nos aïeux  
Avaient plus que nous le cœur sage.  
C'est un mensonge insidieux.  
Nos pères ne valaient pas mieux.  
Nous ne valons pas davantage.*

Tweck, who knew that all fish are dumb, on hearing this one speak, grew pale, was petrified.

"Oh!" said he, "I will have nothing to do with a fish that speaks. I shall certainly not eat you. Tell me, beautiful fish, who you are?"

"I am the old king Gambrinus," said the fish. "I have yet fifty years to spend in the sea. I formerly reigned over all these countries. I am punished for having given beer to my subjects, with which they intoxicate themselves. If you treat me well, good fisherman, I will be grateful."

"Swim then as you please, my lord," said Tweck, and he returned the fish into the sea. The aged king, delivered from the hook, disappeared immediately, leaving behind him a slight track of blood.

When the fisherman returned to his cabin, he failed not to relate to his wife how he had taken a large fish that had spoken to him, and how he had put it back into the sea.

"And why did you ask nothing of him?" exclaimed Lisbeth, who was not often satisfied. If it be the King Gambrinus who invented beer, he must be indeed a powerful fish. We live so miserably in this unwholesome moat! Have pity on me, my good Tweck; return with all speed, and say to the beautiful fish that we would have great need of a little cottage."

Tweck did not much like to go so soon to ask the reward of his good service. Nevertheless, he dared not resist his wife. He went, therefore, to the sea; the water was still beautiful, although a slight yellow tint was mingled with its natural green. He bent down, saying:—

"Man of the sea, one moment come to me,  
Unwilling, alas! I now go to thee!

But Lisbeth, my wife, sends to seek relief."

"Speak," said the fish, "thy spouse's grief;"  
As rising he swam on the liquid plain.

"Lisbeth's so apt in her hut to complain,  
Instead of that damp abode, I believe,  
In a cottage, your grace, we'd choose to live.  
Now grant, if you can, this wish of my wife,  
Who's the torment without end of my life."

"Go," said the fish-king, "thy wife's in the right;  
In her house now you'll behold her all bright."

Tweck bounded with joy, and lost no time in returning



home. He soon observed his wife seated at the door of a little cottage.

"Come in, my friend," says she, "and see whether I be not better than in the hut."

The fisherman was delighted. There were in the house a large room, two smaller chambers, and a kitchen; there were also a back court, peopled with chickens and ducks, and a well-kept garden, adorned with fruits and flowers. A wood of one acre terminated this modest domain.

"Ah! how happy we shall be!" exclaimed Tweck.

"We shall at least try to be so," replied Lisbeth; "leave me alone for that."

Indeed everything went well for a fortnight; and though Lisbeth sighed now and then, the fisherman was joyous; for he had a good bed, and wanted for nothing. But on the sixteenth day his wife broke forth:

"My husband," said she, "I can bear it no longer. Do you not see that there are too few chambers in this cottage? The back court and the garden are by far too small."

"Ah! my wife," said the happy Tweck, "what more can you desire?"

"I should like to live in a castle built of stone," replied Lisbeth. "We have managed ill. Go then again to the fish, and ask him to give us a beautiful castle, with a great park, such as lords have."

"Woman," said the fisherman, "I would not venture to return. I am sure that the fish would get into a passion. We ought to be content with what we have."

"Fool!" vociferated Lisbeth, "he will give a castle most willingly. What is it to him? Go, if you would not have me killed with vexation."

Tweck, with a sorrowing heart, walked towards the shore. The sea was of a dark blue, but nevertheless calm. He approached it, and said:—

"O man of the sea, your pardon I pray;  
Lisbeth a new favour would have to-day."

"What more would she ask?" said the crested fish.

"A beautiful house is her present wish,  
A castle, my lord; excuse this caprice,  
No peace with my wife except at this price."

"Well," said the fish-king, after a moment's pause; "let her be satisfied."

And, in effect, the fisherman, at his return, found his wife at the door of a vast manor-house.

"Is it not far finer than the cottage?" said she.

They went joyously into the castle, where great numbers of servants were moving about in richly-furnished apartments, having new carpets, and chairs, and couches, profusely ornamented with gold. In front of the castle was a beautiful garden, and behind it a park of more than a hundred acres, peopled with sheep, goats, game, and beasts of the forest. Among its other appendages were all kinds of out-houses and magnificent stables.

"This is, indeed, splendid," said the fisherman; "we shall now live happy and contented in this great castle the rest of our days."

"I hope so," said his wife.

But, at the end of a week, Lisbeth, awakening one morning, patted her husband on the elbow, and said:

"Get up and be diligent; although we be very well here, there is nothing to hinder us from being better. The man of the sea must make us kings of all this country."

"Oh, my wife," said Tweck terrified, "why should we desire to be kings? I will not be a king—not I."

" In fortune deceived,  
In sorrow betrayed;  
To be king I'm grieved,  
Snares around me laid.

"And besides," continued he, "how can you be a queen? The fish cannot make you a queen."

"My husband," cried Lisbeth, "what I will, I will; so say no more, but go instantly to the fish; for I must be a queen; there are other women who are queens."

Tweck set out, sighing loudly as he went. The sea was of a dull grey colour, and covered with spray.

He cried out in a hesitating voice:—

"Oh!—man—of the sea!—hear my request. My wife Lisbeth—the plague of my life, has sent me—to—beg of—you—another favour."

"Well," said the fish, "what does she now desire?"

"Alas! she would now be a queen."

"Depart," said the man of the sea, gravely; "she is even now what she desires."

The fisherman returned, and as he approached the palace, he beheld a troop of soldiers regularly arrayed.

He heard the sound of drums and trumpets. He entered, and rubbed his eyes as he saw his wife seated on a throne of gold and diamonds, with a crown of gold on her head, and at each side six beautiful girls, each a head taller than the other.

"Ah! my wife!" he exclaimed, "are you really a queen?"

"Yes; I am a queen!" said she.

After he had looked at her a long time, he replied:

"Ah! my wife! what a fine thing it is to be a queen. We shall never now have anything more to desire."

"I do not know what may be," said the lady. "*Never* is a very long time."

And eight days later—

"I am a queen," said she, "quite true; but I am beginning to be tired of it. I think I should like better to be an empress."

"Alas!" answered the fisherman, "why such an idea?"

"As queen how much to bear!  
No reg'lar meal for thee!  
With dainties mingles care.  
How lost, alas! are we  
Within these mansions vast!  
And oh! at evening hour,  
When we retire at last,  
How worn with toils of power!  
And ah! the busy crowd,  
How it would scorn frown,  
Though now it flatters loud,  
If fallen were our crown!"

"My husband," said Lisbeth, coldly, "go to the fish. I tell you that I desire to be an empress."

"Ah!" continued the poor man, "the fish cannot make you an empress. I never can have the face to make such a request."

"I will have it so," replied the queen.

Tweck departed, murmuring as he went.

He soon reached the sea; its waters were dark and muddy; it was agitated by a tremendous whirlwind. Tweck advanced, and said, in a whisper:—

"Man of the sea, I would see you again,  
Lisbeth, that plague of my life, doth still complain."

"What now would she have?" said the fish, appearing.

"Pardon," said the fisherman, mildly. "It is not my fault; but she now desires to be an empress."

"Now homewards return; your wife, as you wish,  
An empress you'll find," said the lordly fish,  
As backwards he sprang midst the dark sea foam,  
And was lost to view in his watery home.

Tweck, as he entered, beheld his wife seated on a huge throne of massive gold, with an immense crown upon her head. At either side stood a file of soldiers, and rows of servitors of different heights, from the tallest giant to the most diminutive dwarf that reached no higher than elbow height. Before her were princes, dukes, margraves, barons, and counts. The fisherman advanced, and, raising his head, said:

"Woman, are you indeed an empress?"

"Yes," said she, "I am an empress."

"Ah! you were right," added her easy-minded husband. "It is a grand thing to be an empress."

But, at the end of four days, Lisbeth, with an anxious brow, began thus:

"Why should we stop here? If you are satisfied with being an emperor, you may please yourself. As for me, I require to rise a little higher; and I now wish to be sovereign of the whole earth."

The fisherman felt his arms fall powerless with surprise.

"Oh, woman, woman!" exclaimed he, "either I have not heard you, or you have lost your wits."

"I have not lost my wits," said she; "and you have heard me. I repeat that henceforth I *will* be sovereign of the whole world."

"You desire to be sovereign of the whole world; but how can you be so? It is impossible!"

"My husband," dryly answered the wise dame, "I must be so this very day."

"But," pursued the fisherman, heaving a deep sigh, "the fish cannot make you sovereign of the whole earth."

"What!" exclaimed his wife. "He has already made me an empress, why should he not make me sovereign of the world? Go," said she, in a milder tone; "I wish at least that you should try."

When Tweck reached the shore, the wind was blowing furiously, and the sea in such commotion, as if it were boiling oil. The ships were in the greatest danger, bound-

ing on the waves, and cracking most lugubriously. In one point only was there a speck of the blue sky to be seen; whilst, towards the west, the heavens were of a deep red, as at the moment when wild tempests burst forth. Tweck was so terrified that his limbs quivered, and his knees struck against one another. Unable, however, to depart without having fulfilled his wife's commission, which he dared not neglect, he approached the water's edge, and said, in the most subdued accents:

"Oh, man of the sea! I am come to make another request. My wife sends me....."

"What would she have?" said the fish, in a discontented tone.

"She has not enough of dignities. She desires to be sovereign of the whole earth."

"Depart," said the fish; "earth's empress she'll be."  
And straight disappeared 'neath the raging sea.

Tweck, who had fallen on his knees, arose quite astonished.

"He is more accommodating than I thought. This old king refuses nothing. I was a fool to be so terrified. My wife was not wrong," said he, as he returned.

He beheld Lisbeth seated on a throne three hundred feet high; a crown of thirty cubits adorned her brow. Surrounded with unheard-of pomp, she held in her hand a sceptre thirty ells in length. On either side of her throne were seen the ambassadors of all the courts of the world,—Laplanders and Bedouins, blacks and mulattoes, the red man, as well as the white.

"Woman!" said he in amazement, "are you then sovereign of the whole earth?"

"Yes," quoth his wife, "I am queen of the whole world."

"Prodigious! Surely you will stop there. You can be nothing more."

"I shall think of it," was her reply.

Next morning, accordingly, as she was awakened by the first rays of the rising sun:

"Ah!" thought she, looking out of the window, "can I not hinder the sun from rising in this manner?"

She flew into a passion, and, immediately shaking her husband, she cried out to him—

"Go to the fish, and tell him that I desire to be mistress of the sun, and of the moon, which henceforth shall only rise at my pleasure."

The poor man was half asleep. This idea so completely confounded him, that he started with terror, and fell from his bed.

"Alas!" said he, "greatness has made you lose your wits."

"Not at all," replied Lisbeth. "I am most unhappy. I cannot bear to see the sun and the moon rise without my permission. Go at once to the man of the sea."

Tweck dressed himself, reflecting meanwhile that indeed the fish had never refused him anything, and that his fear was ill-founded. He went to the shore; but, as he approached it, terror seized upon his heart once more, and he trembled. A terrible tempest, which shook the trees and the rocks, had suddenly arisen. The sky was darkened—lightning flashed in every direction, and awful thunder was heard in frequent peals. The sea was covered with gloomy waves, which rolled mountains high, and were crested with white foam.

Notwithstanding this tremendous commotion, the fisherman uttered the following words:—

"Once more, my lord fish, a favour I crave;  
That plague of my life more honours would have."

Although he had not himself heard his own words, the fish came.

"Yet another demand from your wife!" said he, in an altered voice, which was heard like a whisper.

"Alas!" replied Tweck, "I trust she is at length at the end of her desires;—she wishes to be mistress of the sun and of the moon."

On hearing this the fish groaned; then, turning away,

"No, no!" was the stern reply;  
"Honours no more will I give;  
Your frail minds have soared too high,  
So now in your hut go live!"

And from that time they spent the long term of their wretched existence in the hut from whence they had gone out. Tweck was resigned; but Lisbeth thought always of her lost greatness, calling to mind that she had been queen, empress, sovereign of the whole earth. She also

maintained, and told it in her rags to all who would listen to her, that she had been within a hair's breadth of being God.

All ye who shall this fable hear,  
Whilst yet it doth avail, lend ear !  
With moderation learn to live,  
To your own merit limits give ;  
And when ENOUGH you shall possess,  
The wish for MORE, oh ! ne'er express !  
Life's sweet realities you'll often miss,  
In searching for imaginary bliss.

## SENSUALITY.

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### LEGEND OF TANCHELM THE HERETIC.

" Dans une voie aussi large  
Tout est profit pour Satan."

*Moncrif.*

" In that broad, flowery, but deceitful way,  
At every step the Devil meets his prey."

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IN a beautiful evening of spring, a youthful citizen of Antwerp, on his return from fishing, held in his hand a small nosegay, which he appeared to dread tarnishing, so carefully did he carry it. It was a tuft of those pretty plants which grow on the banks of rivulets, and which bear above their elegant stem small sheaves of flowers of a sky-blue colour; their rounded lobes resemble a festoon of azure around an aureola of gold. In Brabant and Flanders, this ear of flowerets is generally designated as *the eyes of the Blessed Virgin*; the Dutch and the Germans call it *Forget-me-not*. Our Antwerpian, whose name was Peter Vanderheyden, was hastening to the street *Des Crabes*. There stood the house of Jean Meleyn, a rich merchant rope-maker, whose daughter, Pharailde, had been promised to him and betrothed. He knocked at the door, which he was surprised to find shut, as on a great holiday. There was left in the house only an aged domestic, who came to let him in.

"Are you then alone, Lambert?" said the young fisherman. "Where are Master Meleyn and Pharailde?"

"Alas! Peter," answered the old man, with a sigh, "need you ask where they are? The town is being lost a second time. What would St. Amand say, or the good Eligius, or St. Hillibrond, if God permitted them to return



amongst us? May the good St. Dymrna, and the generous St. Walburga deign to protect us!"

"But, withal, where are they, my good Lambert?"

"Do you not understand me, Peter? They are gone to the preaching-house of the heretic."

"Tanchelm, then, has returned to Antwerp?"

"Unfortunately for us."

"And he is still permitted to corrupt the people?"

"They are flocking to him in crowds. Undoubtedly, God is abandoning us."

"Does he preach in the *Champ des Flamands*?"

"No; he has established himself at the wharf, among the seamen. His meeting is there, opposite the very church of St. Walburga."

"I must away to it," said Vanderheyden.

But the old man, in a manner horror-struck, held him back.

"Would you also go to blaspheme?" said he.

"I do not go there for the sake of the impostor," replied the youth, calmly; "but I hope to bring home Pharilide."

"In that case, may God be with you!"

And the aged Lambert, having made the sign of the cross, shut himself up, in solitary sadness, in his master's house, whilst the young man ran to the bank of the river.

All the ancient wood-yard, which projected like a tongue of land into the Scheldt, and which to-day, although it be confined within a very narrow compass, is nevertheless still called the *werf* (wood-yard); all the large sloping quays; all the space which surrounded the church of St. Walburga, the first Christian temple erected at Antwerp, and which no longer exists, as well as all the neighbouring streets, were encumbered with a crowd so dense that it was almost impossible to get through it. The river was covered with hundreds of barques, full of sailors and fishermen, who were arriving from every quarter, and advancing as near as possible to an immense hustings, which stood at the extreme end of the wharf, built partly on the bank and partly on the waters of the Scheldt. It was painted white, and ornamented with streamers. In the midst of this platform was a personage, magnificently arrayed, who was speaking with vehemence, and enforcing his arguments with a profusion of ridiculous gestures. As the heretic Tanchelm, whose name, mutilated in

certain chronicles, is sometimes written Tanchelinus, instead of Tanchelmus, so that he has often been called Tanchelin. The deepest silence prevailed around him.

It was only after prolonged exertions that Peter Vanderheyden reached the Place St. Walburga, where he observed Jean Meleyn and his daughter seated in front of the church, and listening to the discourse of Tanchelm. Although Peter was only twenty-seven years of age, and although already, in the course of nineteen years, the heresy of Tanchelm had made immense progress at Antwerp, where the clergy were not sufficiently numerous to oppose it, Peter had been so fortunate as to remain untainted. He was a young man of a mild and quiet disposition, who followed, in the simplicity of his heart, the religion of his mother, and who, after God and our Lady, had no other love in the world than Pharailde. Having become sufficiently rich to pretend to her hand, he had no idea of happiness except in his union with her; and if in the evenings he saw the object of his affections, his day was not spent in vain.

A band of armed men, whom he could not separate, kept him apart from Pharailde. He saluted her from a distance, deeply grieved by the kind of attention she appeared to give to the harangue of the corrupter. He would have thrown to her his nosegay, but one of the guards took it from his hands; and, threatening him with his naked sword, to make him be silent, whispered in his ear, "There is no worship here, except that of the master." At the same time, he threw the little bunch of flowers on the platform where Tanchelm was gesticulating, surrounded with nosegays and crowns.

This Tanchelm, now environed with the splendour of power, was a simple layman. He was born at Antwerp. His character was a compound of boldness and evil inclinations. His poverty not permitting him to satisfy his desires, he had resolved to profit by the ignorance of the people; and, whilst the religious and brave men who were capable of throwing obstacles in his way, were absent in the Holy Land, he had made himself the chief of a sect. He immediately found companions who became his supporters. He was gifted with fluency of speech, and a certain rude and animated eloquence, which made impression on the multitude.

In 1105, he commenced his preaching against what he

called the abuses of the Christian religion. His easy doctrines speedily brought him numerous partisans in Flanders and the islands of Zealand, in Holland, and Brabant. Like all innovators, he asked at first only slight reforms. It was not long, till he treated religious beliefs as stupid errors, meritorious actions as deceptions, the crusades as follies, the sacraments as abominations. He taught, that priests, bishops, and the pope, were not different from plain burgesses. He condemned the payment of tithes and attendance in the churches. In addition to this, he declared himself a prophet, whom God had sent to enlighten the world.

He acquired so much credit, that he was as much respected as a sovereign. His magnificence was equal to his pretensions. He arrayed himself in purple, and carried a sceptre. He wore a radiated crown, and environed himself with all the pomp of royalty. In vain had Godfrey the Bearded, count of Flanders and marquis of Antwerp, endeavoured to stay his progress. When Tanchelm was in the states of this prince, he never went abroad without an escort of three thousand armed men; and when he went to preach to the people, his officers bore before him his standard unfurled. His guards attended him with drawn swords.

He delighted in feasting and debauchery. He availed himself of his power to give himself up to these enjoyments with impunity. He was held in such high veneration, that the stupid people purchased, as holy objects, the parings of his nails, hairs of his head, his beard, the water of his baths, &c. He could likewise, on occasion, imagine other resources for defraying his royal expenses.

From 1105 to 1123, Tanchelm had thus lived, defying his enemies and priding himself on his crimes. Morality was at an end, religion was in its death-agony at Antwerp. The men of God were persecuted, and wept in secret, whilst Christian women dared not leave their retirement. Matters were in this state, when Tanchelm, having seen one day the daughter of the tribune of Antwerp, became enamoured of her, and boldly asked her of her father. The town, so early as the period in question, was beginning to be governed by a municipal body. This body consisted of aldermen, whose chief, afterwards called the *ecoutète*, and now known by the title of burgo-master, was at that time styled the *tribune*. The indig-

nation of the aged magistrate was at length aroused. He called together his council, and awakened those honourable feelings which had become dormant in the minds of men. He made an appeal to all good citizens, who came forward at his call in greater numbers than could have been hoped, and Tanchelm was obliged to flee. He escaped to Italy, disguised as a monk. But, at the commencement of the year 1124, he reappeared in the Low Countries, and preached at Antwerp, as powerful and as audacious as ever.

Nevertheless, being without money to maintain his numerous guard, he had recourse to a stratagem, which he put into operation the very evening on which we have seen him on his platform, a few moments after our friend Vanderheyden's nosegay was snatched from his hand. The heretic had just concluded an harangue quite to the humour of the multitude, who preferred his accommodating morality to the austere precepts of the priests of Jesus Christ. His officers then dragged up to the scaffolding beside him a painted statue of the Blessed Virgin, whilst his guards placed on the right and left-hand sides of the platform six large boxes within reach of the people, who stood on the ground, as well as of the auditors who were in the barques. Tanchelm, rising, spoke as follows:—

"Listen, all of you, and bear witness. And you, Virgin Mary," continued he, turning towards the statue, "I take you to-day for my beloved wife."

At these words, he kissed the statue on the forehead, placed upon her head a crown as magnificent as his own, and then resumed, addressing anew the eager crowd:—

"I have just received as my loving spouse the Virgin Mary. It now belongs to you to provide for the expenses of our chaste espousals. Let the men put their offerings into the boxes that are on the right hand, and the women into those on the left. My spouse and I will thus know which of the two sexes has the greater love for myself and her."

If you are scandalized by these details, bear in mind that they are strictly historical.

Tanchelm had scarcely done speaking, when all eagerly brought their money to the boxes. There was the greatest emulation in this work of blind enthusiasm. The women, in order to give more than the men, divested themselves of

their necklaces and ear-rings ; and Peter Vanderheyden saw with joy that his dear Pharailde, who was hurried along by her father, who emptied his own purse, put nothing into the box before which she passed, although Jean Meleyn would fain have forced her to throw into it the ring which had been given her by the youth who aspired to her hand.

Meanwhile, Tanchelm, to whom fathers, as formerly, offered their daughters, and husbands their wives, although he was more than fifty years of age, had no sooner cast his impure eyes on Pharailde, than the fresh and gentle appearance of the young girl, her beautiful chestnut hair, her large blue eyes, her rose-like lips, her elegant person, completely captivated him.

"Brother," said he, addressing Jean Meleyn.

At this word of the personage who was called the prophet, the rope-merchant fell on his knees.

"Brother," resumed the heretic, "in an hour hence, Spierinck and Oudaghen [two of his satellites] will be here, in this very place ; you will give your daughter in charge to them ;—she will come to obtain my blessing."

Jean Meleyn, beside himself with joy, called out that he would be punctual. Taking his daughter's arm, he conducted her home, in order that she might appear in her richest dress, without leaving her time to say anything else to Peter than the words, "Save me ;" which she uttered in a trembling voice.

The armed bands once more separated Pharailde from her betrothed. Tanchelm withdrew, in the midst of his guards, preceded by his banner ; and poor Vanderheyden, after having remained for a moment utterly stupified, not knowing what support to find among men, knelt down, and addressed a prayer to St. Walburga, the patroness of Antwerp, and to St. Amand, one of its first apostles ; after which he regained, his heart wrung with grief, the street *des Crabes*. He counted on softening Jean Meleyn, who had promised him his daughter in marriage. But he found not opportunity of speaking to any other than the aged Lambert, who, knowing what was in preparation, wept till his eyes were red, and tore out his grey hair, in the excess of sorrow.

"You shall not suffer it," said he to Peter, as soon as he saw him ; "you will presently call your friends to arms. . . ."

"I have so very few friends," said the youth, in a desponding tone.

"Well, I will second you. Time is passing rapidly ; do not lose sight of your betrothed ; and may God restore to me, for a moment, the strength of my youth !"

No sooner had the old man spoken these words, than he ran towards the rampart, to the cloister St. Michael, where the pious Norbert, bishop of Magdeburgh, had just arrived, accompanied by some other holy personages.

Whilst he was going to claim their support, Jean Meleyn came out of his house, with his daughter sumptuously dressed. Peter knelt in the way, in order to prevent him from advancing. But the burgher, in great anger, raised his stick to strike him ; whereupon, Pharailde sprang between them. She was pale and confused ; but contrived to make Pierre observe a poniard she had concealed in her dress.

"Follow us," said she, with animation, "and if you cannot rescue me, I shall die, rather than offend God and the blessed Virgin."

Encouraged by these words, Pierre arose, and followed the young girl and her father to the Place St. Walburga, hoping somewhat from the devotedness of the aged Lambert, and appealing to all the fishermen whom he met. Spierinck and Oudaghen were waiting, each with a drawn sword in his hand. As soon as Jean Meleyn had given Pharailde into their charge, they commanded him, as well as the crowd, to withdraw. They all obeyed. The aged rope-maker departed, singing hymns for joy. Pierre alone ventured to follow, at some distance, accompanied by two sailors, his comrades, who were armed with their boat-hooks.

The two satellites of Tanchelm went by the streets *de la Prison* and *au Fromage*, and then directed their steps through some deserted lanes to the den of their master. Peter began to feel alarmed, when he found that there was no appearance of succour. He was in the middle of the long lane *de la Mouche*, a few steps behind Pharailde. Quite near to him were the dwellings of the principal disciples of Tanchelm, in the street *des Livres*, and in the street *des Prédicateurs* ; and just beside him was the little palace of the chief, at the spot called, even to this day, *Le Coin Joyeux* (the merry nook), in remembrance of the orgies of which it was the scene. It was not long, however, till he

beheld coming to meet the two armed men a venerable man, whose hair was white with age. He wore a surplice, and held in his hands a small shrine or reliquary; two youths, clad in white, walked at either side, each having a lighted wax-taper in his hand. Lambert walked behind, bareheaded; he carried a canopy, shaped like a parasol, and gave notice of their approach by ringing a hand-bell. The old man was the servant of God, whom our fathers have since paid reverence to under the name of St. Norbert. He bore a relic of St. Amand.

"Kneel down!" cried Lambert, as soon as he was only a few paces from the two bullies.

"Down with the priest!" was their only reply.

They sprang upon the old man, to kill him, when the two sailors, moved by the presence of the holy relic, rushed upon Spierinck and Oudaghen, struck them with their hooks, and left them dead upon the street.

Night having come down, Pierre and Lambert, who were now following the prelate, conducted Pharailde into the house of some Christian women, where she could, in all freedom, return thanks to God.

Tanchelm, meanwhile, finding that the young lady had not arrived, sent in search of her. The dead bodies of his two guardsmen were brought to him, as the only result of his inquiry. He suppressed his anger till next morning. He then called an assembly of the people, who met at the *Coin Joyeux*, on a large open space, now called the *Esplanade*. There was soon an immense crowd; they amounted, it is said, to twelve thousand persons. The bishop, Norbert, the canons, the tribune, and the aldermen of Antwerp, all the honest citizens, all the Christians who had remained faithful, warned of what was in preparation, and resolved at last to show their power, had also come. A terrible hurricane, mingled with hail, lightning, and thunder, arose, almost suddenly. Tanchelm appeared. He availed himself of the tempest, and spoke of it as a sign of the anger of God.

"Yesterday," said he, "I was robbed of the girl I had selected for myself; my two dearest disciples were slain; avenge me, or tremble for yourselves."

A portion of the people, and all the followers of Tanchelm, gave vent to their fury in loud cries. But a powerful voice, the voice of Norbert, was heard above the tumult.

"If God has sent you, prove your mission, and we shall believe in you."

"Who has spoken?" called out one of the satellites, brandishing his heavy sword.

At the same moment, all the guards displayed their arms.

But those who had come to call the corrupter to account at last, showed that they also were armed. The clamour of the multitude was immediately succeeded by a grave and gloomy silence. A firm voice was again heard :

"WE DEMAND A MIRACLE."

A deeper silence now prevailed throughout the compact mass of people.

"A miracle!" said Tanchelm, impudently. "Have I not done enough of miracles?"

"They are right," was the prompt reply of a man who appeared to be a stranger. "If you possess the power attributed to you, I offer you, in my own person, an opportunity of giving proofs of it."

This man, as he spoke, went to a spot where the ground rose a little, and showed himself to the people. His back was disfigured by an enormous hump, which would have graced the back of a camel. Some laughed, when they saw him; others opened wide their eyes, in the hope of what was about to be done."

"What you ask, I grant," said Tanchelm; and, addressing one of his disciples, he added :

"Touch the back of this man, and let him become straight."

The comrade of the worker of miracles, stretching forth his hand, struck the back of the deformed man.

The excrescence immediately disappeared; and the hump-back stood erect and handsome. Clamours of enthusiasm burst forth. The stranger came down from the little mound, anxious to lose himself in the gaping crowd; but he found himself surrounded with burgesses, who required that he should undress, in order to let the miracle, which had just been worked upon him, be more thoroughly appreciated. It was necessary to remove his doublet, and the result of the search was, that the hump Tanchelm had done away with was a bladder filled with air.

The fickle multitude appeared to be enlightened all of a sudden. The heretic grew pale, as if he had foreseen his downfall.



"If you are the friend of God," called out the people in every direction, "put an end to this tempest, which threatens us with destruction."

The storm at this moment raged over the city. The waters of the Scheldt rose in high roaring waves, as if they would have swallowed up Antwerp; the fragile shipping in the river seemed at every moment as if it would have been dashed to pieces against the banks; the crowd dragged the impostor to the wharf, and, as he harangued no more, but supplicated, and, trembling, acknowledged all his hideous actions, the indignant people were on the point of precipitating him into the water, when a man came to extricate him from this danger. It was no other than the Bishop Norbert.

"Leave him time for repentance," said he.

God now resolved to show that he had compassion on Antwerp. The holy prelate, victorious over the fury of men, commanded the winds and the waves also to be still. He threw his episcopal ring into the Scheldt, and the tempest was immediately appeased. The people all knelt down in thankfulness. Religion now returned to heal the wounds the heretic had inflicted. Tanchelm, hardened in crime, departed for Germany, where he was slain in 1125. Jean Meleyn lamented his error. The marriage of Pierre Vanderheyden and of Pharailde was celebrated in a small chapel dedicated to our Lady,\* which occupied the site where to-day is admired the magnificent cathedral of Antwerp.

\* This chapel of our Lady had no doubt been built by Godfrey of Bouillon, he being understood to be its founder.

## THE CHRONICLE OF THE FOREST OF LINTHOUT.

MARY THE POOR GIRL.

“ Vouz cédez à ce souffie, et suivez ce fanal,  
Mais de l'impur Satan, c'est le souffie infernal.”  
*Cayet.*

“ By that spirit inspired, that beacon thy guide,  
Know'st not 'tis Satan to tempt thee takes pride.”

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FROM the heights of Etterbeck are seen, one league from Brussels, the highest points of the forest of Linthout, which is intersected by numerous valleys and hollow roads. This forest was the theatre of an event, the recollections of which have not yet perished. The adventure which we are going to relate occurred at the end of the thirteenth century, or perhaps at the beginning of the fourteenth, in the reign of John II., duke of Brabant, surnamed the Pacific, no doubt, because he never waged war, except upon his own subjects, when in every part of his dukedom they were in rebellion against him. It was the period when the tyranny of the lords, and the exactions of their officers, had exhausted the long-enduring patience of the good people.

There was at that time, in the village St. Pierre-sur-la-Woluwe, which is commonly called St. Pierre Woluwe, or Woluwe St. Pierre, a poor peasant, who was a serf, as was also his wife, for in those days, notwithstanding the enfranchisement of the towns, feudal servitude still prevailed in those smaller localities which possessed not a burghal charter. Tithes, statute-labour, taxes, duties, weighed heavily, as is well known, on the poor villains attached to the soil. Misery, which was so intense in those years of disturbances, when war carried destruction in its train, when cottages and harvests were burned, had hastened his old age, and the good man died, exhausted. His wife, who had only known life by its evils, soon followed him to the grave. They left a daughter of fourteen years of age, whose name was Mary.

After having bitterly bewailed the loss of her father and mother, she reflected on her position. Her whole inheritance consisted of a small coarse frock and a sack ; the cottage in which she was born had disappeared from the soil ; the dog, that friend of misfortune, who had played so gently with her, was also dead. Mary had dwelt for a long time with her parents in the woods, sleeping at night under the foliage, and through the day aiding her father in cultivating a small field which belonged to the lord of the soil.

When she found herself left alone, she understood that she had no other support than the divine goodness. She saw that it would be her lot to lead a life devoid of pleasure, and strewn with pains and dangers. For Mary, there was no hope of repose ; she had no idea of being happy, except in the world to come ; she must merit heaven. She devoted herself to the service of God ; she knew that HE is good, and that in his sight rags are as precious as purple. Humble and modest, she knelt down far from the altar, at the door of the church St. Pierre Woluwe, and there made her vow. She gave her heart to God, without reserve ; she promised, for his sake, to remain chaste and pure, and to die a virgin. She arose much comforted, feeling that henceforth she would live under the protection of God himself. But it was God's will to permit that her constancy should be put to the proof, and her victory recompensed, whilst her pilgrimage should be shortened.

Too weak to apply, all alone, to the rough labours of the fields, Mary, who was from that time surnamed *the poor girl* (DE ELLENDIGE), commenced living upon roots and herbs which she found in the woods. Nothing was privation for her, except the absence of all food ; for she had never had it in her power even to suspect the enjoyments of good living.

A poor woman gave her an asylum during the night in a kind of stable, in which she lodged, together with a little kid—her only possession. In winter, Mary begged, when the earth was covered with hoar-frost or snow. She asked, in a timid voice, a little bread, and thus passed her life.

When she was eighteen years of age, it was generally observed, and indeed had been already remarked by some, although she herself was ignorant of it, that she had become so beautiful, that people stopped to admire her.

Graceful forms are looked upon as a gift of benevolent nature ; but the charms of a noble figure, and the serenity

of a beautiful countenance, are commonly the fruits of a pure conscience and a virtuous heart. The holy and pious soul of Mary shone through every trait, and nobody would have suspected what an indigent life the poor girl led.

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Beauty, alas! transient flower, of which the world makes so much account, is frequently nothing else than a fatal light, a beacon surrounded with shoals, a shadowy treasure, rich only in dangers. Like genius, that other gift of God, beauty is a loan, of which an account must be given. Happy the soul which has not made an unworthy use of it!

But let us not be envious, either of beauty or of genius. An illustrious and pious orator of our time has brought into prominence the remarkable fact, that genius is almost always counterbalanced by great miseries. From Homer downwards, see Tasso, Camoens, Cervantes, our great Corneille, and so many besides.\* So it is with beauty. It pays, in a manner, its own expiation. Numerous examples of this might be found in the holy legends.

It was this rare gift of beauty, under the rags of wretchedness, which led to the horrible adventure we have promised to relate.

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One day, in the month of May, as Mary was traversing, with downcast eyes and prayer in her heart, a small ravine of the wood of Linthout, she was suddenly accosted by a man of fifty years of age, whose voice only she recognized, for she had never raised her eyes to look at him. It was the bailiff or provost of Crainhem, a small village in the neighbourhood of St. Pierre Woluwe.

Often, whilst offering her a morsel of bread—she accepted not any other alms—had this man addressed to her strange language, the meaning of which she had not understood.

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\* "What's the news, Monsieur Racine?" inquired Louis XIV.—"Nothing, sire," replied the poet, who was himself destined to die of chagrin, "if not that the great Corneille is dying for want of food. . . ." Louis XIV. immediately sent 12,000 francs. Last century, Gilbert died mad with sorrow; Mafliâtre died of hunger. If Voltaire may be quoted, his old age was far from being happy, devoured by envy, enmities, quarrels, &c. Rousseau committed suicide. Why then does genius, so often, Satan-like, turn away from God?

Finding her alone in a remote place, where perhaps he was in wait for her, the bailiff stopped her.

He inquired, in a voice which he endeavoured to render mild, whither she was proceeding ; and after some vague questions, to which the poor girl replied respectfully and ingenuously, this man, who trusted in his power, and availed himself of his important functions, forgetting his duties, his dignity, his age, the respect he owed himself as a supreme judge, listened to the fatal promptings of a criminal passion which he had cherished for a length of time.

He studied to make the poor girl fall into his snares, employing by turns the most shamefully perfidious language of seduction and criminal promises, believing that his riches would be sufficiently powerful to prevail against the weakness of extreme poverty.

But Mary was not to be corrupted. She was conscious of danger, even before she understood there was any ; and, fortifying herself with the sign of the cross, she fled through the underwood and brambles. The provost, in great anger, set off in pursuit of her. The young girl, in her terror, uttered lamentable cries. Two strong voices were heard in reply :

“ Here we are ! ”

At the same time resounded in the coppice the heavy and rapid steps of two woodmen who were hastening to her assistance.

Worn out with fatigue, Mary knelt down, and raised her eyes in gratitude to heaven. The provost, confounded, suddenly changed.

“ Remember this meeting,” said he, in a low and threatening voice. “ The forest of Linthout may prove fatal to you. You must still listen to me. If to-morrow, at this hour, you do not come alone, I will destroy you ; for you have bewitched me.”

He had no sooner said this, than he disappeared ; and when the two woodmen came up, Mary was quite alone. She related to them what had just happened to her, but she did not name the provost, whose vengeance she dreaded ; perhaps, also, she was afraid of committing a sin, by branding the character of a man who was respected in the village.

The two peasants re-assured her, and conducted her to the border of the wood, which she did not venture any more to walk through.

The provost, relying on the influence of his threats, failed not to repair to the spot next day, and on several days following. Not seeing Mary again, however, his criminal passion became furious, and he fell upon the most odious means of constraining her to listen to him.

One Sunday that she was kneeling during mass at the door of the church of St. Peter Woluwe, whilst nobody could observe her, the poor girl having placed herself behind all the faithful, the provost, availing himself of her abstraction, walked noiselessly up to her, and slipped into her sack a silver goblet which bore his device, and out of which it was known to be his custom to drink. After which, he glided quietly away; and, too much confused at the moment to feel any remorse, he entered the church and attended mass, which had been just begun. Afterwards, when the congregation were gone, he rushed into the cemetery, and called out that a beggar-woman had come to his house in the morning, and had stolen his goblet.

At the voice of this man, at the recollection of his threats, a kind of melancholy foreboding seized upon Mary. Observing that he still devoured her with his looks, she turned her eyes towards him, blushing very much. This was remarked; and the words, "Would she, perchance, be the thief?" freely circulated around her.

The sacks of two or three other poor women were first searched. When hers was opened, the silver cup was taken from it. This circumstance caused so much surprise among the bystanders, who considered Mary a saint, that a painful silence immediately succeeded the bustle which had been occasioned.

"Let her be taken to prison," said the provost; "we shall have her tried after vespers."

This order was instantly executed, and Mary, as soon as she was shut up alone, knelt down, and resigned herself into the hands of God.

An hour afterwards, the provost came, under pretext of preparing the case, but in reality to endeavour once more to seduce the poor girl. He spoke to her for a long time in the most passionate terms. He proposed to her, if she would abandon herself to him, that he would hush the matter, by declaring that one of his children had put the cup into the sack. But when he had done speaking, poor Mary merely said to him, in the gentlest manner :

"I would rather be condemned, though innocent, than acquitted when guilty."

Unable to obtain any other reply, the provost walked out, boiling with rage. He was so much beside himself, that, when the trial came on, his assessors inquired what was the matter with him.

"I am bewitched," said he, "and this is another crime of that girl. A year ago, when she first appeared at my door, she cast a spell over me. Since that time, I cannot sleep. I am as if mad. I have lost all appetite for food and drink. She is a sorceress."

All the spells of poor Mary, alas ! were her beauty and her virtue. She was tried, nevertheless, as a sorceress and a thief. The provost, presiding on the bench of justice, as representing the lord paramount, attended by his two assessors and his clerk, acted as judge, although he was a party in the case. The lord of St. Peter Woluwe, of Woluwe St. Lambert and Crainhem, was at that time the chief administrator of justice, and feudal justice was expeditious. Mary, crushed by proofs, was, according to the proceedings of the period, condemned to death.

A hole three feet deep was dug at Crainhem, on the spot where a small chapel has been since erected, in commemoration of the event. The poor girl, the martyr of chastity, was placed therein. As a thief, she was struck on the head with heavy strokes of an iron bar ; as a sorceress, she was pierced in the breast with one of those iron bars, which had been sharpened for the purpose. And when she appeared to be almost dead, she was crushed with a stone, and the hole covered up.

A strange rumour soon spread through the village. Pious persons believed that in the night-time they had seen a light on the place where Mary the poor girl lay buried. In addition to this, the criminal provost was seized with remorse. He became outrageous, and loudly declared that he was possessed by the devil. It was found necessary to bind him—he was exorcised—he fully acknowledged his horrible misdeed.

The body of Mary was then disinterred. It was found entire and sound, possessing all the indications of sanctity. It was buried with funeral honours, a chapel was built, expiatory masses celebrated. But the provost's reason returned not, and it appears that nobody thought he deserved anything else than care. An aged priest declared

that he could not be delivered, unless he came to pray at the grave of Mary. It required, as is related, the efforts of a hundred villagers to conduct him to the holy place. On arriving there, he melted into tears, and tore his breast. All the people prayed around him. The horrible demon by whom he was obsessed at length quitted him. Recovering power to pray, he underwent long and arduous penance. He also built the church of St. Lambert Woluwe, in honour of the poor girl.

His history is painted in that church. Pope Urban V., at the time the Papal chair was held at Avignon, pronounced her blessed, on the 28th January, 1363. From that time, Mary the poor girl has always been honoured by the faithful, in favour of whom she has performed several miracles.

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### LEGEND OF GILION DE TRAZEGNIES.\*

“Si on néglige les traditions populaires dans ces époques d'ignorance, l'histoire ne se composera que de nomenclatures, qui ne sont pas plus certaines que les légendes.”—*Musæus*.

“If the popular traditions of periods of ignorance be neglected, history will only be composed of nomenclatures, which are not more to be relied upon than legends.”

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Among the knights of Hainaut who accompanied the king of France, Louis the Young, and the good Count Thierry of Alsace, was remarked Gilles, or Gilion, de Trazegnies, a noble and powerful lord, who had resolved to fight under the sacred banner, in consequence of an interested vow.

Gilion, tall and handsome, wonderfully robust and strong also, was a renowned champion at the court of France as well as at the court of Hainaut. He had espoused the beautiful princess Mary, daughter of the

\* The library of Jena possesses a manuscript, entitled “*History of Gilion de Trassignes and of Dame Mary, his wife.*” We give here an abridgment of this history. The author wrote it for Philip the Good. M.M. C. P. Seroure and A. Voisin published the introduction to it, and the last chapter, at the end of their curious edition of *The Book of Baudouyn*, printed at Brussels some years ago.



count of Ostrevant ; and never, say the ancient chronicles, was there seen a more beautiful and illustrious couple ; nor was there ever a more happy couple, at least during the first year of their union.

But two years having elapsed, without affording Mary any hope of becoming a mother, the sadness of disappointment mingled with the cup of joy. As Gilion was in his castle of Trazegnies, pensive and sorrowful on this account, he entered his chapel, and, praying with great ardour, he vowed to take the cross, and proceed on a warrior pilgrimage to Jerusalem as soon as his dear Mary should give the first indications from which he could entertain the hope of becoming a father.

Three months later, such indications having become manifest, he informed her of his vow : notwithstanding the tears which flowed abundantly, he prepared for its fulfilment. He repaired to the court of Hainaut, sold to the count his town of Ath, in order to provide sufficient resources, equipped a troop suitable to his dignity, and, tearing himself from the embraces of his beloved and disconsolate wife, he departed, promising to use diligence, and to return at the birth of his child.

Although he set out at the same time as Thierry of Alsace, he did not, it appears, follow the same route. He went first to Rome ; thence, having embarked, he reached in safety the port of Joppa ; whence he travelled without molestation to Jerusalem. After having adored in the holy places, piously visited the sepulchre of our Saviour, and dealt some formidable blows with his lance in the battles that were occurring every day, he considered his vow fulfilled ; and, leaving to the king of Jerusalem his best warriors, he resumed, with a small escort, the route to Joppa, anxious to revisit his beloved Mary.

But in a wild part of the country, which it was necessary to pass through, his way was intercepted by a party of Saracens, with whom he could not avoid measuring lances. After a long defence, covered with wounds, and left alone upon the field of battle, he was made captive, and conducted to Cairo, where the sultan caused him to be immured in a dungeon.

Whilst he was slowly recovering from his wounds, the Lady of Trazegnies gave birth to twin sons, one of whom was called John, and the other Gerard.

Gilion, in his affliction, found comfort only in praying to our Lord, and in begging the intercession of the blessed Virgin. He had no hope, but from prayer.

When his health was restored, the sultan caused him to be informed, that he must either embrace the religion of Mahomet, or prepare to die. The knight replied, that he would never be a renegade. The Egyptian tyrant, therefore, sent three Saracens to seize him, and bring him to the place of execution. Gilion had entirely recovered his great strength. He struck down the three executioners, and slew the gaoler also. Then, leaving his prison, he came alone into the presence of the sultan, who was extremely surprised. The beautiful daughter of this Egyptian prince, Graciana, struck with the tall person and noble countenance of the knight, begged for him a respite. He was reconducted to the prison of slaves; and the tyrant, desiring to know him better, made him exhibit himself in divers exercises. Gilion astonished him by his skill in managing the most rebellious horses, and by the power he displayed in handling the scimitar and the lance.

Graciana had no sooner seen him, than she felt interested in his lot. She came to him in his prison, during the hours when he was shut up, with a view to induce him to honour Mahomet, promising him, in the event of his so doing, the highest dignities. Gilion did not otherwise reply to such counsels, than by speaking to the princess, of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose faith he entreated her to embrace.

Meanwhile, says the legend, the king of Damascus came to lay siege to Cairo. A great battle was fought under the walls of the city. The sultan was conquered, and taken prisoner. Graciana, alarmed by the first fugitives, and not knowing as yet the extent of her father's misfortune, had put arms into the hands of Gilion, who, marching out in the evening at the head of a small troop, went straight to the tent of the king of Damascus, and without awakening the camp, slew the victorious monarch, brought back the sultan, and, without discovering himself, returned to his prison.

Next morning, the tyrant, desiring to know his deliverer, made inquiry of every one concerning him. But nobody knew his name. Graciana, therefore, told him that it was Gilion; and she brought him to his presence

equipped as he had been on the previous evening. The grateful monarch was now quite changed in regard to his captive; he embraced him, and set him at liberty, on condition that he would henceforth serve in his armies. He foresaw events and great battles, which, in reality, soon occurred.

Several kings and Saracen princes, friends of the king of Damascus, whom Gilion had killed, came, ere long, to besiege more effectively the town of Cairo. Under the leadership of our knight, the armies of the sultan were everywhere victorious; and an honourable peace was the fruit of the valour and the wise daring of the Lord of Trazegnies. The sovereign of Cairo conferred upon him the best reward in his power;—he made him his prime minister.

Cherished by the father, Gilion also became more and more the object of the tender affections of the daughter. In the hope of stifling the passion he had occasioned, and against which honour and religion made it a duty for him to be on his guard, he declared to the poor Egyptian princess that he was married in Europe, and that his faith did not permit him, like the Mussulmans, to have more than one wife. This intelligence so strongly affected Graciana, that she fell into a state of languor, which gave reason to fear for her life.

It was now more than three years since Gilion had left his country, where the rumour of his death had generally spread. But his wife could not bring herself to believe it. Meanwhile, there arrived at Cairo a certain Chevalier D'Amaury, of whose origin we are ignorant. What we know of him is, that he had not been able to behold with impunity the charms of the Lady of Trazegnies, and that he had undertaken his journey, in the hope that, by bringing back to the beautiful Mary incontestable proofs of the death of her husband, he would succeed in replacing him in her affections.

Pursuing at Cairo his diligent inquiries, he solicited an audience of the first minister; and his surprise may be conceived, when he recognized in this personage Gilion de Trazegnies. Until that time, his passion might have been legitimate, if at that time it had been repressed. But he fostered it, even though he understood that it was becoming criminal. He proceeded accordingly, and was not to

be disconcerted. Suddenly changing his plan, and assuming the tone of sorrow,

"It is you," said he, "I was in search of. I am the bearer of sorrowful news. Your wife, Mary, died in childbirth, together with her infant."

He hoped, in this way, to engage the good seigneur to contract another alliance, which would have retained him in Egypt. He would have thus had the advantage of his support in his projects.

Overwhelmed by these fatal words, Gilion wept bitterly; and he caused to remain near him the Seigneur Amaury, of whom he ceased not to make inquiries.

The disloyal cavalier would fain have returned, in order to render available his perfidy, by deceiving Mary as well as her husband. But, two days later, a new war having arisen, Gilion asked Amaury to follow him. A knight could not refuse to comply with such a request. They accordingly went together to the field. The traitor Amaury there met with the punishment of his felony;—he was slain.

Gilion, wounded and thrown from his horse, was made prisoner, and shut up in a fortress. Graciana, however, succeeded in obtaining his release.

She had been informed of the death of the Lady of Trazegnies. Her hopes having revived in consequence, she recovered her health. Gilion was not insensible to such constant affection. The sultan, overcome by the solicitations of his daughter, consented to their union, which was celebrated by a series of splendid *fêtes*.

The princess had secretly embraced Christianity. Seventeen years of happiness had been the lot of the Lord of Trazegnies, when one day it was announced to him that two young cavaliers, newly arrived, craved the honour of being admitted to his presence. They are introduced. Gilion is thunderstruck at beholding, in one of them, the living portrait of his beloved Mary. He asks them what country gave them birth. A few words explain everything. His two sons are in his arms.

He is informed that their mother still lives—that she is faithful to the memory of her husband, and even yet mourns his supposed death. Amaury alone was guilty; but the tender Graciana, witnessing this extraordinary revelation, had fallen insensible. No sooner had anima-

tion returned, than, confiding in the honourable feelings of her husband, she expressed her desire to follow him to Europe.

With the consent of the sultan, to whom he promises that he will return to defend him, in the event of another war, the Lord of Trazegnies embarks with Graciana, whom he henceforth treats as his sister, and with his two sons, who already in glorious battles have performed brilliant feats of arms. They arrive at Rome; Graciana is baptized by the sovereign pontiff, and they continue their journey till they reach Brabant. There Gilion asks a gentleman of his company to hasten on before him, and announce his coming to the Lady Mary, his wife. The gentleman at once consented, and, without loss of time, reached the castle of Trazegnies.

Like a man of sense, he commenced by paying his compliments to the lady, and by informing her that her two sons had found Gilion their father, and that ere long they would bring him home. He would not at first make her aware that Gilion was so near at hand; because, in days of old, says the candid narrator, women died of joy.

When the lady heard this message, she entertained the gentleman in the most hospitable manner, and pursued her inquiries:

“Do you not know whether they be on this side of the ocean?”

The messenger replied that he could not tell, but that he had seen a man who had spoken to them.

He left the lady to enjoy, during three hours, this first happiness, and then resumed:

“Madam, I shall now tell you, that to-morrow, after dinner, you will receive your husband and your two sons in this castle.”

“Ah! my friend,” exclaimed the lady, “is it so?” and, in the excess of her joy, she embraced the gentleman. She then caused the house to be hung with tapestries, and otherwise decorated. She also invited the knights and esquires, her neighbours, together with their wives and daughters, to come and aid her on the morrow in feasting her husband. All joyfully came.

Next day, Gilion arrived with his two sons and Graciana. The Lady of Trazegnies threw herself on her husband’s neck, and gave him a prolonged embrace. She

then kissed her two sons and Graciana, and made all the party sit down to table. Gilion was seated between his two wives, and served by his two sons.

When supper was over, Gilion, addressing the Lady Mary, his wife, said to her :

“My dearest friend, when I was a captive in Egypt, it was related to me, and attested by the Chevalier Amaury, that you had died in childbed, and your infant also. In consequence of the great sorrow I then experienced, as you were no longer in the world, I made a vow never to return to my country. At a later period, I married this noble lady, whom you behold, and who had saved my life; for, but for her, I would have been no more. I caused her to be baptized at Rome; and now she will only be to me as a sister, unless you depart before her to the grave.”

“My Lord,” answered the Lady of Trazegnies, after a moment’s silence, “as you have espoused this lady, and as she has saved your life, consider me no longer as your wife. It is my desire to retire to an abbey, where, as long as I live, I shall pray to God for you.”

“Lady,” said Graciana, interposing, “God forbid that I should separate you from your faithful husband !”

Having said this, she wept.

Next day, by mutual agreement, the two ladies went together to the convent of the Olive, where they consecrated themselves to the service of God.

Gilion, in great affliction, divided his lands between his two sons, and retired to the abbey of Cambron, where the Count of Hainault and his cavaliers came to visit him, in order to hear the recital of his wonderful adventures.

A year had not passed from the time of his return, when his two wives departed this life. He caused three tombs to be constructed in the abbey of the Olive, saying, that one of the three was for himself.

Not long afterwards, came a messenger from the sultan of Cairo, to demand the fulfilment of his promise,—Cairo having been invaded by several Saracen princes. The Lord of Trazegnies bade adieu to his sons in tears, returned to Cairo, resumed the command of the Egyptian troops, beat and dispersed the enemies of the sultan; but, in the last affair, he received so severe a wound, that all care proved unavailing to save his life.

When he understood that he must die, he made the sultan promise to send his heart to the abbey of the Olive, where he had prepared for himself a tomb. This the sultan faithfully accomplished.

The author of "The True History of the Brave Gilion of Trazegnies," mentions having visited (in the fifteenth century) the three tombs, before he began to write.

## INTEMPERANCE.

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### WENCESLAUS THE DRUNKARD, AND HIS DOG.

“ Sur mon corps qui n'est que matière,  
Tombez tous ; mais sachez le bien,  
Mon âme est à Dieu, tout entière,  
Et vos fureurs n'en auront rien.”

*Complainte de St. Laurent.*

“ On this poor frame, this perishable dust,  
Wreak all your wrath. But, tyrants, know this well,  
My soul is God's. In him secure I trust,  
And treat your fury as a powerless spell.”

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ONE evening that I was in that town of Antwerp, still so grave and so imposing in its fallen state,—after having seen the magnificent river, the Werf, where stood of old the castle of the giant, the ancient towers, which are disappearing rapidly under the hammer of the demolishers, and all that Rigdyck, so middle-age like, which is also passing away, I walked through the windings of an irregular market-place, and stopped at a point where I had the river on my right hand, and the town on my left. I was in the midst of a labyrinth of stalls and barracks, and I had before me, on its small pedestal of blue stone, the simple statue of a good old saint, with a small lantern. I read at the base of the pedestal the following inscription: “*Nepomucenus, splendor vicinis*,” a simple and concise expression, which may be thus translated: “*Nepomucenus, the glory of the neighbourhood*.”

I thought of those remoter ages, when towns, having as yet no lamps, were nevertheless lighted up by piety, which placed before the image of every saint a lighted torch. I blessed that John of Nepomuck, whose history is so



moving, and whose hand preserves the drowning ; and, as I thus stood in vague meditation, an aged sailor passed by. He doffed, in presence of the saint, his well-tarred hat. He then entered one of those small taverns of the Rigdyck, which are not unlike ship cabins. His countenance pleased me ; I followed him. The sailor called for a glass of beer ; I asked for a half-measure (*demi-litre*) ; and, seating myself at his side, I begged of him to tell me whether it was long since the saint dear to sailors stood in that market-place.

"For centuries," said he to me. "A vow of Michael Coremann erected that monument in 1392 ; and in 1566, as in 1579, it was so fortunate as to escape the hands of the Gueux,—those great destroyers."

"Who is Michael Coremann ?" I inquired.

"A native of this neighbourhood ;—a long history," replied the sailor. Understanding, from my looks, that my curiosity was excited, he took a draught of beer, and prepared to commence the narrative. I immediately ordered a *litre* of strong ale, by way of showing my politeness.

## I.

"Michael Coremann," said he, "was of such a good and noble character, that the recollection of his adventures has always been preserved amongst us. He was born in the Rigdyck, a few paces from this spot. But his house has changed its appearance. Palaces are gradually taking possession of our ancient quarter, and, ere long, there will not be space for a cottage dwelling."

At these words the sailor sighed, took another draught, and continued :—

In the year 1380, the epoch at which commences the history of Coremann, our good city of Antwerp, which has not always had the wind a-stern, experienced some terrible squalls. From the time of Godfrey of Bouillon, the marquisate of Antwerp constituted part of Brabant, although a feof of the empire, as was at that time the custom to express it. But wars arose ; and Antwerp was violently severed from the Brabant country. Flanders cast its grapnel upon us ; and, in 1380, our fathers came under the rule of Count Louis de Maele, who treated them no better than he did his patrimony of Flanders. Our free market was withdrawn, together with almost all our

other privileges. Such of our townsmen as dared to complain, were banished, or cast into prison. The tempest continued to rage against us; and, to crown our misfortunes, the port was no longer resorted to; business was at a stand; our vessels were allowed to rot; our fisheries, even, were almost abandoned.

Meanwhile, the heiress of Brabant had espoused the Duke of Luxemburgh. In both of these countries, the fugitive citizens of Antwerp were well received. Those, therefore, who could not exist at home, departed for Brabant, or even more distant places.

You are aware that, in those times, the illustrious house of Luxemburgh gave four masters to the empire:—the son of Charles IV., who granted the golden bull; the grandson of John of Bohemia, who was considered the bravest man of his time; the great-grandson of Henry VII., who wielded with some degree of glory the imperial sceptre; and, finally, young Wenceslaus had just been crowned emperor, and king of Bohemia, at the age of nineteen. The great princes, whose inheritance fell to his lot, were excellent pilots. It was hoped that he would follow their example. And, indeed, at the commencement of his reign he gave proof of wise views; he diminished the imposts, and prohibited the establishment of new taxes without the consent of his states. He became, even, the protector of commerce. All was congratulation; it was believed that the vessel of the state could not any more deviate from its course; and the people intrusted themselves to a helmsman of nineteen,—just as if, on a long voyage, an aspirant were taken for captain.

The young emperor Wenceslaus, as was natural, surrounded himself with young councillors. Scarcely had he reigned one year, when pleasures and debauchery changed everything. But, amongst us, nothing of this was known, and he was spoken of only in terms of praise. As he was lord paramount of Antwerp, in virtue of his imperial dignity, the citizens hoped, from his sense of justice, that he would lend them support against Flemish tyranny. Secret messages had been addressed to him by our burghers, and he had promised to interpose in their behalf.

Meanwhile, epidemics and pestilential diseases were ravaging Bohemia, where Wenceslaus was residing from choice. Fear obliged him to remove from that country, and he came to Aix-la-Chapelle. It was given out that he wished to create a marine force; many of our sailors

made their escape, and went to join him. He received them well ; but he paid no attention whatever to our complaints.

Among these natives of Antwerp, he noticed particularly Michael Coremann, a young and able pilot, who offered him his services, and whom he attached to his person on account of the great *promenades* which the court sometimes made upon the Rhine. Remaining there from motives of interest, Coremann at first found his condition tolerably pleasant. He had soon, however, to suffer from the enormous changes which took place in the conduct and in the manners of the emperor. Wenceslaus was not long in dismissing all the aged and wise ministers of his father. He was surrounded only by men of pleasure ; he spent his days in prolonged festivities, and devoted the nights to orgies. As the consequence of such a disorderly life, he encouraged every kind of exaction that was calculated to bring him money. When the fair wind of wisdom ceases to impel a man, he must cast anchor in the midst of evil. This is what happened. His errors paved the way for the divisions brought about by John Huss and Jerome of Prague, who made the Church desolate during forty years. His cupidity and his necessities obliged him to sell provinces, which shook the empire as they were severed from it. Among other things, he ceded the duchy of Milan to John Galeas for the sum of one hundred thousand florins. His debaucheries alienated from him the affections of the nobles and of the people. His habits of guilty indulgence emboldened the hordes of brigands that appeared everywhere infesting the empire and the Low Countries. To form a true opinion of this young emperor, it must be remembered, that when only two and twenty years of age he was called by his subjects WENCESLAUS THE DRUNKARD.

Already, also, his excesses had rendered him cruel ; and no element of evil was wanting to constitute a monster.

Meanwhile, he had married a pious and beautiful princess—a very angel, whose looks alone would have softened a tigress. Jane of Holland, the grand-daughter of the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, and daughter of Albert of Bavaria, who was also count of Holland and Hainaut, of Zealand and of Friesland, was of the same age as her husband, but she appeared to be much younger. The

purity of her soul was reflected in her eyes. The serenity of her features made the most striking contrast with the coarse, wild, and aged appearance of the young emperor. He loved her, as such a man so rapidly degraded was capable of loving, with frenzy, because she was beautiful, with anger, because of her gentle temper.

In his excursions on the Rhine and to the country, together with his wicked courtiers, he sought the society of women without honour, and thus forgot his amiable consort. Returning afterwards to the palace, he was jealous and irascible: he harassed his chaste wife with suspicion and mistrust. He insulted her, by causing her to be watched by persons of corrupt morals; he inquired after her least important proceedings; he even searched her oratory. Those men, whose life is utterly opprobrious, no longer believe in virtue. Wenceslaus was always under the impression that he might be deceived.

Jealousy, I have already observed, is not, as is said, a proof of ardent love. It is, on the contrary, the humbling sign of an injurious absence of esteem. A husband mistrusts his wife, only because he cannot believe her possessed of a degree of virtue to which he himself is a stranger, or because, in general, he has only known such beings as have apostatized from the holiest of virtues, or because he himself leads a dissolute life, and judges according to the measure of his own merit the whole of mankind, to whom he is a disgrace.

## II.

Now Wenceslaus, by his ungovernable jealousy, made the life of the empress a continual punishment. The extreme piety of the princess did not dispel his doubts. Men, I repeat it, believe not in virtue when they have trodden it under-foot.

"But, sire," said Jane, in tears, "if you insult me to such a degree as to doubt my fidelity, never leave me. Permit me to be always beside you, and then, perhaps, you will banish from your mind the fears which are so injurious to me, for God is the witness of my life."

In speaking thus, the good princess devoted herself. The obligation of living continually near the tyrant could only be for her a terrible degree of torture, which her pious self-denial could alone enable her to bear. But

Wenceslaus often exempted her from the annoyance of his presence ; besides, he had already contracted the habit of becoming intoxicated every evening.

When the epidemics, which had desolated Bohemia, were at an end, Wenceslaus returned to Prague. It was the year 1382. He loved, in the old city, his grand palace of Prague, built on a declivity, favoured with the most charming and varied prospects. His eyes rested with pleasure on the Moldau, that large and fertilizing river which traverses so majestically the capital of Bohemia. But he made a very different appearance at Prague on his return from what he was at the time he left it. He brought thither with him his hideous escort—drunkenness, ferocity, brutality.

Coremann had followed him. Well paid, caressed by the emperor, he became accustomed to his vices, without, however, approving them. He piloted on the Moldau, as he had done on the Rhine, the magnificent barques in which Wenceslaus promenaded his vices. He proved himself so skilful, that the emperor could never be without him ; and, mistrustful as he was, it was only by the hands of Coremann that he would allow himself to be landed, when he was brought home drunk to his palace.

In his fits of anger, which frequently occurred, Wenceslaus maltreated his officers, his courtiers, his ministers, even ; and, until that time, Coremann was the only person whom he had not insulted—kicked. Little doubt, he would not have suffered such treatment a second time. None were jealous of him ; all were well pleased, on the contrary, when the Antwerpian was present, because his unaffected *sang froid* appeared to impose on the emperor a certain degree of moderation.

One day that the Archbishop of Prague, John de Geusteyn, had come to make just representations to Wenceslaus, it happened to be an inauspicious moment. The emperor became enraged, and, notwithstanding the sacred character of the venerable prelate, he was on the point of rushing on him, when Coremann ventured to say to him :—

“Sire, you would regret it !”

Wenceslaus paused, and the archbishop left the apartment.

Another day, having laid hold of a carpenter’s hammer, the monarch was about to deal a blow with it at the

empress, when Coremann, who was present, again interposed :

“Sire, she is so weak, and you so powerful !”

The monster drew back.

The emperor well understood that he was accumulating hatred against himself : hence his mistrust continually increased. Near his bed, he kept an enormous dog, which he always fed with his own hand, and which he had trained to strangle, the moment he addressed a certain word to him, every man who dared to approach him. Three poor serfs, who served in the stables, had perished in this way, merely to give the brute experience.

These details will show you tolerably well with what sorrows the poor empress was afflicted. She found comfort only in prayer, and the practice of Christian virtues.

### III.

Jane of Holland had for confessor a canon of the metropolitan church of Prague. He was fifty-two years of age, and, in consequence of his austerities, he appeared to be more aged than he really was. He was called John Nepomucene, or, if you would rather have it so, John of Nepomuck, because he was born in 1330, at the small town of Nepomuck, in Bohemia. He had studied with honour in the university of Prague, which was founded by Charles IV. ; and he was a doctor in theology, as is seen in the annals of the church of Prague, where he has left the reputation of a great preacher. He had refused bishopricks and rich benefices, but he had thought it right to accept the honorary title of Bishop of Nazareth, suffragan of the Archbishop of Prague, and the duties of almoner to the emperor, persuaded that, at the imperial court, he should not want opportunities of exercising charity ; and, in reality, he had become the general asylum and indefatigable defender of all the unfortunate.

Six months after the return of Wenceslaus to Prague, although the conduct of the empress was a pattern of regularity, he imagined that she cherished in her bosom some guilty love. He relapsed into his brutally-violent suspicions, and the spies, with whom he surrounded his wife, not being able to throw any light on the matter, he took it into his head to induce the pious John of Nepomuck to

reveal to him the confessions of the empress. With this hope he caused him to be sent for.

"Confession, sir," continued the sailor, after a moment's pause, "confession is something exceedingly sacred. The King of France, Henry IV., asked his confessor—'Would you not reveal to me the avowals of a man who should declare to you that he desires to assassinate me?'—'No, sire,' replied the good father, 'but I would place myself between the assassin and your person.' He understood his duty. Whilst the secrets of confession are confided to the priest, it is not to man they are intrusted, but to God alone. To God alone also do they belong."

The Emperor Wenceslaus, all degraded as he was, still retained, no doubt, some traces of that respect which is due to one of the most august sacraments of the church; for he proceeded slowly at first. He had some regard, too, for John of Nepomuck, whose piety every one revered. A proof of the influence the holy man possessed over him, was that, one day, at his request, he forgave a cook whom he had resolved to punish, by fixing him on a spit, and roasting him like game at a great fire, because he had sent to table a chicken that was not properly cooked.

Every one trembled in the presence of this terrible prince; but John trembled only before God. The emperor, who, at the moment, was not drunk, received him with an appearance of respect.

"I am aware, good father, that the request I am going to make is not very discreet. Your attachment to our imperial person, the zeal with which we believe you are filled, for our peace of conscience, emboldens us to hope that you will be pleased to put an end to the anguish which we experience; and we know you can do it."

"If I can, sire, without offending God," replied John, "command my services."

"I am informed—I tell it with shame—of the secret amours of the empress. I desire that you, to whom she makes known the state of her conscience, would reveal to me what you know regarding it."

The pious canon did not at first apprehend the meaning of the question thus proposed to him. When Wenceslaus repeated it still more distinctly, he shuddered, and drew back:

"You require of me, sire," said he, "an act of sacrilege. Everything disclosed in the tribunal of penance is com-

mitted to God himself by the priest, who retains no longer a thought of it. ....”

“Your reply,” interposed the emperor, “convinces me that I am not deceived. If she were innocent, you would have spoken otherwise.”

As he concluded these words, his countenance became gloomy and threatening.

“I could not have spoken otherwise, sire,” said John of Nepomuck; “but do not misconstrue my silence. It signifies only that the lips of a confessor are mute.”

Wenceslaus resumed :

“I believe that Jane has hitherto respected her duties ; but she has concealed in her heart a secret which I must know. Do not be alarmed : it is not the empress I wish to punish. To give you the fullest confidence, I repeat it, it is not upon her that I shall wreak my vengeance. ....”

A thrill of horror pervaded the frame of the confessor. He answered not any more the questions of the monster ; and the emperor, greatly excited, thus addressed him :

“Begone—lest my anger overtake you.”

The holy priest made haste to leave him, his mind oppressed with the most melancholy forebodings. You will see that they were not ill-founded.

#### IV.

It is only too true that Jane of Holland had entertained what might be called, in the style of our times, a feeling (*un sentiment*). Before there was any thought of giving her in marriage, there had arisen, in her inmost soul, a great regard for a young lord of the house of Brederode, who was sprung of the ancient family of the counts of Holland. Never had the young man himself been able to suspect the interest with which he had inspired the youthful princess, and never had any one, except Wenceslaus, divined it. When he had asked in marriage the heiress of Holland, Jane, obedient and submissive, had not had strength to resist the wishes of her father. She had allowed herself to be sacrificed like a dumb victim. She had followed her husband, had made it a law to fulfil all her duties towards him, had stifled all her regrets ; and it is not known how the mistrustful jealousy of Wenceslaus had been able to discover an affection which had never been more than a buried thought, and which



had no other object than a young man whose name even remains unknown.

But if the empress had not wholly uprooted from her heart a recollection, whilst, however, her virtue was preserved without the slightest stain; if she sometimes dreamed of a meeting which could never again take place except in heaven, she may have partly betrayed herself on occasion of a suspicious look, either by changing colour, in listening to some narrative, or by becoming animated on hearing some eulogy. However this may be, Wenceslaus believed that he had caught a glimpse of a secret which he desired to know fully, in order to enjoy a more abundant prey.

Dissatisfied with his spies, who brought nothing to light as he desired, the tyrant, on his return one evening from a promenade in his yacht on the Moldau, disclosed his mind to Michael Coremann, and begged of him to endeavour adroitly to discover something concerning the amours of Jane. Coremann, struck dumb by this melancholy communication, did not manifest the disgust with which his master inspired him; for it at once occurred to him that he might perhaps preserve the empress from a detestable snare. He merely replied that he would obey, and withdrew, his mind overflowing with the most bitter reflections.

Next morning, availing himself of an opportunity of addressing Jane at the conclusion of mass:

"You are betrayed, madam," said he, in a whisper; "you are surrounded with spies."

"Quite true," replied the empress, "and I am not unaware of it. I pray God, nevertheless, to reward your devoted attention."

"Madam," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "evil will befall you. If I may, without being disagreeable, offer you advice—fly from hence. My barques are at your orders. I shall conduct you to a religious house."

"It would not be respected."

"Beyond the confines of the empire."

"You would suffer for it. Besides, I cannot agree to such a step; duty forbids me. But, as you interest yourself so much in my welfare, I would fain know what country you belong to?"

"I am from Antwerp, madam."

"From the Netherlands! and you are a seaman? Have you not among your sailors some son of my country? Do

you know any one who could be relied upon, and who could be sent to the Hague?"

"I have the man you require, madam; a man who belongs to that very town."

"Well, if it please you to do me a good service, you will commission him to bring me faithful accounts of some families in which I am interested."

She named three;—among the rest, the house of Brederode; and then added,—“You will transmit these news to myself only. Oh, God!” said she, afterwards, in a subdued voice, “may this step not be displeasing in your eyes!”

“Madam,” pursued Coremann, much moved, “you shall have the news you desire in a month hence.”

## V.

The evening of that same day he was sent for by Wenceslaus.

“And so,” said the emperor to him as he arrived, “you have spoken to the empress.”

Our Antwerpian now perceived that he was himself under surveillance; but he was not disconcerted.

“Sire,” he replied, “I have not as yet been able to make any discovery.”

“Good,” rejoined the emperor, who was beginning to be drunk; “I am in a hurry. Leave me, and order the confessor to be conducted to my presence.”

As he had already given this order, two men entered as he spoke, bringing in John of Nepomuck.

“Ah! you are come!” cried Wenceslaus, rising. But he staggered and fell back into his chair.

“John,” he resumed, “you heard the empress’s confession yesterday. You shall not depart from hence until you have repeated, word for word, all that she has told you. Swear that you will faithfully reveal everything.”

“I have nothing to reveal,” said the saint, pale and grave.

“I am the emperor; I desire that all should humble themselves before me.”

“God,” replied the priest, “is master over you.”

“You shall speak, nevertheless,” exclaimed Wenceslaus, in fury; “and I answer for it you shall speak quickly, too. Let him be put to the question.”

As he uttered these words, he made a sign to a tall man who was in the apartment.

Coremann cast his eyes on this man,—it was the executioner.

Wenceslaus, from the time that he began to plunge deeper and deeper every day into an abyss of shameful debauchery, had become a really terrible tyrant. The Bohemian barons fled his perilous court, and shut themselves up in their castles; whilst the emperor had already gone so far as to make the finisher of the law his confidant and his friend. He called him his comrade. A little later he stood sponsor at the baptismal font for the son of this executioner. In concert with him, he invented new tortures and new agonies. He admitted him to his table. He had thus at hand, when he was drunk, a man always ready to execute his orders; and he employed him even against his guests, who always trembled in his presence. This is one of those facts which show that there is nothing left for the inventors of the horrors of romance to imagine. Everything monstrous, as well as everything absurd, is to be found in history.

"Oh, how often," pursued the narrator, "how often, in considering such a reign, and which lasted so long, how often have I been astonished at our complaints, when we murmur against our sovereigns, who are so polished and so gentle, so powerless for evil, since our fathers lived under the rule of such monsters as Wenceslaus!"

The executioner remained standing, casting by turns his ferocious looks on the emperor and on his victim, and watching for the signal to proceed. Wenceslaus wiped off a drunkard's tear, and said,—

"The fingers of his hands are sacred. But make Houpp be brought."

And whilst a servant went in search of the emperor's enormous dog, the monarch, seizing a large knife which lay on the table, presented it to his comrade, saying,

"You will cut off the small toe of each foot."

The executioner took the knife. Already had some valets, who were the helpers at once of the prince and of the executioner, placed John of Nepomuck on a leathern chair; his feet were laid bare; the hangman, applying his knife with the greatest skill, cut off the small toes, and handed to Wenceslaus these blood-stained trophies.

The emperor held aloft the amputated toes before the

nose of his dog, who barked fiercely, and began to leap towards them. One after the other they were cast into his gaping jaws, and disappeared as in a gulf.

The monster laughed as he beheld his dog joyfully licking his lips, and showing his horrible inclination to continue the feast.

Coremann was present. Notwithstanding his horror, he felt that he must keep a good countenance. But near him was a young man who could not so well control himself; he trembled with terror; he unfortunately made some gesture indicative of compassion; at the same moment the emperor happened to cast his eyes upon him.

"Ah! wretch!" said he, "you disapprove our justice! Houpp, here!"

As he finished these words, he took the dog by the ear, and pointing out to him with his hand the poor youth, he set him upon him, crying, "Klouck!" At this well-known cry, the dog rushed upon the young man, cast him upon the ground, strangled him in two seconds, and returned to his master.

The deepest silence succeeded this revolting scene. John of Nepomuck remained motionless, suppressing even his sighs.

"Thou dost not yet speak!" resumed the tyrant; "let one of his ears be cut off."

The executioner wiped his knife, and was making ready, when Coremann, advancing towards the emperor, said,

"But, sire, he will speak much less if you put him to death."

"You are right," replied Wenceslaus. "Take him to prison, then, you fellows, and see that he receive every morning fifty blows with a cudgel, until he make up his mind to speak. You see, Coremann, how patient I am. Leave me."

At these words, the emperor fell back into his great chair, and slept.

## VI.

During three days were the orders of Wenceslaus executed in regard to John of Nepomuck, whilst he opened not his mouth, except only to pronounce the sacred names of Jesus and of Mary. On the fourth day he was subjected to new tortures, but still with the same result.

"Meanwhile, the empress, informed of these iniquities, cast herself at the feet of Wenceslaus. The emperor conceived some new idea, and ordered John to be set at liberty.

At the end of ten days, being cured of his wounds, John returned to court, after having communicated, like a man who is preparing for death, and after having delivered a sermon, which he believed would be his last, on the text of holy writ, *modicum et non videbitis me*, "Yet a little while, and you shall see me no more." The empress expected his visit. Wenceslaus had given orders that he should have notice of it. He concealed himself in her majesty's oratory, hoping that he would thus hear the confession. But Jane spoke so low, that nothing reached his ears. Nevertheless, as she was pronouncing these words, the application of which is not known,—"*This is a trouble of mind, of which I cannot divest myself*," the confessor remarked a certain movement under a large table, which was covered with drapery; he rose, uncovered the table, and beheld Wenceslaus, who stood up without blushing.

"*Sacrilege!*" exclaimed the priest.

"This trouble which she cannot banish from her mind, I must know," said Wenceslaus.

"*Sacrilege!*" repeated John; "you have incurred anathema. Here I speak on the part of God;—begone!—without this holy place you can put me to death."

Something imposing, and more than human, appeared at that time to protect the servant of God. Wenceslaus merely muttered something, and went out.

An hour later, when John of Nepomuck was departing from the palace, and, as night was fast coming on, walking at a rapid pace, just as he reached the bridge over the Moldau, he perceived at a window of the royal apartments the head of the tyrant, and at the same time six men following him. He made the sign of the cross, and continued to walk on.

As soon as he was at the middle of the bridge, directly above the most rapid current, the six men rushed upon him, without uttering a word, bound tightly his feet and hands, and cast him into the river.

It was the 16th May, 1383, the eve of the Ascension. The fatal deed accomplished, the six murderers fled; the window of the palace was closed; and a man who had

remained concealed under the first arch of the bridge threw himself into the river. It was Coremann. He dived at the spot where the body had disappeared, and brought it to land. The holy martyr was already dead, and his head was refulgent, as if illuminated with glory.

The people hastened in crowds to the spot. The canons of the metropolitan church came in procession, and bore away the corpse with honour to one of the churches. Wenceslaus was able to put the confessor to death ; it was beyond his power to prevent the faithful from honouring him as one of the blessed. In due course of time he was ranked by the Church among the saints.

"These are fearful things," interrupted the narrator, "which I am relating to you. But they are nevertheless unadorned historical facts."

Just as he was making this observation, a burgess of Antwerp entered, and addressed by his name the pretended sailor. I perceived that I had been somewhat mystified in taking for a mariner, whom, indeed, I found to be singularly well informed, an excellent scholar of the city, who took pleasure in going about through the ancient quarters, dressed like one of the people, collecting all the traditions they had preserved, in order to aid him in reconstructing the history of the past. The interest I felt in him was not in the least diminished : I begged of him to continue his narrative.

## VII.

The empress (he continued) learned next day the horrible death of her confessor by the orders of her husband. She could not, as the least of her people could do, go to pray over the coffin of the martyr. His remains, laid out for the veneration of the people, were an object of such universal interest, that Wenceslaus had it not in his power to repress the public feeling. His guards, his most submissive satellites, even, were themselves attracted to the tomb of John of Nepomuck.

To complete the tyrant's punishment, the popular indignation, roused at Prague, spread over the whole empire. A great number of barons, dukes, margraves, and princes rebelled ; and during the four following years intestine wars ceased not to desolate the vast states of Wenceslaus. Several portions of them were withdrawn

from his sway ; whole provinces became independent ; towns leagued together ; the Poles made incursions even into Bohemia. Wonderful to relate, the emperor meanwhile never quitted his palace, nor abandoned his pleasures nor his debaucheries ; and when he was told of the progress of his enemies, he replied, " Bah ! I see not the shining of their arms ! "

He did, however, call warriors to his aid ; but, by a decision worthy of such a man, he applied to those numerous hordes of brigands, of whom France had rid herself with so much difficulty, and who were called the great companies, the free *corps*, the *linfars*, and the slow-comers (*tard-venus*). These robbers laid waste the countries to which they were brought for the purpose of re-establishing order. From every quarter came deputations to entreat the emperor to show himself in his provinces. It was still hoped that the presence of the sovereign, notwithstanding the abject state into which he had fallen, would remove disasters and protect the people. " I am emperor, and they are subjects," he replied ; " it is their part to move from home if they have business with me."

" But, sire," it was observed to him, " a whole city cannot come to you."

" Why not ? " said he, " I should readily go to it if I had occasion."

He persecuted the Jews in order to extort money from them ; he plundered them, and caused them to be massacred by the populace. He then sold to those who remained the right of leaving the empire under his protection. Insensible to the suffering of his subjects, he replied to all their complaints by giving them balls when famine was decimating the people, and banquets when the enemy was wasting the country with fire and sword.

On occasion of the death of John Nepomucene, the empress had fallen ill, and the very sight of Wenceslaus caused her such violent agonies, that fears for her life were constantly entertained. At the time agreed upon, she had asked for Coremann. The Antwerpian, having been brought to the foot of her bed, was alarmed at her paleness. " Well, Coremann," said the princess, endeavouring to force a smile. The mariner was completely overcome by his feelings, when he saw that the young sovereign had not forgot his name. Advancing a step : " Your message,

madam," said he, in a whisper, "has been fulfilled; the messenger returned only yesterday. The families in which you are interested, madam, enjoy peace and health, with the exception only of one young man."

"And who is he?"

"The heir of the house of Brederode."

Jane, as we have already stated, had never spoken to this young lord; but before her fatal marriage, in the dreams of her girlhood, she had thought of a union between herself and this descendant of the ancient counts of Holland, which would have healed the cruel wounds of her country. But it had been her duty to suppress this hope. At mention of this name, she felt the blood rushing to her cheeks.

"What has happened to him?" added she, rising a little, and her eyes sparkling from disquietude.

"Madam," said Coremann, moved at beholding her agitation, "your majesty has need of courage. It is now a long time since this young count——"

"He is dead!" said the princess, falling back on her bed.

"Yes, madam," answered Coremann, in a melancholy tone; and at this word, which Jane still waited for with some degree of hope, she sighed and closed her eyes.

Coremann went out deeply grieved. He hastened from the palace, and went to make an excursion alone in a barque on the Moldau, in order to abandon himself more freely to the melancholy reflections with which he was overwhelmed. After he had deliberated for a long time, he resolved to avail himself of the discovery in order to mitigate the condition of the empress.

"Yes," said he to himself, "I shall relate to Wenceslaus these innocent amours; and his jealousy will be disarmed when he shall have heard that he who was the occasion of them is no more."

The evening of that very day the emperor made an excursion on the water, and took occasion to say to Coremann, with a scrutinizing look:

"Thou hast seen the empress again, she herself having sent for thee?"

"I have discovered everything, sire," replied Coremann; "your majesty may now feel secure."

He related candidly all he knew, in the hope that he would thus lull the violent suspicions of Wenceslaus.



But the tyrant, whose heart he did not know, only became more gloomy.

"So," said he, biting his under lip, "I was not deceived ; she has loved another, and she will always cherish his remembrance."

After this ebullition, which terrified the unhappy Coremann, the emperor never said a word, and the party soon returned to the palace.

During the whole of the following month, Wenceslaus changed not in the least his mode of life, ceased not to get drunk every evening ; but did not, however, so much as once enter the apartment of the empress. By this circumstance she was comforted. She gradually recovered some strength, as people were careful to avoid agitating her mind, by telling her, in order that she might not be surprised at the absence of the emperor, that he was on a journey.

At the end of a month, one evening that he was completely inebriated, Wenceslaus abruptly entered his wife's chamber. She was asleep. Taking her hand, he awoke her.

"You must now," said he "confess to me all about this amour. I know it, and I cannot avenge myself. You loved young Brederode?"

"He is dead," replied Jane, scarcely recovered from the fright occasioned by the presence of the monster.

"You still love him?"

Jane made no reply, having fallen into a long fainting-fit.

What shall I say of so many evils? The malady increased ; the reason of the princess became every moment weaker. It was only after four years of care and exertion that she was in some degree restored to health.

As often as she felt herself slightly better, an apparition of Wenceslaus once more broke her heart. Finally, however, after these four years had elapsed, Jane, having got over the malady, was able to leave her bed. She had secretly entertained the purpose of retiring to a monastery. But she had no design of quitting the palace without the consent of her husband, and she sought an opportunity of casting herself at his feet.

## VIII.

It was only in the morning that Wenceslaus had the use of his reason. One morning, accordingly, Jane, after having fully deliberated on what she wished to say, begged an audience. The doors were immediately opened. The emperor was still in bed. His left hand was extended from underneath the bedclothes holding the ear of Houpp, in order to impose silence on that enormous dog, his guardian. Terrified by the presence of this horrible beast, Jane dared not approach.

"I came, sire," she said, "to beg a favour of you."

"Rise up," interrupted Wenceslaus; "are you not the empress? I thank you for your visit. I am well pleased to see you on your feet again. You are come out too soon, however; you are much emaciated; your white skin, covering mere bones, gives you the appearance of a skeleton; and if young Brederode saw you——"

Jane, stepping backwards as Wenceslaus spoke, had reached an arm-chair at the other end of the apartment. She sat down in it, and making an effort, put a stop to the odious sarcasms of the prince.

"I came, sire," she resumed, "to solicit of you a favour which I have very much at heart."

"A favour!" said Wenceslaus, looking at her in the most sinister manner.

"Permission to retire to a convent, and to devote to God the remainder of my days."

"That is to say," replied the emperor, starting on his bed, "that I am hateful and abominable to you; that you have betrayed me; that you always loved that young man who, unfortunately for me, is dead, as I cannot lay hold of him to punish him."

As he was uttering these words, he squeezed so violently the ear of Houpp, that the dog began to growl.

"Sire," resumed Jane, wiping off her tears, "I have never forgotten my duties. God is my witness; and, if I come to entreat you to grant me your leave to withdraw from the court——"

"I know what you would be at," roared the prince. "If I refuse you this permission, you will do without it, will you not? And I shall be the fable of courts; I shall be talked of everywhere as a monster. No, no; it shall

not be so. My court must have an empress. You desire to leave me. But not from this palace,—from this world you must depart.”

The figure of Wenceslaus now became hideous; foam fell from both sides of his mouth; his eyes were full of blood. Jane, pale and trembling, looked at him with the terror which death itself inspires; but Wenceslaus could no longer behold her. He continued, without stopping:—

“Here, Houpp!”—and the dog was ready.

“Seize that woman!” he cried, quite frantic.

He let loose the dog, and the inanimate body of Jane lay stretched upon the floor. Her neck was disfigured and lacerated. Blood flowed from it in torrents, by four wounds which the teeth of the dog had made. Wenceslaus leaped out of bed, calling his valets. He commanded that Coremann should be brought, in order that he might make him remove the corpse.

At sight of the spectacle which met his eye, the Antwerpian was seized with such horror, that his hair stood on end. He uttered a cry of pain and consternation.

“Ah! the monster!” said he, no longer able to control himself, “I cannot be his any more.”

“After me you can belong to no other,” answered a hoarse voice. It was the emperor; who, without saying another word, set his dog upon Coremann. But the robust young man received the shock of Houpp by bruising his nose with a blow of his fist; seized him by the throat, strangled him with his powerful hands, and cast his dislocated carcase at the emperor.

After this exploit he would have fled. But he was soon overpowered by the emperor’s attendants, and cast into a dungeon. The executioner was summoned, and speedily arrived. He ordered the corpse of the empress to be carried away, and it was buried by her ladies. On learning what had occurred, he could not refrain from saying to his assistants,

“Coremann is a noble youth; he has delivered us all from the fear of the dog; and to myself he has rendered a real service, for the brute encroached on my functions. Hence we ought all to intercede for him.”

“Oh! and it will avail him much!” said one of the seconds. “He threw the dead dog at the emperor’s feet. He has outraged the imperial majesty. And, moreover, the emperor was much attached to his dog.”

"When I speak of interceding for him," replied the executioner, "I mean only, we should ask that he be not tortured."

The executioner now repaired to the banqueting-hall, where he found Wenceslaus eating and drinking.

"Comrade," said his majesty, "you will take four of your people, and will make Coremann undergo twelve hours of slow torture; and this night you will cast his body into the Moldau, with a millstone tied about his neck."

"Your pleasure, sire."

## IX.

Wenceslaus having finished his repast, made letters be addressed that very day to different courts, in order to have the portraits of such princesses as might be inclined to marry; for he was resolved there should be an empress. But, although he was only thirty years of age, and wore an imperial crown, he was doomed to spend ten years without finding, even in the palaces of the most insignificant princes, a lady who would consent to be united to him. He continued, therefore, alone and without hope of posterity, his life of cruelty and debauchery, appeasing seditions by terror, and silencing complaints by capital punishment.

In 1394, Prague having risen *en masse*, Wenceslaus became the prisoner of his subjects, and was consigned to a dungeon, where he remained four months. At the end of this period, a servant, the only woman he had succeeded in seducing, enabled him to escape. He reascended the throne, and shed torrents of blood, with such violence of rage, that nobody except the servant was capable of pacifying him. This person, indeed, possessed the greatest influence over him, and he wished to make her his wife.

Three years afterwards he was dethroned anew, shut up at Vienna in a fortress situated on the Danube, and once more abandoned by all, save only the intrepid servant, who again broke his fetters, by enabling him to traverse the river in a poor fisherman's skiff. A second time he resumed the sceptre, lived in the midst of troubles, and was deposed in 1400. He did not, however, descend from the imperial throne till 1410, and continued king of a portion of Bohemia till 1413, when he was strangled by the high chancellor of his kingdom, just as he was rushing

upon him to stab him with his royal hand. He left no children. God scarcely permits monsters to propagate.

## X.

But I must not forget to tell you what became of Coremann. The executioner, sparing him the tortures that were ordered, did not go to him till night. "You are too brave," said he to him, "to be martyred in such a manner. The emperor had ordered you twelve hours of agony; but I am your well-wisher, and I shall simply throw you into the Moldau, with a millstone about your neck."

"Do as you like," said the broken-hearted Antwerpian.

The executioner's four assistants bound the feet and hands of Coremann, and carried him away to the great bridge. A small millstone, that weighed only two hundredweight, was already placed there. It was tied to the neck of the victim, and he was cast into the waters.

Coremann had meditated all day long, and it grieved him to be doomed to die so young. Nevertheless, having no hope of pardon, he had asked for a confessor, and he had prepared, as became a good Christian, in the best way he could, to appear before the Sovereign Judge. On arriving at the bridge, the nature of his punishment reminded him of the death of John Nepomucene, whom, in common with all the people, he ranked among the holy martyrs. As he was falling to the bottom of the Moldau, he earnestly craved the aid of his intercession. It then seemed to him as if a benevolent hand unloosed the weight from his neck; he felt himself disengaged from it, rose to the surface of the water, made some exertions, which happily resulted in the disentanglement of his hands and feet, and under cover of the darkness he gained the bank.

He was so fortunate as to escape completely. After many wanderings, he re-appeared in his native town; and, from gratitude to the good St. John of Nepomuck, he erected on the Rigdyck the statue which you have saluted.\*

\* The epitaph, which is still to be seen in the metropolitan church of Prague, on the tomb of St. John Nepomucene, was written after the death of Wenceslaus. The translation is as follows:—

"Under this stone reposes the body of the most venerable and most glorious John Nepomucene, Doctor, Canon of this Church, and Confessor of the Empress; who, for having remained unshaken in his fidelity to the sacred seal of Confession, was cruelly tormented, and precipitated from the bridge of Prague into the Moldau, by the orders of Wenceslaus IV.,

## THE FORTUNES OF ADRIAN BROUWER.

"Man fashions himself by example, receiving the bent which is given to him as a child,—all is a mirror in his eyes."—*Coras*.

### I.—BROUWER AND HIS FATHER.

IN a dull house at Oudenard, in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, no one who entered it could fail to observe a child of wretched appearance constantly bent over a little embroidery-frame, who was painting on pieces of cloth, of the size of a saucer, birds, flowers, or elegant devices. In the first instance he confined himself to drawing the objects on the canvass, and his mother used to embroider them in wool, varying the colours to the best of her ability. In a short time he endeavoured to paint them, which he did with so much talent, that his works were preferred to those of his mother.

This industry had an object; the mother made women's bonnets, and the designs, first of all embroidered, afterwards painted, composed the groundwork. All the girls and women of Oudenard sought these charming articles of dress, which our historical painters never think of repro-

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Emperor and King of Bohemia, son of Charles IV., in the year One thousand three hundred and eighty-three."

Let us add a few words on Confession:—

"It is unheard of," says St. John Climacus, "that the sins revealed at the tribunal of penance have ever been divulged. God so permits, in order that sinners may not be diverted from confession, and that they may not be deprived of the only hope of salvation which remains to them."

"Who would not be astonished," said, on this subject, a writer of our time, "at what happened at the period of the French revolution? (1793). Some priests were so powerfully struck by the universal overthrow, that their minds became completely alienated. There were others who, unworthy of the high rank to which religion had raised them, abjured at the same time the priesthood and the faith. There were known some who contracted sacrilegious marriages, to the great scandal of true Christians. But, of all these unfortunate men, was it ever alleged that so much as one ever betrayed the secrets that had been confided to him in the administration of the sacrament of penance? God from on high sealed up the lips of all these degraded men, and He held their tongues chained, in order that no violence might be done to the secrecy of the sacrament."

"*Quæ per confessionem scio, minus scio quam quæ nescio*," wrote St. Augustine.

ducing in paintings representing events of that period. This was in 1619. This delightful fashion has become obsolete ; for a long time past, women have been contented to make their head-dresses from simple muslin or rich lace, adorned with artificial flowers and ribands. Some traces of coloured or painted bonnets yet remain in some families of the Netherlands ; they are composed of wreaths of glass beads of various shades of colour. But these pretty head-dresses are confined to children.

The delicate artist of whom we speak was a child living at Oudenard. The father used to design ornaments and arabesques for the tapestry hangings which were then manufactured in that town. His mother, as we have said, was a bonnet-maker, and her daily business kept the house up ; for the husband never failed to spend all the money which he earned at the public-house. This was a sad example for the boy.

He was neither secured by the advice nor by the tenderness of his mother. Harsh, unfeeling, with an eye to nothing but work, she never let the child know anything of the pleasures which render that tender age so enviable. She was one of those women, happily rare, who only show as much affection as they receive, and who only receive a little,—who always punish, and never reward. Perhaps this unamiable disposition may have been the cause of the irregularities of the father, as hereafter we shall have to reproach it for the unsteadiness of the son.

Every evening, little Adrian Brouwer (that was the child's name) went to bed overcome with sadness and fatigue ; and yet he felt in his heart not only a taste for art, but an appetite for happiness, an immense desire of some innocent pleasures. He would have liked to run out in fine weather, to swing on the flexible boughs of trees, to chase after butterflies and flowers, to sport in the warm dust, to bathe in limpid streams, to roll about in the meadows. But not even Sunday itself was a holiday for him. After divine service, the only time when he had a little tranquillity, his mother kept him with her, to listen to grave lectures quite beyond his comprehension, only showing him the rigours of a consoling religion. The only relaxation which the poor child had, and a very unfortunate choice it was, was due to his father, who sometimes took him to the public-house, giving him thus, besides the principles of drawing, the habit of contemplating drunkenness. So that, in after-

life, he declared that he had drawn this miserable conclusion from his first impressions, that a woman is harsh and scolding, that a home is dull, and that a man's happiness is drowning his reason.

In these circumstances, one summer's day, when his father was at the public-house, and his mother at her work as usual, little Adrian Brouwer, sitting alone at the door of the house, was painting a bird in bright colours very diligently, when a stranger, with a good-natured air, stopped before him.

"Are you a painter, my little friend?" said he, examining Adrian's work.

"A painter! Oh! no, sir," replied the astonished boy.

"But this is delicately done, and tastefully painted. Who gave you lessons, my lad?"

"No one, sir, except my father, who taught me how to hold the pencil; but he never paints."

"And tell me," said the stranger, "would you like to be a painter?"

Adrian's eyes flashed at this word; his heart began to beat violently.

"Should I like it!" said he, with emotion. "But no, I am too poor to learn such a noble profession."

The stranger again contemplated the little picture before him, and appeared quite charmed with it.

"Well, my boy," said he, with a kind voice, "it only depends on yourself whether you will come with me. People consider me the first painter in Harlem. You will be in the company of my pupils; you will live in a pleasant and handsome town; I will board you, and clothe you well; and will treat you as my son."

"Oh! let us start at once, sir," replied the young artist, hastily, whose heart was inflamed by the words of the unknown artist.

He rose suddenly. The happiness of being freed from incessant toil, the joy of going out into the world, of seeing and hearing, of travelling in the fine weather, of rolling in a carriage, of sailing in a boat, the hope of becoming a painter, of studying in a studio, of having young companions: all these feelings, which so suddenly took the place of the habitual fatigue of his existence, agitated him, and deprived him of self-command. Brought up too little as a Christian to know his first duties, he did not understand that a child is connected with his family by sacred ties;



he only viewed the proposition made to him as a means of obtaining liberty.

"Let us be off," he repeated, "before my mother's return; she would stop me."

The stranger, whom the child wished to follow, was Francis Hals, really a celebrated painter, born at Mechlin, the birthplace of many artists. He had been established for a long time at Harlem, and was reckoned in the small number of illustrious painters of his time. He must at the first glance have remarked something in Adrian Brouwer, whence he might derive some advantage, or he would not have thus ventured to carry the boy off. He took him with him to his inn, paid his reckoning at once, took his luggage, and departed with his conquest, promising him a good supper at the first stage.

It was only on coming to himself, after having passed through the gate of Oudenard, that the boy felt that he was abandoning his father and mother, and he began to cry. Was this from remorse? He had received so few marks of tenderness from his mother, that the affectionate feelings of his heart had had no opportunity of development. He soon made the excuse that he would return a painter and a rich man, and that his father and mother would pardon him. And then he did not know what damage his absence would do to his mother; he had never been told what his labour produced, and had never had the smallest piece of money given to him. So he ate his supper with a good appetite and went to sleep, and dreamed such dreams as he had never dreamed before.

## II.—BROUWER AND HIS MASTER.

Everything on the road charmed the little artist; the long journeys in boats enchanted him; Holland, so pleasant in summer, charmed him; the city of Harlem, so fresh-looking and brilliant, seemed a paradise to him, especially when he was assured that his parents could not come thither and fetch him away again. Neither the narrow winding street in which Hals lived, nor the indifferent appearance of the house, nor the sharp features of his wife, disenchanted him. This woman had prepared the supper. The boy from Oudenard found two pupils at table with him, Dirk van Delen and Adrian van Ostade: he was quite happy.

The next day, when, in his drawings of birds and flowers, he showed what he knew already, his comrades predicted that he would get on; and from that first day Hals began to initiate him into the particular mysteries of the art of painting, which are not to be guessed at.

At the end of six months the precocious artist painted little pictures, which disappeared as soon as they were finished, because his master sold them. It was some time before he observed the bad side of his new position; he was hardly brought up, and privations had been to him less noticeable than to others. But as, here below, we always desire to be better situated, he at last came to think himself not too well off; and the complaints of his fellow-students opened his eyes. Hals was interested; his wife, exceedingly avaricious, saw no happiness except in the money which she heaped up. Brouwer consequently was ill-fed, ill-clothed, and used to sleep on a truckle-bed. Ostade and Van Delen, less worthy of pity, received some supplies from their relations; but, as for him, he hardly dared think of his.

As soon as he appeared discontented with his misery, he was watched more attentively; he was less frequently allowed to go out. No one ever trusts the guilty. "He quitted his mother at very short notice," said Hals's wife; "for all we know he may design to serve us so too."

Besides the sordid avarice of this family, Hals, who was the head of it, had another failing, the sight of which it appears that poor Adrian could not avoid. Hals was a drunkard. He passed most of his time at the public-house; and he was so constantly there, that he was obliged to be dragged away half-drunk when Van Dyck, passing through Harlem, wished to have his portrait painted by him. Nevertheless Francis Hals was a clever painter, and gifted with qualities which might have done much for him, had it not been for his ignoble habit. He caught a likeness wonderfully, painted very fast, and had a great reputation, especially for portraits. He was a good connoisseur. In the case we have just mentioned, when Van Dyck, without giving his name, had had his portrait finished, he took the pencils from the hand of Hals, saying, "Now I will draw your head." He had hardly sketched it, when Francis Hals exclaimed, "You are Van Dyck!"

With all this skill the painter of Harlem never got beyond a half-obscurity, and his name is not to be found

in most biographical dictionaries. The fact is, when a man is given to low habits, he never really raises himself; and from the beginning of the cultivation of the arts, no artist abandoned to drunkenness has yet been able to make himself a name of any standing.

To return to Brouwer. In the absence of Hals, his wife made the pupils work, who brought him back every evening from the public-house the best way they could. This was an amusement denied to Brouwer as soon as he began to be distrusted; and when one evening, notwithstanding the prohibition, he attempted to go out with his companions, the mistress of the house shut him up in the garret, and would not let him come down. He was then fourteen years old. The next morning his gaoler brought him pieces of cloth, pencils, and colours; she assigned him his task, and he was to have nothing to eat till he had finished it. She diminished his allowance of food, already moderate, saying, that, as he took no exercise in the garret, it was not good for his health to eat much. The boy then regretted the yoke of his mother.

It was autumn. His pupils, not having seen him for a fortnight, supposed him to have run away. But one morning they heard his voice, and, looking up from the court, they saw him at a dormer-window, painting away industriously to get his breakfast. He was painting little public-house scenes; and he had a custom, which he always continued when at work, of talking incessantly to the figures, addressing them, or making them dispute amongst themselves, as if he were inspired by their dialogues. Surprised at this discovery, Ostade and Van Delen went to speak to the little captive the next morning, whilst the mistress of the house was at market, and the master was still asleep. Between the ill-jointed bars of his prison they could see that he was cold, hungry, and clothed in rags.

"You should escape," said Van Ostade; "with your skill, of which you are not aware, you will be able to get a living anywhere."

"Do you think so?" said Brouwer, who had not yet lost his ingenuousness.

"Certainly; our master sells your little pictures at a very good price."

"Then I might sell them myself, too. But I am shut up."

"We will help you to break the lock."

"But I have no ladder, and I shall die of hunger as soon as I am in the streets."

"Listen to me," said Van Delen; "if you will do for me secretly the Twelve Months of the Year and the Five Senses, I will pay you four sous apiece, and furnish you with paper. I have an order for these little drawings from a bookseller."

"I will do so," said the prisoner, gaily. "But do not mention it."

"Hush," said Van Ostade. The noise of the street-door broke off their conference, and the two friends hastened down stairs to the studio.

A week after, the seventeen designs were finished without Hals and his wife suspecting anything. With the little sum which he received for them, Adrian Brouwer believed himself rich. His garret and truckle-bed appeared intolerable. The next morning, aided by his friends, he opened the door of his prison, and gained the street.

It was a great pleasure to him to find himself free; but a pleasure not unaccompanied by anxiety and fear. Wishing to undertake a long journey, he began by furnishing himself with provisions; and, being able to choose what he liked best, he bought an enormous quantity of gingerbread. He regaled himself on this unsparingly; then entered a church to collect himself, and, without doubt, to thank God for his liberty. He ought to have quitted the place at once, but he resolved to wait there some hours, fearing that he might be looked for in the town, and not daring to run that risk. Unfortunately for him, the only person, perhaps, whom he knew at Harlem, a friend of Hals, came into the same church, and, perceiving the poor fugitive, asked what he was doing there? The little artist was obliged to relate his grievances.

"I will undertake to make that all right, my young friend," said the citizen. "I will speak to my friend, so that you may be treated better for the future. But you ought not to have quitted Mr. Hals so soon; he will make a good painter of you. Besides, as you are in rags, you would be arrested and put among the wandering beggars, and that would be quite another thing."

Brouwer, with a heavy heart, not knowing whether he ought to resist, or too timid to venture to do so, allowed himself to be taken back.

The friend of Hals, when he brought back his pupil, reproached him for his avarice and harshness. The painter's wife, who had already calculated what she lost by the flight of the young artist, hung down her head, and bore the reproaches. Wishing to keep the boy by some other means, she pretended to allow her heart to be softened, and promised to treat the pupil for the future as her own son. That which especially drew forth this exhibition of tenderness was, that the two comrades of Brouwer, to cut short the investigations which might be made respecting the manner in which he had procured the means of regaling himself on gingerbread, and filling his pockets with it, declared that they themselves had given him money, had favoured his escape, and would facilitate it again, if he were not now put on the same footing with them in every respect.

Thus he was no longer kept in the garret; he worked in the studio, which was warmed by a good stove; he was fed not quite so badly. With an old coat of the painter, he had a tolerable suit of clothes made. He was allowed, as before, to go out in the evening, in company with the other pupils, to fetch Hals from the public-house.

Here we may mention a trick which the painter's pupils played him one evening. When he was in that state of half-drunkenness, which charmed him so much, he became tender and sensitive; he treated his pupils, and called them his children. When he came in in this condition, he used to sleep in a little old-fashioned bed with a canopy, which used to be made up on the ground-floor. His pupils helped him to undress, and then retired with the lantern, for no other light was allowed them. But every evening they used to hear Francis Hals, as he put his head on the pillow, make a short prayer, which he never failed to finish with these words: "My God, summon me to thee in heaven as soon as possible."

The room with the old bed in it was below the studio. The three conspirators, having made holes in the floor, had put ropes through them, and contrived an arrangement, by which one evening, when the old painter, being left alone in his room, was saying his prayer out loud, his bed gently moved, and began to mount up. Confused in the head as he was, he felt this motion, and was so frightened that he cried out: "Not so soon, my God; not so soon!"

The bed then went down again, and all was quiet. It is

added, that Francis Hals never said a word about this adventure, and therefore he never asked for an explanation. But after it he suppressed the usual termination of his prayers.

With this master, Adrian Brouwer spent another term of eighteen months, enduring his destiny better, and not yet suspecting what he was capable of doing. However, his ideas were developing. His works disappeared so rapidly, that he thought they were sought after; and some words which he heard gave him to understand that they were sold advantageously. One fine morning in spring he escaped again, hastily quitted Harlem, and went straight to Amsterdam.

But he went away again with the same ideas more deeply rooted than ever, that women were avaricious and harsh, and that the happiness of a man was to be found at the public-house. And indeed Van Ostade, whose mind is supposed to have been more elevated, owes to his education that love of the public-house, which animates the greater part of his pictures.

### III.—BROUWER AND HIS HOST.

Thus was his apprenticeship finished, and the young man launched on the world. But his first impressions will ruin his prospects. From his tenderest years, he had seen those beings whom he ought to respect the most,—his father and his master,—abandoned completely to drunkenness. It seemed then to him the highest privilege of men; and he could only regard labour as a means of procuring, above all things, the means of drinking.

One thing he did not fail to do on his arrival at Amsterdam, and that was to go to a public-house. He had no money; and, as he drank, he pondered on the means of getting a dinner; and, as he pondered, he drew on the table a grotesque figure which was before him. It was the publican himself, a boon companion, who had a son who also was learning painting; on the strength of which he piqued himself on a love of the arts.

"You are a painter," said he to Brouwer, looking at his sketch, which was not a flattering one. And, as he was a good-natured man, he added: "You will dine with us."

"Why," answered Brouwer, "if I had a purse, I should tell you that it was empty."

"Never mind ; you have talent. I will give you a piece of canvas and colours. You will paint a little picture as well as you can ; it will soon be disposed of. Amateurs never fail."

This was lucky. The young man dined gaily ; and, as his host also had those tastes which rendered Francis Hals sentimental, he signalized his arrival at Amsterdam by remaining at table till midnight.

Next morning he was installed in a room which the publican gave him ; and he set to work and painted. After some days of labour he had finished a little painting. On the recommendation of his host, he took it to an amateur, who offered him one hundred florins for it. He was surprised at such an enormous sum, which appeared a fortune to him, and also at learning that his name and style were already known. He returned joyfully to the public-house, hardly able to conceive that he could have such a treasure as a hundred florins in his possession, spread them out on his bed, that he might say that he had rolled in money, enjoyed himself amongst his florins like a madman, and then began to feast, and spent all the money in ten days.

His host, who did not exactly know whether to approve of his conduct, or whether to blame it, observing that he had got rid of his little stock of money very neatly, Brouwer said : "I made haste to disembarass myself, so as to be free the sooner."

From this time it was his rule to work at a public-house, and to work with most ardour when he had nothing in his purse.

Serious reflections have been made on the memory of Adrian Brouwer. It has been said, with regard to his orgies, that he was a man of evil and debauched habits. It is evident, however, that he worked, that he sought ardently for improvement ; that he learnt Spanish and French ; that he studied his art, and always gave good advice to his friends. His biographers inform us, that, always faithful to his custom of conversing with the persons whom he represented in his pictures, he addressed them in Spanish, French, or Flemish, according to the country whose costume he gave them.

He was both original and generous. As soon as he perceived himself to be capable of earning money, he wished his father and mother to come and live with him. But he learnt with grief that he had lost them.

As an example of originality, we need only mention that, when he was not paid the sum agreed upon for a picture which he had finished, he threw it in the fire, and began it again with more care.

His levity of character, and his isolation from the world, caused him to commit some eccentricities. The following is one, which is certainly not the act of a fool, which the compilers of "Anas" (making it a century younger) have attributed to Piron, and which put in practice, long before the time of Sedaine, the moral of the "Epistle to my dress."

Brouwer paid little regard to elegance of costume. He was always indifferently dressed, as if he remembered his Harlem undress. One day, when one of his friends was going to be married, remarking that he did not invite him to the marriage, he suspected the secret motive of his exclusion, and having ordered a handsome dress of velvet, he went, well dressed for once, to visit this friend, who, seeing him so presentable, invited him to the festivity. Brouwer went; then at the middle of the entertainment, taking a dish filled with sauce, he gravely poured it over his dress of ceremony, to the great astonishment of the company.

"Why, what are you doing?" exclaimed the bridegroom.

"I am treating the dress which you invited," answered Brouwer.

Another day it was represented to him, that he could not go into the theatre of Amsterdam (where some spectacles were then being exhibited) without being somewhat richly dressed; he took a piece of cloth, painted on it in distemper charming flowers in the Indian style, and made a cloak of it, which excited general admiration. When he saw, at a pause in the performance, that he was the object of universal attention, and that the ladies were all anxious to know whence they could procure articles of the kind, he took a wet sponge, and rubbed out the painting.

"Now it is only a plain cloth," said he; "do you find that I am of less worth?"

After having made his residence at Amsterdam remarkable by good paintings and merry tricks, whether he was dissatisfied, or whether he was in debt, or whether he was moved by a love of travelling, or whether he had caused himself to be involved in some disagreeable affair, Adrian Brouwer suddenly departed for Flanders. He arrived at



the gate of Antwerp at the moment when the death of the *infanta* Isabella having sown some seeds of disunion in the Netherlands, the stadtholder Frederick Henry had set foot in the Catholic provinces, and was seeking to annex some portions of them. The country was on guard; so that, seeing a man ill dressed, of indifferent appearance, lounging and looking about, they took him for a spy; and the entry of Adrian Brouwer into the city where Rubens then reigned led him at once to a dungeon in the citadel of Antwerp.

But this dungeon was enlightened by a handsome grated window. The young painter, having a little money to buy tobacco and beer, did not find himself so badly off. He announced that he painted a little; and the Duke of Aremberg, a prisoner with him in the fort, having procured the necessary materials for a painting, he sketched the soldiers of the garrison playing in the guard-house. The duke sent this clever sketch to Rubens. At the force and harmony of the colour,—at the truth of expression,—at the spirit of the touches, Rubens exclaimed, “Brouwer alone could have done this.”

He offered six hundred florins for it; but the duke would not part with it at any price.

The illustrious chief of the school of Antwerp then hastened to the prison, bailed out the poor artist, took him with him, lodged him in his mansion, admitted him to his table, and put his wardrobe on a respectable footing.

But in all this ease, and in good society, Brouwer, though grateful, was not at his ease, as with his host at Amsterdam.

#### IV.—BROUWER AND HIS PUPIL.

There was then at Antwerp a baker, named Joseph Van Craesbeke. He was born at Brussels, in the year 1608, at the same time that Brouwer was born at Oudenard. He had gone through the country in the capacity of a baker's man, leading a jolly life, loving feasts and the tavern; a laughing, pleasant fellow, and not very regular in his conduct. His disposition had pleased a young woman at Antwerp, who had the reputation of being a beauty, and he had married her, and established himself as a master baker.

His public-house habits became the dearer to him, because he easily found at Antwerp companions of the same stamp as himself. As soon as he had done his dirty work, he left the care of all the rest to his wife, and ran, all covered with flour, to join his friends, who valued his sallies of wit. At the public-house he made the acquaintance of Adrian Brouwer, who every evening used to quit the saloons of Rubens, to go regularly and smoke tobacco and drink beer.

Brouwer and Craesbeke were made for one another; they soon became united in so close a friendship that they were inseparable. So that Brouwer abruptly quitted the house of Rubens, to whom however he owed everything, and came to lodge with the baker; who, knowing his tastes, used to be particular in making him excellent rolls.

It was evident that the baker was happy in possessing the artist's society. As soon as he had finished his morning's work, Craesbeke used to go up to the studio of his friend, and remain almost in an ecstasy, looking at him as he painted till the evening. Then they went out together, passed the evening in smoking and drinking merrily, and came home when there was nothing else for them to do.

By seeing pictures painted, the idea came into the baker's head, that he might try his fortune too. One day, when he was behind Brouwer's chair, occupied for a long time in study, and following with the eye and head all the movements of his hand, "It seems to me," said he, breaking silence, "that I have some taste for thy art."

These boon companions called one another *thee* and *thou*.

"Well!" replied the other, "why dost thou not try?"

He put a pencil into his hand, placed a fresh piece of canvas on the frame, and made him sit down.

Craesbeke tried, and he succeeded; because he had for a long time observed his master sketching and finishing his paintings; he had finished by understanding what he saw; and he had no doubt had some lessons in drawing in his youth. He soon became a painter; at the end of two years, he finished the famous painting, where he is represented as painting the portrait of Adrian Brouwer. This remarkable work is at Paris, in the gallery of the Louvre, as well as the Card-Players of Brouwer, which justly attract the admiration of connoisseurs.

Craesbeke lived three or four years with his friend in

perfect intimacy. But at length a quarrel separated them. It is supposed that this dispute took place on account of some practical jokes carried a little too far, in which Brouwer often indulged, and which this time obliged the magistrates of Antwerp to request him to leave the country. He went away, taking with him his opinion of men, which he deduced from his father at Oudenard, his master at Harlem, his host at Amsterdam, and his pupil at Antwerp—all four drinkers. As for the other sex, the wives of his host and of his pupil, worthy and gentle women, had led him to think better of them.

After the departure of Brouwer, Craesbeke abandoned his occupation as a baker entirely, and devoted himself exclusively to painting; he established himself at Brussels. His pictures were sought after, and he sold them dear. They usually represented tavern-scenes, quarrels, Flemish interiors, painted with much skill, full of action and motion. He also painted portraits, which were much admired. He often reproduced his own, sometimes with a plaster over the eye, and opening a frightful mouth, sometimes studying the effect of the most whimsical grimaces on his own figure. He approached his master very nearly, but did not equal him. But although, like him, he was careless of the future, and spent his money as easily as he earned it; through the orderly manner in which his housekeeping was conducted, Joseph van Craesbeke, at his death, left his wife and children in easy circumstances.

Brouwer, however, removing from Antwerp, went to Paris, which he wished to see. He came thither in 1639; it was in the old age of Louis XIII. and Richelieu. Neither his talents nor his person gave satisfaction. Reduced to extreme distress, he returned, bringing nothing with him but the seeds of a mortal disease. He arrived at Antwerp, where his entrance was less auspicious even than his former arrival. Knowing that Craesbeke no longer lived in that city, and not daring to present himself at the house of Rubens, he went to an hospital, where he died miserably at the age of thirty-two, a poor artist, who, with management, or at least with another kind of education, might have surpassed Rembrandt.

Was he punished for having deserted his mother's house? We dare not pronounce an opinion.

Rubens, who, in consideration of the talents of Brouwer, forgot his faults, and always showed himself noble and magnanimous, obtained permission to remove from the public cemetery the body of the unfortunate artist, who had been buried as a person struck with the plague ; and he gave it an honourable burial in the church of the Carmelites at Antwerp.

## A N G E R.

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### THE ABBEY OF FURSTENFELD.

“Poor creatures, who are oppressed, do not complain too loud; for the lot of the victim is more tolerable than the other lot.”—*Mademoiselle de Scudéry.*

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#### I.

TOWARDS the middle of July in the year 1247, there arose suddenly in Brussels a movement which produced an air of festivity in that city. A tournament was proclaimed; and from an early period the simple announcement of a public festivity has been enough to put the citizens of Brussels in good humour. The public fountains were being so arranged as to spout forth beer and wine of Brabant—for the country then had vines; these fountains were the Regorgeur, the Trois-Pucelles, and the Mannekin—at that time a simple little stone statue. A stock of leaves was procured to strew in the streets; the house-of-bread was preparing for a plentiful distribution to the poor; all the towers were procuring flags to float from their summits; orchestras were erected before the town-hall, then standing in the herb-market. The Allée Verte, which led from the Groenendal to the chateau of Uccle, was crowded with sight-seers, who were flocking to Brussels, between two rows of shops erected by merchants from other parts, who had obtained that liberty. The place of the Grand-Sablon, which was not paved, was formed into the lists, and active workmen were surrounding it with railings.

A handsome young man, dressed in black, wearing a cap adorned with swan's feathers, and showing by his

dress that he was not a citizen, but that he was of noble family, on the morning of the tournament came up to an alderman, who was gravely giving instructions for placing the ornaments of the canopy under which the eminent persons of the court were to be sheltered.

"Master," said the young stranger, "can you tell me the true causes of all these brilliant preparations?"

The alderman, seeing that his interrogator wore the spurs of a knight, saluted him politely.

"My young lord," said he, "you are doubtless not of this duchy, if you do not know that this tournament, which is about to take place, is given by the good Duke of Brabant, and that his gracious daughter will do the honours."

"I am just come from Liège," said the stranger. "I know, indeed, that the tournament is to take place to-day. But is it true that it is only celebrated on account of the crusade, and that those who gain the prizes will have no other reward than to command the gallant troops who are going into Palestine to fight the infidels under the banner of our Lord Jesus Christ?"

As the handsome young man uttered these words, he made the sign of the cross.

"One might say more than that," answered the alderman mysteriously, after having also crossed himself. "Is not our young princess sixteen years old?"

He accompanied this remark by a wink; which meant to say, that there was certainly some idea of providing her with a husband.

"But I see by your spurs," he continued, "that you are a knight. Without doubt, these noble days will not pass without your having well used your lance, and I am one of the judges of the field."

The young man sighed. The alderman was about to recommence speaking, when the sound of trumpets announced the duke, his daughter, and his court, who were going to the church of our Lady of the Sand, to hear the mass, when the tournament was to be blessed. The stranger had no sooner cast eyes on the young Mary, who, brilliant and elegantly dressed, was riding on a trained white palfrey by the side of her father, than he appeared quite beside himself with admiration or surprise; after which he departed with hasty steps.

The alderman shook his head with an air of satisfaction,

as if he had guessed that the heart of the young man had been touched ; and he applied himself again to his official occupations.

We are obliged in this place to mention some facts, which are necessary for the understanding of what is to follow.

Duke Henry II., surnamed the Magnanimous, on account of his courage and beneficence, reigned over Brabant from the year 1235. He was beloved by his people, whose condition he had ameliorated, granting them liberties, suppressing mortmain in his dominions, and giving all his subjects an opportunity for having justice done by them. He established assessors for each bailiff, without whom the bailiff could not judge, who formed a sort of jury. His wisdom was so generally celebrated, that Pope Innocent IV. had recently admitted him into the college of the seven electors, who were shut up in an island in the Rhine, to choose a new emperor instead of Frederick II., whom the Holy See had been obliged to depose.

Henry II. married, as his second wife, in 1239, the beautiful and pious Sophia, a Thuringian princess, daughter of S. Elizabeth ; but he had had by his first wife several children, viz. Henry the Affable, who was to succeed him, a prince whose gracious surname points out his virtues, and whose wit and gaiety produced songs which are still extant ; Matilda, who had been married, in 1237, to Robert d'Artois, brother of S. Louis ; and Mary, their young sister, the idol of her father, and queen of the tournament which was about to be held. This princess was so born to be beloved, that her step-mother, Sophia of Thuringia, loved her with as much tenderness as she could have shown to her own daughter. Gentle and beautiful, lovely and gracious, Mary had grown up, living without any vain pride at the court of her father, whose manners and noble affability recalled to men's minds the patriarchs of other days.

But, in the said year 1247, Mary of Brabant reckoned sixteen springs, to speak poetically ; her father, who felt himself broken down, though only fifty-eight years old, began to think seriously of choosing for his darling daughter a husband, who might render her happy, in a rank worthy of her birth. Many Christian kings and chiefs were then preparing for a new crusade ; Henry the Magnanimous took advantage of this pretext to assemble

at his court the princes and nobles, at a brilliant tournament, which he had announced to all his neighbours. There were to be seen among the illustrious knights, who had hastened thither, Lewis II., surnamed the Severe, Count Palatine of the Rhine, and heir to the duchy of Bavaria; Conrad, Duke of Glogau; Rodolph of Hapsburg; William de Dampierre, Count of Flanders, and many other nobles from Belgium, Holland, Friesland, Germany, and France. The eldest son of Arnold V., Count of Loos, who was soon to possess his father's crown, had also come, accompanied by his brother, the young and handsome Godfrey, who had no prospect but the sword.

In fact, the young stranger who questioned the alderman of Brussels was no other than Godfrey de Loos. He could not have seen Mary of Brabant, whose captivating graces had been boasted of in his country, without finding her beyond what he had expected, and without feeling sentiments for her which he could not overcome. Nevertheless, reflecting on the rank of Mary, whom he could not merit on any pretence, he had felt a kind of shuddering come over his heart. "At least," said he, encouraging himself a little, "I will fight in her presence; and may I receive from her hands a token of approbation."

As he had merely come to Brussels as his brother's companion, he had had no intention of jousting, but only of seeing the sport, and he had neither arms nor a charger. He went to find an old uncle of his, a canon of S. Gudule, who loved him; he told him of his sudden desire to take part in a tournament, which promised to be so splendid. The good priest, smiling at his ardour, at the secret motive of which he did not attempt to guess, embraced him, and gave him a good horse and handsome arms; then he blessed him, declaring that he wished to see him fight, and that he anticipated enjoying his triumph.

The tournament really was very magnificent; all the princes and knights there displayed their prowess to the best advantage. But during the three days that the passages of arms lasted, Godfrey de Loos always distinguished himself most. Courteous and brave, gallant and bold, he had the suffrages both of the ladies and of the warriors. He was the happiest; for he received the prize bestowed by the young princess, whose trembling hands betrayed some emotion. So that, after the tournament, whilst the old canon was proudly embracing the conqueror, the



worthy alderman, who was probably an observant man, gratified him by a sign of intelligent satisfaction. Godfrey, recognizing the benevolent magistrate, only replied by a squeeze of the hand.

Godfrey and Mary would have made, as the saying is, a charming couple. But could Henry II., a sovereign prince, give his daughter to the younger son of a simple count, who did homage to two superiors? The illusion which took possession of these young hearts then only caused them trouble. Besides, a very formidable rival presented himself;—Lewis of Bavaria, during the festivities which accompanied the tournament, had found an opportunity of conversing with Mary. Her gentleness and openness of disposition completely inflamed him with love. He spoke to her of union; she answered with embarrassment and with blushes; he thought himself accepted, and immediately demanded her hand of the Duke of Brabant.

Henry, who was as good a father as he was a worthy prince, although flattered by so noble an alliance, would promise nothing without consulting his daughter, whose happiness he ardently wished to promote. He had some serious conversation with her.

"In this tournament, signalized by so much valour," said he, "you have seen, my dear daughter, many knights."

"Worthy and loyal knights," timidly answered Mary; for, by a sort of instinct, which never fails in girls, she had a presentiment of the object of the questions which her father was about to put to her.

"It is not only for the holy expedition into Palestine that we have assembled them at our capital, my dear child. Amongst all these noble lords, do not you think that we could offer you a husband?"

The young princess was again agitated, and cast down her eyes without speaking.

"I am an old man," continued the duke. "I shall soon leave you, my dear daughter. Before my death, I should wish to give you a support, who might take my place."

Mary answered as usual:

"You must not give way to these melancholy reflections, father."

Then she embraced him, checking a sob.

"Well, my dear daughter, you are sixteen years old. My old age will be happier if I see you united to a worthy lord; and, amongst those who have distinguished them-

selves, I have observed indications in your eyes which have made me think that we might choose one."

Mary smiled slightly.

"Is it Conrad of Glogau who has succeeded in gaining your affections?" continued the old duke, with the air of a father, who trembles, as he sounds the ground.

Mary shook her head, as a sign of denial.

Henry mentioned the Lord of Crépy, the Count of Amiens, Rodolph of Hapsburgh, and all the eminent nobles whom he had seen engaged, without finding a marked preference in his daughter's heart for any one of them.

At length he pronounced the name of Lewis of Bavaria, looking eagerly and hopefully at her. But Mary hung down her head.

"So then," said he, "none of these princes has gained your heart?"

The princess hesitated a little, and then said:

"You have not mentioned, my dear father, all those who have earned glory."

The duke, a little surprised, remembered Godfrey de Loos, and, grieved to think that his daughter could have felt any love for a knight without name or estates, he remained silent. The youth of Mary, and the unlikeliness that love a day old should be very deeply rooted, reassured him. He congratulated himself on having known the sentiments of his daughter soon enough to combat them. But, feeling that this was not the time to lead her to the altar, he put off her marriage till the next year, and spoke in the most encouraging manner to Lewis of Bavaria, who returned to his father's states full of enthusiasm and of hope.

Wishing to check at once a passion which he could not approve, the Duke of Brabant, whom Lewis had invited to take part in the new crusade, sent many nobles from his dominions into Palestine, under the command of his ally the Duke of Limburg; and he requested, in pressing and formal terms, that the young Godfrey de Loos should go with them, giving him an honourable command.

If one voice advised Godfrey to remain near Mary, honour, glory, the necessity of making a name, the hope of making himself worthy to obtain her hand, by gaining the esteem of her father by his brilliant exploits, obliged him to take the cross. But, before embarking, he obtained

a moment's interview with the good Hélice, Mary's bed-chamber woman. He timidly declared to her the secret of his heart, and the vow which he had taken, of serving no one but the princess. Hélice was much agitated, and hurried him away. After these dangerous confidential communications, Godfrey de Loos departed for the Holy Land, adorned with the green scarf which Mary had given him at the tournament.

After Godfrey's departure, Duke Henry II. sought to divert his daughter by new festivities, as her young heart thought of the gallant knight.

## II.

Lewis of Bavaria, during the interval, wrote the most ardent letters to Mary. This prince was brave, equitable, beloved in his father's dominions, and was not called the severe till later in life, on account of his violent and inflexible justice. He was handsome, young, well educated, and made for conquest. He was so full of Mary, that he did not content himself with sending her messages, but returned to Brussels, and there renewed his courtship in so amiable and delicate a manner, that every one pleaded to her on his behalf. Mary, thus invested, and the old duke daily entreating her to render him happy by so honourable an alliance, what with the anxious desires of her father, and what with the wishes of all who surrounded her, remained defenceless. She sacrificed her secret hopes of a marriage with Godfrey; she followed the Bavarian prince to the altar, praying of God and the Holy Virgin to purify her heart.

Lewis, who adored her, and who had no suspicion of the existence of any other attachment, felt himself at the height of happiness. He married Mary in the beginning of the year 1248, and took her to Munich, where she was blessed, and where the memory of her piety and gentleness has ever been preserved.

## III.

The crusaders reaped laurels in Palestine. Godfrey de Loos, who had been separated from his mistress for six years, had remained faithful to her. Covered with glory and honour, he was beginning to think himself worthy of

Mary, and to sigh for a return, when, in 1253, Lewis IX., having been informed of the death of his mother, Blanche of Castile, determined to return to France. Godfrey accompanied him; he saw again European land with pleasure, and hastened to Brussels. No news had reached him of the changes which had taken place in that court. Henry II. was dead; he found the sceptre in the hands of Henry the Affable; but his sister was no longer with him.

The grief of Godfrey was great when he learnt that the young princess was married to Lewis II., then the reigning Duke of Bavaria. For a moment he was inclined to accuse Mary of ambition and falsehood; but what had she promised him? He repulsed this sentiment; he preferred believing that she had yielded to her father and to duty. After giving up some days to despair, resolving to see Mary again, by whom he thought himself beloved, he set off for Bavaria, cursing his unlucky stars, which had saved him, in the perils of a hundred battles, from the death which he would now fain encounter.

Lewis II., proud of his birth, son of the Count Palatine, Otho II., who had refused the empire in 1228, was far from suspecting that he had, as a rival, a simple knight without land or title. He was therefore pleased to see Godfrey de Loos again, showed him the honours which his reputation for bravery deserved, and retained him at his court. Godfrey the very next day appeared before the young duchess, who was going to mass to the church of our Lady in Munich. At the sight of the gallant warrior, whom she had not forgotten, Mary was so agitated, that the crusader perceived that he was as dear as ever, without being able to say whether the feelings he experienced gave him pleasure or pain. An honest heart does not parley with duty. The remembrance of Godfrey had been almost obliterated from the thoughts of the princess; but his presence brought it vividly back. She was acquainted with her husband's disposition; she remarked his defects from that time. The transports of Lewis of Bavaria henceforth appeared to her nothing more than consistent with his severities and violence. She would have gone wrong, had she not been a Christian; but her piety sustained her.

The approach of one of the solemnities of the church instructed her still farther, by obliging her to a serious

examination of her conscience. She shuddered at the thought of a guilty affection, which returned in all its strength after six years of separation, and five years of marriage; and, in a happy moment, she would have confided all to her husband, had she not feared his terrible resentment. But she firmly resolved to avoid Godfrey. He begged an interview, she refused it, and ordered Hélice to announce to him an eternal separation, though the word was painful. Hélice found him so much affected, that she had not the strength to deliver all her message. During the next few days, on many occasions, the praises of Godfrey, and of the courage that he had displayed in Palestine, were celebrated. Mary could not always conceal the charms that these eulogiums had for her. Lewis, jealous and suspicious, remarked this circumstance. He remembered that the princess had seen the young knight at her father's court. He fancied that he observed some looks of Godfrey which offended him, and he suddenly ordered him to quit his dominions.

Godfrey, during his exile, by means of the compassionate and weak Hélice, maintained the hope of being able to make his sufferings known to the princess. He wrote to her. Two months afterwards, one day when the young duchess had remained at Donauwerth, during a voyage which Lewis of Bavaria had undertaken down the Rhine, she received a gloomy letter from Godfrey, begging of her, as the only pledge of so constant and unfortunate an attachment, a moment's interview, the happiness of seeing her again for an instant before he died, he said. Another letter came just at the same time. It was from her husband, who required an immediate answer about some affairs of state. Mary, therefore, wrote two letters, one to her husband, the other to Godfrey. She remonstrated with the latter for cherishing such a hopeless passion, and begged him to forget it.

Mary had no other confidante than Hélice; notwithstanding the innocence of her letter, she did not know to whom to intrust it, and was afraid to send an express. It seemed to her a favourable opportunity for sending it now, that she had to despatch a letter to Lewis of Bavaria. She chose for this mission the good and faithful Ghislein, son of her nurse, whom she had brought from Brussels, and who was devoted to her most heartily, but who could not read. She gave him the two letters, bidding him take

particular notice that the one sealed with red wax was for the duke, and that sealed with black wax for Godfrey de Loos. Ghislein promised to attend to this; but, by an inexplicable fatality, say the historians, it was the first thing which he forgot. He presented himself immediately to the duke, and gave him the letter sealed with black wax. It is not known what was said in it. But Lewis of Bavaria had no sooner read it, than, in a transport of blind rage, he fell on the poor little messenger, and slew him with his own hand. After this he mounted his horse. His jealousy poisoned every word of the letter; he believed himself to be the victim of a long course of treachery. He hastened to Donauwerth, accompanied by an executioner and some soldiers, and, still furious, he met the governor of the palace in the court, ran his sword through his heart, threw the princess's house-keeper from the top of a tower, where she had taken refuge, stabbed Hélice with his own hand, and, appearing before his wife like an implacable spectre, brandishing the letter with the black seal, he announced to her that she must die.

It was in vain that the young princess, terrified, fell on her knees, and called heaven to bear witness to her innocence. Lewis cast her into a dungeon, whither the executioner, whom he had brought, followed her, to cut off her head.

This horrible day was January 18, 1256.

#### IV.

The evening of this frightful day, Lewis the Severe, on going to bed, having at last become more calm, began to feel, by little and little, that perhaps he had rendered himself the most wretched of men. He had slaughtered an angel whom he adored. He asked himself if it was not possible that Mary might not have betrayed him; he read her letter again; and with horror he saw that every expression was virtuous. Soon he felt quite bewildered; the image of her whom he had murdered seemed attached to his side. He did not close his eyes till the night was far advanced; and, while he was thus overcome, the bleeding shade of Mary appeared to him, declaring that she had perished pure and spotless. Lewis awoke with a start, and cried out in despair. His remorse and grief were such

that his hair turned quite white immediately. He was scarcely in his twenty-eighth year.

The next day he gave honourable burial to the remains of Mary. Accurate information, unexplained revelations, surprising apparitions, confirmed her innocence. Lewis of Bavaria thought that he could not otherwise expiate his criminal resentment than by submitting to the sentence of the Church. But the prelates of his court, astonished at all which was said, dared not absolve him; and he was obliged to beg for the commiseration of the sovereign pontiff, Alexander IV. The Holy See obliged him, by way of reparation for his crime, to found an expiatory chapel over the tomb of Mary, with a monastery for twelve religious of the order of S. Bruno.

There were not yet any religious of that order in Bavaria. Lewis summoned some monks from France, and built for them the magnificent abbey of Furstenfeld. A splendid tomb was erected in the conventual church to the young victim; and as she appeared sometimes clothed in white, the hope was announced that she was received among the blessed, which somewhat calmed the murmurs of the people, who lamented her.

## V.

Meanwhile, Godfrey, who, on the other side of the Rhine, was waiting with great anxiety for an answer to his letter, and who was being made gloomy by sad forebodings, had soon come to learn, that, in affairs of the heart, there are grave and serious conjunctures when presages do not deceive. The terrible death of Mary, and the frightful tragedy of Donauwerth, had been announced to him without any preparation, for no one knew that they were hurting his feelings; he had fallen ill, and he was successively informed of the hair of Lewis becoming white, of the apparitions of Mary, of her innocence being proclaimed, of the intervention of the sovereign pontiff, on the remorse of the murderer.

After three months of suffering and delirium, Godfrey arose, pale, emaciated, and distracted. Although he was extremely weak, his anger giving him energy, he put on his good armour without delay; he mounted his horse, and, notwithstanding his prohibition, re-entered Bavaria.

He wished to present himself before Lewis II., to challenge him to mortal combat, and to kill him.

One evening, when he had stopped at the door of an humble village church, some leagues from Munich, where Lewis II. had taken refuge, whilst the young warrior was rejoicing in the thought, that in a few days he might avenge Mary, or join her if he fell, he was awakened from his reflections by the tumultuous noise of a cavalcade, which was galloping back to Munich. It was Lewis II., wan, grey-headed, mournful, and grave, who was passing rapidly, with some courtiers as gloomy as himself. Godfrey started up briskly, and ran to his horse; he was just putting his foot in the stirrup, when a loud cry from Lewis of Bavaria made him turn his head. He saw the unhappy prince, who, with a distracted air, lowered his lance towards the steps of the little church; after which, he fled with all the signs of despair.

It was the ghost of Mary, which had again appeared. She was at the church door, clothed in white. Godfrey, on seeing her, felt his knees bend under him. She spoke to him in a gentle voice, ordering him not to seek to approach her, nor to follow her; to respect the life of Lewis II., and not to re-appear at the court of Bavaria, where his presence would give rise to new crimes.

Having said these words, she sighed, and disappeared into the sacred edifice, the door of which immediately shut.

It was the dead of night; but the young man was still in the same place, absorbed in meditations and doubts, which he could not enlighten. He resolved to wait there till day. The morning's air a little refreshed his troubled spirits. In his distraction, he pronounced before the cross the rash oath never to love any more, but to devote himself to the remembrance of Mary. "I will wait," said he, "for that better world, where I shall see her again."

An old priest, who served the church, whither the shade had seemed to retire, then came up and opened the doors. Godfrey entered, to hear the holy mass. He went in an agitated manner round the church, without discovering anything, either on the pavement or on the bare walls, which could give him any clue. After mass, he asked the good clergyman. He could tell him nothing of Mary of Brabant, except that a monument was erected to her memory at Furstenfeld, in Upper Bavaria, and that an



abbey was being built there, where twelve Carthusians, guardians of the remains of the duchess, were to pray perpetually for the expiation of her death. The abbot who was to govern Furstenfeld was already at Mary's tomb, with some monks. Godfrey was silent about the apparition, which had so astonished him; but his mind was made up. He sold his armour and his charger, and went to Furstenfeld, where he requested the abbot to receive him as a novice.

The venerable father in vain represented to him for some time the rigorousness of the order of S. Bruno; but, seeing that nothing could cool the zeal of Godfrey, he accepted him, and gave him the habit of a novice.

## VI.

During the noviciate of Godfrey, which, as usual, was to last for a year, the Duke of Bavaria occupied himself with travelling, hoping thereby to divert his mind. He succeeded in doing so, after some months of desultory excursions amongst the different courts of Germany. Soon after, at a tournament, in which he took part valiantly, he saw Anne of Glogau; and that lively and brilliant lady suddenly lighted a new flame within him, which diverted him from his remorse. Although his hair had turned white, Lewis II. was young and handsome. His history, his crime, his resentment, and his violence, had made him a hero in the eyes of the romantic Germans; and there are still some women who are taken by men of ardent passions, without foreseeing the frightful sufferings which they will experience, and who regard as proofs of love those excesses of jealousy which are only the proofs of an insulting mistrust. And then Lewis II. was powerful. Anne of Glogau did not repulse him; the day for the marriage was soon fixed, but without fuss or disturbance, on account of the recentness of a tragedy which had made so much noise. Lewis II. desired this also.

## VII.

At the very time that these nuptials were the subject of discussion, Godfrey de Loos, entirely detached from the world, was preparing to pronounce the eternal vows, and

to receive the habit of S. Bruno. Every morning and every evening he went to pray and weep at the tomb of Mary; and the good abbot, to whom he had confided his sad secret at the holy tribunal, deeply pitied him. He regarded him as an unfortunate man, whose head was disordered by an unfortunate love affair. Often had the young novice, pale and confused, told the venerable father that the shade of Mary had appeared to him, but without speaking, and that she had gone away sighing mournfully.

"These are deceptions, my son," said the pious abbot.

But Godfrey could not help believing that his visions were real.

The evening before the day when he was to renounce the things of this world, and to bind himself by vows which he could never break, a little before midnight, Godfrey de Loos was alone in his cell, praying, enlightened by a little feeble lamp, which burned before an image of the Holy Virgin; he thought that he saw at some distance the white phantom of Mary; he fancied that she spoke to him, and said, with a sad and slow voice, "Consider, Godfrey, you may yet re-enter the world, and find there attractions and honours, and forget such cruel reminiscences; think of this: in this place your life is a continual death, and to-morrow you will no longer be free."

He imagined that the shade had groaned at these words; he answered stammeringly; and, much agitated, was on the point of rising to advance towards the phantom, when the abbey-bell summoned the monks to matins. The vision vanished. Godfrey, pronouncing the last vows firmly, abjured the world, and took the Carthusian habit, in which he promised to die.

## VIII.

A month afterwards, the marriage of Lewis the Severe with Anne of Glogau was publicly declared. The young monk was quite astonished. "So," said he, "this ardent man does not remain faithful to her memory."

But as, giving way to these thoughts, he was walking in a small wood belonging to the monastery, Mary of Brabant met him. This time it was no longer a shade; it was Mary herself, alive and trembling.

"I have just heard of the marriage of the Duke of Bavaria," said she; "does his new engagement make me free? I do not know; but I am alive, and, wretched woman that I am, I was afraid to tell you; and I have allowed you to take vows which have become indissoluble."

"Living! What, you, Mary! What say you? O great God!" exclaimed the monk.

He advanced to take her hand; the dreaded thought of his religious duties held him back.

"Yes," replied she; "the executioner, less cruel than my husband, gave me my life, on condition that I would never appear in the presence of Lewis."

The heart of Godfrey was affected at once by surprise, joy, and bitter grief. Hardly daring to believe that he had again found her, whom he had so much lamented,—terrified by his vows, which ordered him to flee from her, he was beside himself for a moment. He fell prostrate on the ground, weeping and sobbing; and when he arose, he broke the mournful silence, saying,

"I will go and find the holy abbot, who has healed my wounds, and wept over my griefs. O, noble princess, come also and throw yourself at his knees, and implore his pity!"

Mary, overcome by the grief of Godfrey, followed him, trembling. They found the venerable abbot, alone, kneeling before the tomb of Mary of Brabant.

At the sight of the duchess, he started back, with a sort of instinctive terror.

"Sacred shade," said he, "is it true that God allows you to appear to me?"

But Godfrey and Mary, in the midst of their tears, explained to him how it was that the princess was alive. They begged of him, as a minister of God, to be their guide and support.

The abbot of Furstenfeld remained for some time in painful consideration. He, too, had wept, and appeared to pray to God to enlighten him.

"There are ties which no man can break," at last he said. "The sovereign pontiff, the vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ, is alone able, on earth, if he judges it to be right, to release you, my dear son, from the eternal vows which you have taken. But he cannot, unhappy lady, separate those whom God has united; he cannot deliver

you from the bonds which, notwithstanding the new marriage of the guilty Lewis, unite you with him for ever. But go to Rome, my daughter. All that my weakness can do here is to advise you, and to keep your fatal secrets. Go—clothed in the habit of S. Bruno, you will not be known, and you will be respected on the road. Never forget that you cannot be happy, even in this world, if you wander from the path which leads to the next."

Then he blessed her; and Godfrey saw her depart, concealing her grief. She went on foot, praying and fasting, neither neglecting the churches, nor the chapels, nor the stations, nor the acts of penitence, which might propitiate the mercy of God.

Alexander IV. still occupied the Holy See, a good and pious pontiff, accessible to gentle feelings; he received Mary of Brabant with paternal benevolence, listened to the pathetic account of her tragical history, and showed her the most tender interest. But, if he could release Godfrey from his vows, he also informed her that death alone could break the bonds which united her to Lewis of Bavaria. He showed to her, in her misfortunes, the punishment of a passion which she ought not to have cherished. He induced her to retire to France, under the protection of S. Lewis, and to live there in expectation of a world, where the heart would no longer be bruised.

Godfrey, remaining at Furstenfeld, and only wishing to be free if Mary was so too, heard no more of her.

The abbey where he prayed was completed magnificently in 1266.

Lewis II., in the year 1273, married, as his third wife, Matilda, daughter of Rodolph of Hapsburgh, whom he had just named king of the Romans. He died in 1294, at the age of sixty-five, and was buried in the abbey of Furstenfeld.

On the 29th of March, 1302, after a long course of penitence in that place of austerity, Godfrey died holily amongst ashes. The same day, by a singular coincidence, on the banks of the Marne, on the borders of the wood of Vincennes, in a little house of the parish of S. Maurice, afterwards comprised in that convent of Valdones, of which only one turret now remains, the nuns closed the eyes of a pious woman, who died in the habit of S. Bruno—it was Mary of Brabant.

## APPENDIX.

Many historians and chroniclers relate, in part, the tragical history of Mary of Brabant. It is nowhere given complete; and it is only by a collation of different authorities, and different traditions, that we have been able to restore it.

All historians are agreed as to the principal facts. It is everywhere the apparition of Mary of Brabant, the night following the crime, which turned white the beard and beautiful hair of Lewis the Severe.—*Raderus in Bavaria Sancta, tom. II. Mariæ Brabant.*

“Cum barba florente et juvenili, decoraque coma cubitum se contulisset, una nocte incanuerit,” says Father H. Engelgrave, the Jesuit, in his splendid work, entitled, “*Lux Evangelica*,” &c., page 171.

We have adopted the tradition which connects Godfrey de Loos with the destiny of Mary; but there is another version preferred in Germany. According to this, the duchess was at Donauwerth, and put two letters into the hand of the messenger—one sealed with black wax, and the other with red wax. The latter was addressed to the duke; the other to his aide-du-camp, Count Henry Von Ruchen. The courier was ordered not to show to Lewis the letter addressed to Von Ruchen.

We will allow M. André Delrieu, from whom we borrow this passage, to speak for himself, in a fragment, entitled, “The Caprices of the Danube.”

“By a fatal mistake of the courier, the dispatch sealed with black was seen by the Duke of Bavaria. As soon as the impetuous prince saw that the address was his wife’s handwriting, he was seized with a strange fury, and, without opening the letter, instantly stabbed the unhappy messenger; then, leaping on to his horse, galloped, without resting, to the castle of Donauwerth. The first person whom he met, at the entrance of his palace, was the captain of the guards. He killed him on the spot. Then he rushed, like a madman, into the room of Mary. The young princess was engaged with her sister-in-law embroidering a banner. Lewis seized his wife by the hair, dragged her into the public square, and, with a voice of thunder, ordered the implements of execution to be got ready. In vain did the unfortunate woman clasp the

knees of her murderer, and protest her innocence; in vain did her confessor, and all the people, ask for mercy—she must die. During the convulsions of the agony of death, a medallion fell from the bosom of the victim—it was the portrait of her husband. Thecla de Fannenberg, the betrothed of Count Henry, the countrywoman and friend of the duchess, shared her fate. The ladies of the court were exiled or imprisoned.”

Although M. André Delrieu says that he has collected these traditions from the chartulary of Donauwerth, we do not think ourselves bound to believe him; for everything is altered here. All serious accounts say that the execution of Mary was intrusted to an executioner, who accompanied the cruel prince; that it was to be secret, and inflicted in the dungeon—circumstances which saved our poor heroine.

“It appeared afterwards,” says M. Delrieu, “that the letter of the princess to Count Henry was only written to recommend him to prepare a surprise for the duke, by displaying to him, on the day of an approaching review, the banner which she and her sister-in-law were embroidering, and which they expected would soon be finished. The ‘History of Brabant,’ and the ‘Chronicle of Donauwerth,’ are silent as to the fate of Count Henry, the involuntary cause of the catastrophe.”

We only transcribe these details to complete our extract. We must not forget that the memory of Mary of Brabant has always been revered in Bavaria. Her benevolence is still remembered; and the district, which possesses her tomb, supposes itself to be preserved from famine by her influence.

The following inscription was placed over the gate of the abbey of Furstenfeld:—

“Conjugis innocuæ fusi monumenta cruoris,  
Pro culpa pretium, claustra sacrata vides.”

“As the monument of the bloodshedding of an innocent wife, you see this holy cloister erected to expiate the guilt.”

## THE TENNIS-COURT OF CONDÉ.

"It is said that the Lydians invented gaming. Could they have foreseen how much bloodshed it would cause?"—*Osenstiern.*

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IN the year 1468, under the government of the severe duke and harsh magistrate, Monseigneur Charles of Burgundy, Count of Flanders and Hainault, Duke of Brabant, Limburg, Luxemburgh, and other places, surnamed, when alive, the Bold and the Terrible, and, after his death, the Rash, happened a serious circumstance, of weighty moral effect, for those young noblemen who forget their duty towards God and their neighbour, and too readily give the reins to the emotions of anger and evil passions.

Sire John de La Hamaide, governor of Condé, lord of Haudion and Mainvault, and one of the chamberlains of the lord duke, had a natural son, who was called Arnold, and who was generally styled, after the fashion of those days, the Bastard de La Hamaide.

Although his father, ten years ago, had married the noble lady Mary Louchier, Arnold was well received at his father's house, and publicly avowed and much beloved by him; and he was always well provided for, and had men-at-arms under his command.

This young nobleman, who was then only twenty-four or twenty-five years old, had already distinguished himself very much. He had fought gallantly at the battle of Montchéry; and had merited the regard and praises of the lord duke. He was also distinguished among the courtiers for his valour, which he set off by great comeliness, by a graceful deportment, and good manners. But he was open to reproach for his violent and furious disposition. This defect, which was evidently a defect of the prince also, met, it is true, with indulgence, though Charles of Burgundy required of those about him a gentleness which he well knew that he had not himself.

The game of tennis was much in fashion at that time, and the Bastard de La Hamaide was fond of that sport; and, as there was a very good tennis-court at Condé, which had been made for him, every day, when he was not

employed in war, he used to amuse himself by playing there publicly, and his skill and gaiety were much admired.

Now, one day, when he was playing with much activity against some young knights, his friends, a doubtful stroke was made. A loud dispute arose; at last an umpire was chosen, by consent of all parties. It was an old canon, who was present. Having examined the blow, he decided against Arnold de La Hamaide, whose pride was so offended that he displayed so much anger as to attempt to kill the canon. He was restrained; but he swore so fiercely that he would have revenge, that the canon was alarmed, and took care to conceal himself.

Arnold retained his rage: he left off playing, and betook himself to search for the good man who had been unfortunate enough to offend him. Suspecting that he had taken refuge at a neighbouring village, at his brother's house, the Bastard hastened thither; but he only found the brother, who suspected nothing.

"The canon," cried Arnold: "I want the canon. If you do not give him up this moment, you are a dead man."

His eyes sparkled with rage, as he thus spoke.

"My good sir," said the countryman, beginning to tremble, "my brother, the canon, is not here; and, if he has offended you, I beg you to consider that I am innocent."

"He is here, clown," answered the haughty Bastard. "I am sure that he is here, and that you are hiding him. He has insulted me: he has said that I was wrong, when I was right. I will have his blood."

"My good sir, may God help you, recover yourself. My brother is a just man; if he has declared you to be wrong, when you were right, it must be because he was deceived; he will make amends for his error."

The poor man did not understand the point in question, but he saw, with alarm, the sinister indications of unrestrained wrath in the countenance of the young nobleman, and he sought to calm it.

"You admit, then, that he is here," resumed the Bastard, foaming at the mouth, "and you excuse him! I tell you that I will have his blood. I will not leave this place till I have taken vengeance on him or on you, who are his brother, and make yourself his champion."



The lips of the Bastard were so convulsed, that he hardly spoke these words distinctly. The canon's brother fell on his knees, clasping his hands, praying and weeping, protesting his innocence, taking God as his witness that his brother was not in his house, and begging for mercy.

But his tears and his suppliant posture did not soften the infuriated heart of Arnold ; with one blow of his heavy sword, which he brandished in a frenzied manner, he struck down the hands of the poor man kneeling before him, and, with another, pierced his heart, and left him dead.

After this crime he searched the house, and, not having found the canon, he wiped his sword, put it back into its sheath, departed coolly, and returned to Condé, very little disquieted by what he had done, and feeling assured that, because of his name, of his high family, and the favour of the duke which he enjoyed, no one would think anything of this affair. In fact, his father was allied to all the nobility of Hainault. No steps were taken to atone for the injury done to the canon's family ; no composition offered to the relations of the deceased ; and the assassin, who had not experienced an instant of fear, went away to Bruges, where the duke was making great preparations to receive the Princess Margaret of York, sister of the King of England, whom he was going to marry.

But Charles of Burgundy was beginning his reign, and he observed so much licentiousness among his nobility, that he wished for nothing more than an occasion of displaying his firmness in the execution of justice. Public report brought to his ears the account of the crime of the Bastard. By the display of his disposition, the family of the canon knowing that they would be well received if they demanded justice, the relations of the deceased came to Bruges, threw themselves at the feet of the lord duke, and laid their complaint before him. Charles raised them, promised that they should have redress, and swore by St. George that he would not delay it.

An hour afterwards, as the Bastard de La Hamaide was walking in the middle of the court of the palace at Bruges, with some noblemen, he was arrested by order of the duke, conducted under a strong guard to the prison of La Poterne, and put into strict confinement.

As soon as the relations of the Bastard learnt what had happened, they lost no time, as they knew the rigour of

the new sovereign. Some went to the canon to make composition with him, the others demanded an audience of the duke.

Charles of Burgundy received them in full council, and before all the lords of his court. He was dressed in black velvet, with a lining of tawny fur, wearing a red cap, his countenance paler than usual, his black eyebrows so contracted that they almost joined, and gave him a formidable appearance. He had his right hand on his dagger, the blade of which he kept drawing backwards and forwards, all the while seeming to attend to them. The relations of the Bastard, falling on their knees, begged the duke to mitigate the course of justice in favour of the young man, recounting all the services which he had rendered to the duke, his sovereign, in many pressing dangers during the war. The duke listened to them, biting his thumb-nail, as he used to do when he was making up his mind to anything. When they had finished, he spoke, twisting and pulling his moustache. This was a sign that what he was about to say was deliberate.

"Sire de La Hamaide," said he, "and you, other relatives of his, I know all the services which you have rendered me. But we are not now consulting about rewarding you; for the matter in question is not in my power. If you ask for pardon, there are here the members of the injured family who ask for justice; and it is my duty to do it by them. If you had, in the first instance, contented the complainants, and prevented their clamour from coming to my ears, you would perhaps have obtained what I cannot now grant to you; for I cannot give you the blood of their brother, which cries out to me. First of all, then, content that party. But, nevertheless, it is a pity that the offence is known to me, because I ought to make it a point of conscience not to neglect it."

The relations of the Bastard could only get this vague answer. They retired much disturbed, for the councillors of the prince secretly told them that they had heard Charles of Burgundy swear in a low voice by St. George, that the Bastard should die for it, long or short, that is, by the rope, or by the sword. Nevertheless, they thought that the duke would think twice before he affronted the chivalry of Hainault, who were all interested in this affair; and, to neglect nothing, they hastened to appease the family of the deceased, whom they completely satisfied

by means of money and honourable reparation. The canon, at the head of his party, even went to say to the duke that they were content, and that they entreated him to pardon the offender.

The duke replied by some words of obscure meaning, which might signify that all was not yet done; and the relations of the prisoner remained in uncertainty.

As for the Bastard, he had not the least idea in the world that he should die; and he dispelled the *ennui* of a prison by making good cheer.

Meanwhile all the preparations were made for the reception of Margaret of York, who was every instant expected to arrive at L'Ecluse. Bruges was full of nobles and gentlemen, who had come from all the provinces and from the territories of Burgundy; the ambassadors of all the Christian powers flocked toward it; a number of rich merchants and sight-seers had arrived for the marriage festivities, which were to be very magnificent. The duke chose that instant and those circumstances for the most impressive display of his justice.

On Friday, June 23, in the said year 1468, before quitting for L'Ecluse, whither he was going to receive the English princess, he summoned the écoutête of Bruges, who was the first magistrate of that city. He took him aside, and said:

"You will go this evening and take the Bastard of Condé, you will conduct him to the city prison, and to-morrow, at eleven o'clock in the morning, you will have him executed without Bruges, in the accustomed spot, with the ordinary forms. Such is my pleasure."

"My lord duke," said the magistrate, "my duty is to obey your commandment, and I will do it. But it is hard that such a fine young man, of so noble a family, could not obtain your mercy."

"You have heard what I said," the duke replied, coldly; "do as I have ordered, and give yourself no further trouble."

With this, Charles of Burgundy sent away the écoutête, and left for L'Ecluse.

At midnight the magistrate went and sought the Bastard, who had gone to bed, and who did not expect that death was so close at hand. He was led to the criminal prison, and was told that he must now only think of his soul; he began to lament, showing great signs of grief.

Two confessors were sent to him; and the magistrate, who felt an interest in him, secretly warned his family that they might yet try to save him.

On the Saturday morning the Chevalier James de Herchies came to L'Ecluse, to implore the intercession of the duchess-mother; he obtained her support. But the duke, as if he had anticipated what would be done, had gone to walk on the sea-shore. Herchies ran after him, but could not meet with him till two o'clock.

The magistrate, favourable to the condemned man to the last, had put off the execution till then, notwithstanding the formal orders of the sovereign. But at two o'clock, seeing no order come up, he abandoned the culprit, who had been properly confessed, and prepared for death.

He was bound on a cart with cords; "he was dressed," says Chastelain, "as richly as if he were going to a wedding." An immense multitude followed him, showing him every mark of sympathy, and many young women openly begged to be allowed to marry him, and so save him. But this favour could not be granted to them.

When he arrived at the place of execution, outside the city, he was taken out of the cart. He took off his rich silk doublet, bade farewell to all the world, and ascended the scaffold, contrite at last, and saying that he hoped that this shameful death, in the flower of his youth, would obtain mercy for him from God. His eyes were bound, he knelt down, and the executioner cut off his head at one blow, after which his body was exposed on a wheel as that of an assassin. The duke had ordered this.

During the meanwhile the Sire de La Hamaide, in great affliction, tore down his coat of arms, which was at the gate of his hotel, and, not wishing to remain any longer in a city where he thought himself dishonoured, he departed on horseback, carrying his jewels.

But at the very same hour the duke, yielding to the prayers of his mother, granted the pardon of the Bastard de La Hamaide, knowing well that it would be too late, indeed, but wishing to give some consolation to the family by allowing the body to be interred in consecrated ground. The remains of Arnold de La Hamaide were accordingly taken down from the wheel, and solemnly buried in the chapel of the Fiddlers at Bruges. And the great act of justice done by Duke Charles, by the salutary terror which it inspired, for a long time protected the humbler class of people against those of a higher rank.

## THE MONKEY OF CHARLES THE FIFTH.

"Anger is but the crisis of madness."—*Seneca.*

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SLEIDAN, a German historian, little worthy of esteem in general, has preserved for us the little anecdote, which will occupy us for a moment. Most historians have passed over this adventure in silence, supporting this conduct by the pretext that history ought to be grave and elevated. But, nevertheless, history is the picture of life,—a mixture of serious and comic events. And often there is no less instruction in a trivial event than in the solemn narration of what is usually called a great event. Let us not, then, neglect the anecdote. Pedants may do what they please; the monkey of Charles V. is an historical character.

It will be said, that Sleidan only related the adventure of the monkey, because that contemptible historian was the enemy of Charles V. But history is not an apology; and it is useful to remind the great men who surround us, of the weakness of the great men who have preceded them.

To begin, then:—The emperor Charles V., going to chastise the people of Ghent, in 1540, passed through Amiens. He was sad and thoughtful. It appeared hard to be angry with that great city where he had been born, especially since he himself, in a letter to Francis I., had taken, with a sort of pride, the title of a citizen of Ghent. But such excesses had taken place there, that he was obliged to inflict a severe punishment. He spoke to no one; and all the court in vain sought to divert him. Unusual and whimsical things alone were privileged to attract his notice for a moment. Thus, it was fortunate for the noble lords who accompanied Charles V. when they learnt, whilst going about Amiens, that there was in that city a good and patient man, who had a clever little monkey, whom he had made learned. By dint of perseverance, the citizen had so wonderfully instructed the animal in the game of chess, that the monkey feared no player, and that the best were beaten by him. It fortunately happened

that the game of chess was one of the favourite relaxations of the emperor. The monkey was bought at a great price, and offered to Charles V. The prince showed that he was charmed with the creature, and took it with him to Ghent.

Sleidan relates then, that Charles V. took pleasure in playing at chess with his little monkey. The monkey was clever, well trained, and a good player; but a bad courtier, and only played attentively on a little chess-board made on purpose for him.

Before proceeding farther, if any one is astonished to see a monkey play at chess, we beg the reader to remember the automaton, which, in the course of the last century, gained such a reputation by this sort of talent. For the benefit of those who do not remember this curious fact, we give the following description, which is found in all the accounts of it:—

The automaton, known by the name of the *Chess Player*, was seated at a table, the pieces being arranged according to the rules of the game. As soon as a player offered himself, the game began. The figure, of the size of a man, appeared to reflect attentively, and to survey all the pieces; so the amateur who played with it had all the time necessary to devise his moves. But hardly had he moved a piece, when the automaton, lifting its left arm, placed its piece. When it was going to take a piece, it pointed out with its finger the one lost by its adversary; it was removed, and it then placed its own piece very accurately. When the player violated the rules of the game, it shook its head till the error was rectified. Order being re-established, the automaton continued to act by itself, without any assistance from any quarter (at least, so it was said); and we are assured that it never lost, although it was brought out against the best players of all countries.

This admirable machine was executed by M. Kempile, a councillor of the imperial and royal chamber at Presburg.

In an automaton, perhaps you will say, still there is the genius of man. But may not man, with patience, train animals to a mechanical perfection? Have not dogs and horses been seen to perform surprising feats, and to show an amount of intelligence that a machine can never have? We might go much farther, if we chose to indulge in digressions on this topic; so let us return to the emperor's monkey.

One day, when he was playing with his majesty, in the old halls of the princes' court at Ghent, when the parties were in the heat of action, the monkey, announcing his triumph by a caper, gave the scholar's mate.

Charles V., who was no doubt affected by other anxieties, was so piqued at this stroke, that he took up the chess-board and threw it at the monkey's head.

This was, though he was an emperor, showing himself to be an abominable player, especially under the circumstances.

Diogenes one day saw an Athenian beating his horse unmercifully, because it happened to stumble. The horse, irritated by the pain, began to kick, and the man to beat it more severely. The cynic philosopher stopped, and said, "Let us see which will be the most reasonable." It was easy to see; it was the horse.

Diogenes should have been on that day at the princes' court at Ghent. He would have repeated his famous saying, "Men ought to be rich in reason, for they lay out very little."

When Charles V. had recovered his temper, he invited the monkey to come to the table and play again. The little creature, whose head bled, did not wish at first to enter into the lists with so rough a player as its master; but, like the Athenian's horse, the monkey had to yield. Charles V., it is said, took so high a tone, that the poor little animal obeyed; and, not yet having become a flatterer, it again gave the scholar's mate (no doubt according to its rule).

But, as soon as it had placed the piece, which gave check to the emperor, it was observed to plunge nimbly under the table, to avoid the anger, the weight of which it had just felt.

It was only then that Charles V. understood to what a degree of littleness anger reduces a man. "That monkey," said he, "has taught me an important lesson."

His sister, the queen of Hungary, added, "It is because he has not yet been at court above a week."

## A LESSON OF JUSTUS LIPSIUS.

"Kings are great because they give; and, if your highnesses pardon, what praises of you will be uttered! Clemency will make you great."

*Theophilus Vind.*

On the 28th November, 1599, there was a brilliant and numerous court at the town-hall of Louvain; it was that of the Archduke Albert, and of his royal wife, the Infanta Isabella. At last Belgium saw in them no longer governors-general, but sovereigns. The more trouble the Netherlands gave to the old King Philip II., the more he clung to them. Forty years of wars and sanguinary disturbances, indeed, had not succeeded in bringing the Belgians to submission. In 1596, he had intrusted the care of pacifying these unfortunate countries to his nephew, the Archduke Albert, Cardinal of Toledo. Already, though very young, in his newly-conquered vice-royalty of Portugal, Albert had shown his wisdom and political talents. These talents were not yet enough in Belgium, where it was also constantly necessary to be fighting. At length, with a view of conciliating those dispositions, which could not reconcile themselves to the Spanish government, Philip II. decided, in 1598, to detach the Catholic Netherlands from his crown. He made them into a separate and independent state, which he assigned as a dowry to his daughter, Isabella Clara Eugenia, and he resolved to marry her to the Archduke Albert. For this union the prince had need of a double dispensation; he was marrying his cousin, and he was a cardinal. The king of Spain obtained all the support of Rome in favour of an arrangement which was to put an end to so long a war. Albert, released from his vows, laid down his cassock and cardinal's hat at the feet of our Lady of Hal; after which, resuming the armour of a knight, he departed for the celebration of his marriage, which took place at Valencia on the 18th of April, 1599.

The Archduke Albert was forty years old. His appearance was cold and reserved, but noble and benevolent. The Infanta Isabella reckoned thirty-two years; she was tall, well-shaped, perhaps somewhat thin; she had expres-



sive black eyes, a very dark complexion, regular features, but was not remarkable for beauty. Although her complexion was swarthy and already superannuated, as the rhymsters of those days ungallantly said, she was a princess estimable for her wisdom, her great charity, her profound piety, and her virtues and talents. She was accustomed to war, to expeditions, to the chase, to fatigue, and also to the labours of the cabinet. "She was," says Brantome, "a princess of a gentle disposition, who managed all her father's affairs, and was much exhausted thereby, so that he cherished her very much." Philip II. used to call her the light of his eyes. For a long time he had hoped to see her queen of France. When the king of Navarre (afterwards Henry IV.) had determined to repudiate Margaret of Valois, it had been proposed to him to marry the infanta, who was younger then, and that union would have spared France many wounds. But the French were afraid that they would thereby fall under the protection of Spain, and the negotiations had been broken off. Nevertheless, as if this princess had been destined to be in some respects an instrument of reconciliation and of peace, by becoming the wife of her cousin Albert, she was to calm the convulsions of Belgium, which could not be reduced to subjection by violence.

But it required all the firmness of Albert and of Isabella, to whom at least this quality was common, to restore peace in the Belgic provinces. The first years of their reign were nothing but long and furious wars. Albert, though originally devoted to the service of the church, was an able warrior, and brave on account of his piety and faith, as many facts testify. His breastplate, which is preserved in the museum at Brussels, bears the marks of four musket-shots, which he received at the long siege of Ostend. It was during that siege that the infanta, the indefatigable and constant companion of her husband even in the camp, gave up her diamonds to the soldiers, who were mutinying because they were not paid; it was there, also, that, impatient at the resistance made by the garrison of Ostend, and also reckoning too much on an increase of forces, which had arrived to her aid, she made a vow not to change her linen till she was mistress of the place. She kept this oath; and the siege having lasted more than three years, the linen acquired that tawny colour, which is still called, after her, "Isabella-colour."

But while we borrow from the future, in order to become acquainted with the persons with whom we have to deal, we are digressing from the period of our narration. Albert and Isabella, having been married April 18, 1599, made their entry into Brussels with much magnificence on the 6th of September. Although named as sovereigns by Philip II., it was necessary for them, in that free country, to be recognized as such; and the Estates, attentive in maintaining the public privileges, had taken some time to draw up the form of an oath, which was to bind reciprocally both sovereign and people. The inauguration of the archdukes (the title assumed by Albert and Isabella) was not celebrated at Louvain till the end of November. It did not take place at Ghent till 1600.

Isabella and her husband loved the arts and sciences; they showed themselves favourable to industry and commerce. But their rigid piety and the severity of their manners promised on their part, in matters of discipline, a severe government. Rebels, heretics, and other criminals, groaned in the prisons; they were equitably judged according to the existing laws. It might have been wished that the archdukes had been a little more prodigal of pardons. The results of their administration, firm at first, then gradually moderated from day to day, proved the wisdom of their government.

The court of the archdukes then was assembled, after mass, which they used to hear daily, in the largest hall of the town-house of Louvain. It was, as has been said, the 28th of November. The weather was cloudy and rainy; it was nine o'clock in the morning, and the numerous assemblage of courtiers had the prospect of a dull day, when Albert gently asked,—

“What is there worth knowing in this learned town?”

“There is the university, your highness,” said the burgomaster of Louvain; “it has had Charles V. in its classes.”

“And now,” added the Count of Fuentes, “it reckons Justus Lipsius among its professors.”

“I know that great name,” said Isabella; “my father has conferred on him the title of his historiographer. Is he not from Brabant?”

“Yes, madam,” replied the burgomaster. “He was born at Isque, between Louvain and Brussels; he is now fifty-two years old. His family was noble and rich; his uncle,

Martin, was friend of Erasmus. At the age of ten, at the college of Ath, he wrote Latin verses, which created a great sensation."

"At nineteen," continued the Count of Berg, "he published his book '*Variarum Lectionum*,' admired for its pure Latinity, and an elegance of style, which belongs to the best period of Roman literature."

"I have read it," said Isabella; "one might imagine it to be the work of Cicero. Was not the book dedicated to Cardinal de Granvelle?"

"Just so, madam."

"I greatly esteemed," said Albert, "his commentary on Tacitus."

"That is a wonderful work," replied the Count de Fuentes. "It has already gone through ten editions."

"I prefer, for my part," said Isabella, "his treatise '*De Militia Romana*.' How he initiates us into all the military science of those ancient masters of the world. But his '*Politics*' do not appear to me to be excellent."

"He has had something to do with politics, though," interrupted Cabbellauw, without perceiving that he was mistaking the drift of the conversation.

This Cabbellauw was a good stout Flemish captain, not a very scientific man. He went on boldly:

"Did not the professor take part with the Earl of Leicester, when Queen Elizabeth sent his lordship over to us, in the hopes that we should become English subjects?"

"Oh!" said Albert, "we must forget such things as that. We are persuaded that Justus Lipsius scarcely remembers these former peccadilloes himself."

The Count de Berg smiled.

"He has a very good memory, nevertheless; for it is said, that, by studying Tacitus, he came to know it all by heart. There is a story told of him, that, one day, he undertook to recite, word for word, all the passages from that famous writer which might be called for, consenting to be stabbed if he did not say them correctly."

"That was a rash condition," said Albert.

"Notwithstanding some boasting, which is to be attributed to the weakness of human nature," said the arch-duchess, "such men are such exceptions to the ordinary people, that we can hardly make too much of them."

"He is an honour to the country, madam," continued

the Count of Fuentes. "Consider, too, all that has been done to deprive us of him. At Vienna no inducements were spared; at Jena, where he taught eloquence and history, five-and-twenty years ago, the Princes of Saxe-Coburg made him the most honourable offers; at Leyden, mountains of gold were offered to retain him. Six years ago, when he was at Liege, Pope Clement VIII. at Rome, King Henry IV. at Paris, Ferdinand de Medici at Florence, the senate of Venice, the academy of Pisa, all the powers, who honour genius, wished to possess him; all the courts sent ambassadors to him—that is the best word that I can use. The love of his country prevailed in the heart of Justus Lipsius. He preferred the chair of ancient history in the university of Louvain; he will no doubt occupy it till his death."

"And surely," said Albert, "he has abandoned his errors in matters of religion?"

"Do you doubt it?" replied the Infanta. "Did he not abjure at Mentz all that might be found tainted with heresy in his writings or actions, from the time that he went to live among heretics? I will answer for him. He has always loved his religion and his country; but the misfortune of living with Protestants made his head alone err somewhat. So our late friend, Dominic Lampsonius, whom we have recently lost,—that agreeable poet and painter, who effected such a graceful union between the pencil and the pen, had but light efforts to make to bring back this lost sheep to the fold."

"Justus Lipsius," added the Count of Berg, "is at present writing the marvellous history of Our Lady of Hal."

"When are the lectures on ancient history delivered?" suddenly inquired Isabella.

"At this very hour, madam," answered the burgo-master.

"Gentlemen," said the archduchess, raising her voice, "we will go and see what is rarer than any monument—a great man. Our desire is, that all the court should be present with us, at a lecture of Dr. Justus Lipsius, on the same benches where our august grandfather Charles V. once sat."

The assembly hailed this proposition with satisfaction unanimously; they saw in it, at least, an employment for an hour. The archdukes, and their suite,—the knights of the Golden Fleece,—the dukes, marquises, and counts,

the ladies of honour, and the captains, the gentlemen and the pages, the burgomaster and the chief men of the town, about two hundred persons altogether, more or less, bedecked in silk, gold, and velvet, adorned with plumes, gold chains, diamonds, and lace, went to the university, preceded by a band of music, and followed by a wondering crowd.

The gates of the Temple of the Sciences, founded by John IV., Duke of Brabant, opened wide to admit the noble procession; and the court of Isabella entered the quadrangle, which was quite quiet, when Justus Lipsius, being annoyed by the music, asked what was the meaning of all that noise.

As an answer, he beheld the archdukes and their numerous suite. The burgomaster, advancing to the foot of the professor's chair, announced to him that their highnesses begged the favour to be allowed to be present at his lecture. The silence of the school was not otherwise disturbed. Isabella and her court saluted him with that sort of respect which is shown in sanctuaries, where the tongue must be mute. Justus Lipsius, without descending from his seat, had risen and laid aside his cap. He knew that men of science were then on the same footing as sovereigns; he remembered that, at a public ceremony, the Emperor Charles V. had given precedence to the rector magnificus of Louvain. He saluted his noble hearers by an inclination of his head, whilst his numerous pupils, proud of the honour which was done to their beloved master, gave up their places to the court, and stood in a dense crowd at the end of the vast hall.

Justus Lipsius was of middle stature; his forehead was wide and high, his eyes brilliant; he grew thinner as he grew older; the colour of his complexion indicated the beginning of the liver complaint, which was soon to bring him to the grave. He was clothed in a plain gown of black stuff, with wide sleeves. He had before him a tulip, in a little white vase; for he took pleasure in the cultivation of flowers. His dog, Saphir, was reclining comfortably at the foot of the seat.

The lesson of Justus Lipsius had only been suspended by a slight movement of some minutes' duration. All had become quiet again; only the audience had changed its appearance.

At the moment of the entry of the court, the professor

was gravely explaining to his attentive pupils the interesting details of the noble retreat of the ten thousand, written by Xenophon, who had been the hero of it. Instead of continuing that subject before the archdukes, he took into his hand the book of Seneca, "On Clemency." He read that remarkable passage, where that virtue which pardons is represented in glowing colours, as capable of raising a man to the gods. Lipsius, in public, spoke with spirit, eloquence, and grace;\* all the fire of his genius inspired him; he commented splendidly on a text so suitable to the occasion; he showed that clemency was the only especial virtue which could distinguish great men from others. "They alone have power to exercise it," said he; "they alone can overcome their enemies by the force of conferring benefits."

He depicted the authority which restrains hearts, and the kindness which gains them; the justice which freezes nations, and the pardon which makes them happy, and re-animates them. He drew a delightful picture of the serenity which takes possession of a soul gifted with clemency,—of the placid sleep enjoyed by one who has a benevolent heart; he showed that death had no agony, no terror, no fright, no repulsiveness, at the end of a generous life. He enhanced the sublime morality of the pagan philosopher, by enforcing it by means of the superhuman doctrine and the august words of the Gospel. "God would not be God," he added, "if his mercy were not equal to his immensity; and Satan would no longer be a devil if mercy could enter into his heart. Thus, among sovereigns, those only will be great among men, and elect before God, who have measured their clemency by the extent of their power."

The professor stopped; the lecture was over. The court retired, impressed, grave, and serious. The evening of that day, the Archduke Albert appointed Justus Lipsius a member of his council of state. He signed, in concert with Isabella, letters of pardon for three hundred Brabanters, who had been imprisoned, who the next day, to their astonishment, saw their prison-doors thrown open. On November 30, they went in a body to thank Justus Lipsius. Every year, on the same day, they brought him, till the time of his death, a bouquet of magnificent tulips. But in the year 1606 they laid them on his tomb.

\* "*Loquela prompta nec sine venere in publico.*"—*Reiffenberg*.

## SLOTH.

## THE CUT NAPKIN.

“ Knight, you have arms; have you a right to bear them ? ”

*Rhymes of Touraine.*

FRANCE was formerly reckoned to be the land of politeness, and the court of France was so rigorously composed, that it was a tribunal of honour, whose judgments had some weight in the world. The most eminent persons of every country were proud of its approbation, and ashamed of its blame. Those old knights, without fear and without reproach, who perhaps were as good as ourselves, had, nevertheless (you will agree with us in saying so), some ideas of loyalty; and if we did not persist so obstinately in burying our old exploits under the mountains of laurels which we raise to the glories of our own time, be assured that we should find yet many noble deeds in the actions of our fathers. However, it is not our intention to write a chapter of apologies, nor to raise a trophy, nor to drag from obscurity a great action hitherto neglected. We only wish to relate a little fact, and to recall to mind a singular ceremony. But these preliminary reflections may meet with some application.

On the 2nd of January, 1395, Messire John de Montaigu, grand master of the king's palace, was returning to his residence in the Rue de Jouy, near the postern of S. Paul, accompanied by one of his friends.

He was returning from the new palace, which the Parisians called the palace of the great revels, and had invited some noblemen to sup with him. He hastened to give his orders, for it was three o'clock, and supper was at five.

During this time the friend who accompanied him, and who was the Count of S. Paul, was paying his respects to the wife of the favourite minister.

In the midst of these preparations, John de Montaigu saw an esquire, or knight, come into the court, who seemed to have come from a distance. It was the young lord of Duyvenvoorde, who, arriving in a travelling dress, nevertheless presented himself at once.

"Messire," said he, saluting Montaigu, "I am sent to you by my lord the Count of Ostrevant, heir of Hainault, Holland, Zealand, and Friesland. He knows that you have here a princely hotel; and, in the state in which he is obliged to flee from the wrath of his father, not daring, as in his other journeys, to present himself at once at the court of the king, he begs you to accommodate himself and his suite for some days."

"All our hotel is at the disposal of the Count of Ostrevant," replied Montaigu. "Do you precede him by many hours?"

"Not by more than one hour. He will wait for my return and your answer, messire, to enter Paris."

"Tell him, then, that his arrival does us the highest honour." The young lord of Duyvenvoorde saluted Montaigu, and descended the staircase; John de Montaigu escorted him as far as the last step. Then only he asked him of how many persons the prince's suite consisted.

"Of ten knights," answered the messenger.

He put spurs to his horse and disappeared.

"This changes the arrangement of my supper a little," said John de Montaigu, as he returned; "they will be here in an instant."

He spoke some words in his wife's ear; then he found himself alone with the Count of S. Paul.

"I shall be pleased," said the latter, "to see the young Count of Ostrevant again. He is a good fellow."

"Too much of a good fellow, perhaps, for the country which he is one day to govern. But our lord the king wishes him well. He has already shown that, by giving him one of his daughters in marriage; and though, by the early death of the princess Frances, he has been left a widower, he is not yet abandoned, for there is a plan for giving him the princess of Burgundy as a wife."

"The daughter of Philip the Bold! That will be a great support to him."



"He will want it, I think. His country of Hainault is not very difficult to manage, though parties are being formed even there; but Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, are very awkward. There are, besides, in the country of Holland, the two factions of the Hoecks and the Cabillaux, who will devour that noble realm, if great care be not taken. The Cabillaux are so called from the name of a species of fish, which is very abundant, which we call a cod. This party represents the cities and municipalities. The others are called Hoecks; that is to say, "hooks," to show to the former that they will capture them, as the hook captures the cod. This party consists of the lords and country people. These two factions, threatening from their very beginning, have already shed a river of blood between them. Wars, furious battles, and treasons, have marked their existence. Albert of Bavaria, that weak sovereign, whose son we are about to receive, instead of calming these divisions, has infuriated them by mixing in them. First he declared for the Hoecks, then he turned round to the Cabillaux.\* The cause of this change is said to have been attributable to the conduct of a young lady, named Aleyde de Poelgest, to whom he was paying court, as he was a widower.

"The enraged courtiers, not long since, watched for the poor girl one evening, and killed her with battle-axes, not far from the palace. But, as they also massacred William Kaeyser, master of the count's palace, a young man who had attempted to defend her, the father of that young nobleman demanded justice. He brought the list of the murderers; or, at least, of those whom he accused. They

\* The origin of the factions of Hoecks and Cabillaux, which caused so much bloodshed in Holland for 150 years, is sad enough. Margaret of Holland, sovereign Countess of Holland, Zealand, Hainault, and Friesland, became a widow in 1347, by the death of the emperor Lewis of Bavaria, and ceded to her son (William V.), Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, on consideration of receiving a pension; reserving Hainault for herself. Not only did William V. neglect to pay the pension due to his mother, but he also took Hainault from her. A frightful war arose between the mother, who wished to regain power, and the son, who wished to keep it. The nobles and peasants took the part of Margaret, the municipalities declared for William; and then arose these denominations of Hoecks and Cabillaux. After horrible battles and conflicts, the unfortunate mother retired into a convent at Valenciennes, where she died in 1354. Four years afterwards, William became raving mad, and was confined in the castle of Quesnoy, where he vegetated for thirty years near his mother's tomb. He is called in history William the Senseless. Albert of Bavaria, who succeeded him, was his brother. This wretched William V. had no children.

were, the viscount of Leyden, the lord of Haamstede, the lord of Duyvenvoorde, and noblemen of the houses of Aspren, La Lech, Montfort, Polanen, Woude, and War-mont. There were fifty-four of them, which was a good many for an ambush against one woman. Albert of Bavaria, in his irritation, cited all those nobles, who did not appear. He then put them under the ban of the county of Holland, condemning them to forfeiture of their lives and goods. Whilst their castles were being ruined, and their lordships laid waste, they put themselves under the protection of William of Ostrevant, who had remained faithful to the party of the Hoecks. The young man thus incurred the anger of his father, who, by a new sentence, comprised him also in the list of the proscribed. William then retired with the banished nobles, whose protection he had undertaken, to his castle of Altena. But his father, always inflexible, having raised an army, came and besieged him there. Not venturing to engage in a new parricidal war, the young count left the castle; and he has come, no doubt, to beg us to reconcile him with his father. The occasion is a good one; for we know that Albert of Bavaria, though he is getting old, is now preparing to marry, as his second wife, the princess Margaret of Cleves; and marriage festivities are always accompanied by pardons. But, nevertheless, I think that, in the king's council, some lesson will be given to the young prince, who is accused of dissipation, levity, and inactivity. He has done nothing hitherto, and that is disgraceful in a prince."

John de Montaigu had just finished this explanation, which we have given succinctly, when the loud trampling of horses announced the arrival of the Dutch exiles. The minister descended to his gate to receive the prince and his suite. Madame de Montaigu, who had stationed herself at the head of the stairs, immediately conducted her guests into a room where washing materials were offered to them; after which, pages presented rich vestments to each noble, the most magnificent being destined for the use of the Count of Ostrevant.\* The travellers then took off

\* This title of Count of Ostrevant, taken from a district of Hainault, was always given to the presumptive heir to that sovereignty. We cannot understand how it is that, in the history of the Dukes of Burgundy, by M. de Barante, he is always called the *Count of Osternant*, a mistake which is retained, with many others, in all the Paris editions.

their travelling dresses; and when the arrival of the French lords invited by Montaigu allowed supper to be announced, the young fugitives presented themselves, looking like elegant courtiers.

The heir of Hainault and Holland was thirty years old. He was a fine young man, making a favourable impression, as we say nowadays, but having, in reality, too much frivolity, and too little steadiness, for the destinies to which his birth called him. It was, no doubt, of this thoughtless levity that Montaigu was thinking, when he spoke of giving him a lesson. But, for the first day, nothing but hospitality must be thought of. Nothing was considered but how to show civil treatment to the prince and his knights, whose white skins and ruddy complexions showed them to be children of the north.

"You have been travelling in very rough and disagreeable weather, my lord," said John de Montaigu; "but you arrive at Paris at a good season."

"Indeed to-morrow," added the Count of S. Paul, "we keep the feast of S. Geneviève, the patroness of Paris, and three days afterwards come the joyful revels of the Epiphany."

"We hope, messires," said Madame de Montaigu, addressing herself to all of them, "that these rejoicings will make you forget the fatigues of so long a journey."

"Your kind reception of us, madam, has already driven them away," gallantly said the Sire de Polanen.

We will not here describe the supper, nor the hippocras, nor the spiced wines, nor the amusements which occupied the evening. Our fathers used to retire to rest early, and besides, we are in haste.

The next day, January 3rd, was announced by the ringing of bells and the joy of children, by the movements and songs of the people. Then they did not forget, as we do now, that humble and holy shepherdess, who saved Paris from the fury of Attila, and whose benefits caused her to be regarded in some degree as the foundress of the city, of which she continued to be a tutelary angel. Gratitude is the memory of the heart, as a famous deaf and dumb person said. Our fathers then remembered that, during the frightful malady of the burning, the august shrine of S. Geneviève had, by passing through the desolated streets of Paris, restored health to the city; and those men of old days, our fathers, would blush for us, if

they revisited this pompous and vain Paris, where St. Geneviève no longer has a temple, she, the holy child of the people, whom they always saw extending from the height of heaven her crook over her beloved city, and protecting it by her smile. Then the feast was a great one, the glittering shrine was resplendent in the midst of the magnificent and ornamented church, waves of incense sported in the vaulted roof, and every Parisian would have deemed himself unworthy of the name if he had not gone on that day to honour his pious patroness.\*

Then, too, Holland had not breathed the breath of Calvin, colder than the ice of its great rivers. The Count of Ostrevant, and all who accompanied him, went to pray before the shrine of St. Geneviève.

They supped that evening again with John de Montaigu. A feast awaited them next day at the hotel of S. Paul. That same day, January 4th, the grand-master of the king's palace went to the council to announce the arrival of his guests. The prince, alas! could not speak to the king. At that time the unfortunate Charles VI. was suffering one of those gloomy attacks of madness, which caused such lasting wounds to the kingdom. The council which governed, and whose thoughts Montaigu had guessed at, actually showed itself of a disposition to give a lesson to the young Count of Ostrevant.

"This prince who comes to us," said the Duke of Orleans, "ought to be reminded of his knightly duties. He is thirty years old, he has been honoured by an alliance with the royal family of France; he is to govern extensive dominions, and what has he done? Nothing is yet connected with his name. He has employed his zeal in vain quarrels, which his feeble father allows to become formidable; and yet he has laurels to reap in the very states which he will one day possess. Has he not to reduce those always unsubdued Frieslanders, who will bear no yoke, who killed their count, William II., in a marsh with blows of sticks; and more recently murdered William IV., the great uncle of the Count of Ostrevant, in the trenches of Staveren?"

\* Among a Christian people this church of S. Geneviève has been made into a sort of bone-warehouse, called the *Pantheon*, as if we had gone back two thousand years. There is some talk of putting an allegorical statue in it. But what allegory will be so good as S. Geneviève? That graceful personification of Paris surely could guard what we call our great men!

"What can he do against those people, my lord," said Montaigu; "no one has ever been able to reduce them to submission?"

"You are mistaken: they submit to the sceptre of one, whom they respect. They raised William III. on the buckler, the same count who earned the surname of the Good; but they despise power, when they see it in unworthy hands. Present the young prince to us to-morrow. As for his suite, who are accused of the murder of a woman, they cannot appear at court."

John de Montaigu frankly fulfilled his commission. The Dutch nobles took no offence; it was an age when truth might be spoken.

On January 5th, William of Ostrevant was presented at court, where the princes, relations, or ministers of the king, kept his place in such a manner, that they stripped it piece by piece. On arriving at the palace of the Great Revels he crossed the jousting court, where chivalrous sports were celebrated; then leaving on his right hand the yards flanked by dovecots and full of poultry, and on his left the gardens planted with apple-trees, sown with pulse, and ornamented with arbours of vines, he ascended to the palace. He crossed the chamber of Charlemagne, ninety-eight feet and a half long and thirty-nine and a quarter wide (to adopt the modern measures), and the beams of which were richly adorned with tin *fleurs-de-lis*. He passed by the cloth-room, where the king's linen was kept, then by the chamber called the king's bed-room, which was then occupied, then by the study, by the bath-room, and at last arrived in a room called *le réduit* (withdrawing-room), because it was thither that visitors retired for conversation. All these places, notwithstanding their extent, were very dark; the windows, adorned with stained glass, as in churches, were also covered with network of iron wire, to prevent the pigeons from taking possession of the rooms. Thus, on setting foot in the withdrawing-room, the Count of Ostrevant rubbed his eyes, seeing no one. In fact no one appeared; there was only, at the end of the room, the Duke of Orleans, who had passed the night there, and was alone, and almost lost in an immense couch.\*

"Prince," said he, sitting up on his mattress, "I thought

\* A bed twelve feet long and twelve feet wide, used for visitors, was called *couche*; a bed of the ordinary size, *couchette*.

to have received you with more honour; but I was not able to call together the nobility so soon in the morning. I will get up at once; and, if you please, we will dine together. Time is advancing to-day; for to-morrow we invite you, in the name of our lord the king, to take your twelfth-night supper here with our knights. If the festivities should be kept up till late, we will give you a place in our couch."

The Count of Ostrevant was embarrassed; the reception was rather unceremonious; but as, for want of the king, he was obliged to content himself with princes, he put the best face on the matter.

During dinner, which was soon despatched, and during which they talked on indifferent affairs, he appeared gay, and at his ease. He came the next day to the twelfth-night supper, where the bean was to be drawn; hoping that, after having been admitted to that honour, he should be given an audience the next day.

The twelfth-night supper was laid out in the chamber of Charlemagne; a round star, formed of a great number of small lighted tapers, glittered at the end of the great hall, in memory of the star of the magi; stools, covered with leather, were placed round the great table, which was arranged for forty guests; the servants and attendants were busy; the isquires were preparing to carve the numerous dishes; and the heralds, to whom the task of keeping order had been intrusted, stood in their tabards at the four corners of the table. Their chief, the king-at-arms, a grey-haired old man, was to proclaim the king, who drew the bean, and to cry the cries of honour. The queen and some ladies honoured the banquet by their presence; but the king was not to appear there; and his arm-chair, the only one of the kind in the room, was to remain empty, guarded by the king-at-arms, who stood behind it.

The court chaplain having blessed the table, and the enormous twelfth-cake which stood in the middle, all the company seated themselves. The supper began formally with soup, according to the old custom.

Before the distribution of the dishes, which the esquires helped at the side-boards, the heralds inspected the guests, to see whether they were worthy of the honour done to them; for every man, who had eaten at the king's table, was acknowledged to be a gentleman and a knight, ....

One of the heralds, on coming to the young Count of Ostrevant, looked at him attentively: then asked his name.

"William of Hainault and Holland, Count of Ostrevant," he answered, a little surprised.

The herald then with his sword cut the napkin before him, and threw the fragment on the ground, saying, "Do not you know, my lord, that no person can eat at the king's table if he has no arms?"

At this affront of cutting the napkin, which was a dishonourable exclusion, William arose, blushing, and, restrained by the respect which was due to the heralds, to the queen, and to the company, he merely said:

"But I think that I have arms as well as any one else."

The herald turned to the king-at-arms, saying: "The young lord maintains his right."

"No," replied the king-at-arms; "If you are William of Ostrevant, your great uncle, Count William IV., was beaten by the Frieslanders at Staveren; not only have you not avenged him, but his body still lies amongst his enemies, deprived of the honours of burial. It would not be so, my lord, if you had arms."

All the guests were silent, and cast down their eyes at so serious a lesson. The young prince, being put out of countenance, and losing his self-respect, immediately quitted the hall.

One man only followed him to console him; it was the Count of S. Paul, who accompanied him back to the hotel of Montaignu.

"We leave to-morrow," said William to the nobles of his suite, as he came in, "at an early hour. I have suffered an insult which I deserved; but I will wash out that disgrace, and show myself to be a knight."

The Count of Ostrevant having thus said, began to weep. The Count of S. Paul, having said much to him by way of encouragement, promised to go with him to chastise the Frieslanders.

William returned to Mons by long marches, bringing with him the Count of S. Paul, and other French nobles. He wrote from Mons to his father to submit unreservedly to him, and to beg permission of him to go and avenge the murder of William IV.

Not only did Albert pardon him, but he raised a large

army immediately, and went with him to subdue Friesland, which he did after a fierce war of four years' duration. The body of William IV. was recovered, and honourably buried at the Hague, in the chapel of the court of Holland. The court of France then showed favour to the Count of Ostrevant, who not long after became sovereign, under the name of William VI. The king, in 1409, even gave him the hotel of John de Montaigu, at Paris, which was thenceforth called the Hotel of Bavaria, and which was destroyed and divided at the end of the sixteenth century.

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In the archives of Mons is preserved a document, which some amateurs may find curious, and which will be interesting to painters and economists. It treats of this same hotel of John de Montaigu, granted, with part of its furniture, to William VI. in 1409, which induces us to give this hitherto unknown paper.

*Inventory of moveables belonging to my dread lord Monseigneur de Hainault, being in his hotel at Paris, in the Rue de Tours, near the postern of S. Paul, made out November 20, 1409.*

A pavilion, with top and back, adorned with the arms of his lordship, with serge curtains, striped white and red; two pieces of tapestry of the same, with a scarlet velvet cushion, being now in the chamber where my lord sleeps; which pavilion, top and back, were given by my lord's orders to James de Floyon, his equerry.

A top and back of silk, striped with white and two other colours; the counterpane of the same, turned up with scarlet stuff, with three striped curtains of red and white, being now in the said lord's withdrawing-room.

Another canopy of green tapestry, with a pattern of rose-bushes and columbines, with a back of the same, and three curtains of green serge, being in the chamber of the lord of Andregnies.

A half-canopy and a back, whereon are represented a wild man and woman, with the counterpane, and two scarlet serge curtains, without figures, now kept in the chamber of Guy, lord of Monceaux.



A half-canopy and back, after the Breton style, with a pattern of fleurs-de-lis, kept in the chamber of Soshier, maître d'hôtel to his lordship.

Ten pieces of tapestry, adorned with fleurs-de-lis, and marked with the arms of the Count of Etampes, with white and red rosebushes, now kept in the high long gallery, and in the chamber of M. de Ligne.

Six pieces of tapestry, with subjects from ancient history, kept in the great public hall.

Two large pieces of rough tapestry; another small piece, with the arms in the corners, and another small piece, with a white ground, for use in the chapel of his lordship.

In the chapel: two suits for the altar for singing mass; three napkins, one alb, one blue amice; one stole, maniple, and chasuble; another chasuble, trimmed with black; a missal for half the year.

Storehouse and pantry: First, twenty-five beds complete, great and small, given to his lordship with the said hotel. Item, twenty-five counterpanes and serge quilts, great and small. Item, twenty-five pairs of sheets.

Two lengths and forty ells of napkins, which have been cut into forty-five napkins, nine of which are of linen, for his lordship's table, and the others are of hemp. Two lengths and twenty-four ells of towels, divided into fifty towels, eleven of which are of linen. Four large hemp napkins for the dresser. Two dozen small napkins, also of hemp; two dozen and a half linen ditto, brought in by his lordship.

Item, several benches, tables, chairs, and stools, being in various places and stories of the said hotel, given therewith to his lordship.

Item, a serpent's head,\* brought from Hainault by his lordship, with two stags' heads entwined together.

Item, four lances, large and small; a sword ornamented with gold, with a scarlet velvet scabbard; seven pieces of crystal; seventeen cushions, called in France *carreaux*.

Kitchen: two coppers; six copper saucepans; fifteen

\* Might not this serpent's head be perhaps the sort of crocodile's head brought from the crusades, which the curious go to see at the public library of Mons, as being the head of the famous dragon which Giles de Chin killed in the marshes of Wasmes? This is probable enough; since this kind of crocodile's head comes from the archives of the state of Hainault, where it was deposited.—*Note communicated by the late M. Delmotte, keeper of the Archives at Mons.*

round shovels; three frying-pans, with long handles; five brass saucepans, with iron handles; two bowls, with handles; ten iron spits; two pots for warming water; three iron fireshovels; two other shovels; three andirons; three gridirons; three pair of tongs; a pierced shovel; five candlesticks; a washing-basin; forty-six tin plates; six dozen and a half tin porringers (forks not being then invented, meat was eaten in porringers; forks, as is well known, not being of higher antiquity than the time of Francis I.); a mortar; two pestles; a board to sharpen knives on; a brass wine-cooler; four jugs; twelve tin pots.

This inventory contains nothing else. This is the state in which the hotel was when the king took possession of it from John de Montaigu, who had fallen into disgrace, and indeed been beheaded. It will give some idea of the furniture of a good house in 1409.

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## THE FARRIER OF ANTWERP.

“ But then genius might exist in his heart.”—*Grosley*.

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THERE was to be seen at Antwerp, in the year 1482, near the cemetery of our Lady, now the Glove-market, at the very spot where the narrow street was afterwards opened, called the Passage de Quentin-Matsys, at a forge of good appearance, a young man of twenty-two or twenty-four years of age, who, with his father, now an old man, carried on the rough trade of a blacksmith and farrier. The appearance of this young man was noble and animated; his gentleness, as well as his strength, was celebrated, and his brilliant and pure eyes indicated a vigorous mind. Nevertheless, he was but a simple workman, whose only superiority above his fellows lay in his greater skill, and in his excellent conduct.

This young man had hitherto lived careless and frivolous, with no other occupation than his trade, and recreating himself every evening amongst his friends, when, opposite to his father's house, a door was opened to a distinguished guest. This was Peter de Vos, a painter full of feeling,

though but little known now, because his works, which were in the possession of Charles V., have perished ;\* but who left distinguished children behind him. Peter de Vos had two sons, and a daughter, named Caroline, who was, it is said, the most beautiful ornament of his gallery. The skilful painter, enriched by the liberality of Mary of Burgundy, had bought the elegant house, of which he was coming to take possession.

Whilst he and his sons devoted themselves to the charms of painting, Caroline, accustomed to the graceful labours of the needle, embroidered beautiful flowers, when the cares of the household, which devolved entirely on her since her mother's death, left her a moment of leisure. As all other young Flemish girls, calm and sedentary, she might often be seen seated at the window, occupied with her light toils. Her appearance struck the young blacksmith, Quentin Matsys. From the moment that he observed her he became pensive ; he held his hammer in a trembling hand ; he discontinued, all at once, the songs by which he used to accompany his hard labours. In the evening, instead of going and joining his friends at the tavern as usual, he would remain in the front of the workshop, grave and thoughtful, with his eyes always fixed on the painter's house, starting whenever he saw Caroline, or whenever the movement of a light pointed out her shadow to him.

For a year this love burned in secret. In vain had the father of Quentin, surprised at the change which had taken place in his habits, endeavoured discreetly to guess the cause ; in vain had the young man's friends tried every means to bring him back to his evening amusements ; no one had discovered his secret thoughts, except the object of them. The mute assiduities of Quentin had not escaped her notice ; she had read it in his large eyes ; she had thought that she discovered a great soul under that noble exterior ; she loved him, too, without perhaps knowing it, without avowing it, and without foreseeing the consequences of such an affection.

The young blacksmith was the first in the city for talent and skill. Important works were always intrusted to him, and his father had become rich. Antwerp claims him as a native ; Guicciardini, in his "Description of the

\* Charles V., coming into the Netherlands, brought with him six ships, freighted with paintings and works of art. A tempest wrecked the ships ; the only one preserved was that on board of which the emperor was.

Netherlands," gives Louvain as his birthplace. We will not undertake to decide this point. But he worked also for the latter town, and there is still to be seen there, in the church of S. Peter, an iron arm made by him, which formerly held over the baptismal font a canopy, like a chandelier.

Somewhat confident in the honourable nature of his position, and bold as a straightforward man is, he ventured one day to dream that he might without offence demand the hand of Caroline. As he was revolving these thoughts in his mind, Peter de Vos, who knew by public report the skill of his young neighbour the blacksmith, came to him, and gave him an order for a knocker to his door. Quentin was delighted, and displayed all his talent; he forged a grotesque figure, which he made so perfectly, that the old painter showed his admiration for it. "You have," said he, "a disposition which may make you an artist."

Quentin, supposing him to be in a good humour, resolved to profit by the occasion. "I am only a workman," said he; "but nevertheless my father has made me tolerably rich; and," added he, repressing the beating of his heart, "if you please, you can make me happy."

Peter looked up at the young man and smiled. "I understand you," said he; "you would like to see my works." He took him by the hand, led him into his house, and conducted him into his gallery of paintings. Quentin, whose heart was much moved, did not dare to undeceive the old painter as to the interpretation which he had given to his words. Besides, he was already fortunate. On setting foot in the gallery, he found himself for the first time face to face with Caroline. Both blushed excessively, without Peter remarking it. Quentin, confused, could not utter a single word. He was angry with himself for this unconquerable embarrassment; for he dreaded the influence of this first interview, and he was ashamed at feeling so awkward. However, he said to himself, "How she blushed! I am, then, beloved."

He was violently disturbed from this reverie by the artist, who pointed out his pictures to him. Painting, which had recently been regenerated by the brothers Van Eyck and by Hemling, was making progress, and Peter de Vos had contributed to its advancement. The young man in this gallery thought himself in an atmosphere

of charms, wherein the angelic figure of Caroline ruled. A portrait of her, painted by her father, drew from him a cry of admiration. He turned round to compare it with the original. In the bustle, which this manifestation of feeling had caused, Caroline had disappeared.

"What!" said the painter, "should you take that to be my best work?"

"Ah!" cried Quentin, falling on his knees, and taking his hand, which he tenderly pressed, "you might make me the happiest of men; all that I possess is yours for that picture."

"For the portrait of my daughter?" cried Peter. "Should I sell the portrait of my daughter? But you are mad, young man."

"Alas!" said Quentin, making an effort, "I love your daughter; I am rich, and I shall die if you do not give her to me as a wife."

The artist started back some steps; then, after a moment's silence, he coldly replied:

"So you are in love with Caroline? I am sorry for it, my young friend. But my daughter shall never marry any one but a painter."

"Great God!" cried the young man, "do not finish; leave me hope at least."

"Never," replied the old painter; "let us say no more on the subject."

So saying, the inflexible Peter de Vos led back the blacksmith from his house, and, leaving him in the street, shut the door.

Quentin, as if he had awoke from a cruel dream, shook himself, without recovering his senses. He raised his eyes towards the house, and saw Caroline at a window, who, on his moving, withdrew. He saluted her by a profound and suppliant reverence, which seemed to say, "Love me." She returned his salutation by a sad look.

He did not return to his father's house; he wandered about all the rest of the day to collect his ideas; and in the evening shut himself up alone in his little room. He took his resolution; he wrote a long and respectful letter to Caroline, in which he avowed his honourable love; he swore never to love any one but her, and to love her till death; then he unfolded his projects, and begged her, if she did not reject him, to keep her heart for him, and to wait for him three years.

The next day he found means to send this letter secretly to Caroline ; and after two days of anguish, during which he could not even get a glimpse of her shadow—two days when no doubt she, too, embarrassed with regard to a step about which she could not consult her father, had her share in the pain, the heart of Quentin was ready to break with joy, when a little paper was mysteriously put into his hands, which he opened beside himself with joy, and kissed twenty times. His appearance became animated, cheerful ; and yet the paper only contained these few words, written with a trembling hand, "In three years."

But this was the most laconic expression of all his desires. He jumped with joy, and ran to look for his father, to whom he had hitherto confided nothing of his love-affair. Men do not disclose their feelings so soon on such delicate points ; and he did not come to his father to disclose secrets which were no longer only his own. But he declared to the old man that the languor, which consumed him, had no other cause than his unconquerable desire of seeing the world, visiting workshops, and travelling to perfect himself in his art. Notwithstanding the grief of so painful a separation, the old smith, accustomed to see young workmen thus absent themselves from home in order to return more skilful, soon gave up his objections. He gave to his son both money and advice ; and embraced him the next morning, blessing him, and giving him those recommendations which arise from a father's heart.

Quentin then left Antwerp. Peter de Vos, attributing his departure to the grief caused by the refusal, regretted it first for an instant, then forgot it, as people generally do.

From that time no news was heard of Quentin Matsys, and the little of his history which is preserved, informs us absolutely of nothing with regard to the places which he visited, nor as to the artists under whom he studied. Perhaps we may be permitted to take advantage of this interval to say a word about the various accounts, more or less singular, which have been hazarded by way of giving an account of him. Some, depriving him of his father, have made him live in a state of poverty, with his mother, almost reduced to beggary, whom he supported by shoeing horses—a version which has no support—nor yet has the supposition of those who say that he became

a painter, by illuminating popular images during an epidemic; nor the anecdote of others, who say that the girl, with whom he was in love, hesitated between him and a painter, and that he took up the pencil to bring her to a decision; all which circumstances are inventions devised a hundred and fifty years after the real facts, and which it is enough for us to mention, that they may be rejected.

Three years after the abrupt departure of Quentin Matsys, a public exhibition of pictures was opened at Antwerp, in the month of July, 1486. This innovation was, in modern Europe, a glorious beginning; and the noble city, which was the first to institute such festivities, has reaped the fruits of them, for the arts have given it an illustrious place in their annals. Antwerp had not yet attained the immense splendour which it was destined to acquire under Charles V.; but its intelligence was leading it in that direction; little by little it was encroaching on the inheritance of Bruges, then the most splendid city in the Netherlands. The magistrates of Antwerp had promised great rewards to those painters who should meet with most approbation in this public assembly; and from all quarters of the Netherlands, from the north of France, and from the Rhenish provinces, artists were arriving with works of art, which were arranged in the town-hall.

We must not forget to state that many of the young painters of Antwerp who exhibited, had asked the hand of Caroline, without her having given hope to any one. Her father had promised to decide the question, by pronouncing on it himself after the public meeting.

At this time, one beautiful and pleasant evening, old Matsys, impelled by a sort of presentiment, ran to open his door, at which somebody was knocking with a heavy hand. It was his son Quentin, returned from his travels of three years' duration, whom he embraced with delight. The young man, a little sunburnt, only said that he had traversed France, Switzerland, and Italy. He added, that he hoped he should never quit his old father again.

The next morning, the first person whom Caroline saw from her window was Quentin Matsys, who saluted her from a distance. Her pale face was reanimated; she seemed to receive new life.

The young blacksmith, however, to prove that he had made progress during his travels, set to work, and made,

by means of a hammer, without the help of a file, that valuable erection of bars of beaten iron, which every one sees at Antwerp before the cathedral, and which is called the Conduit of Quentin Matsys. At the top of the open dome, made of branches, volutes, and flowers of iron tastefully executed, which surmounts this light erection, he placed a man-at-arms, holding a hand cut off, representing, as is supposed, the famous giant of Antwerp. He placed other figures at the corners, which one would imagine to be productions of the chisel, but which were actually finished with the hammer alone.

At all times the love of the arts has been in some degree a popular quality in the Netherlands. At the same time that crowds admired the blacksmith's masterpiece, they hastened to the exhibition of pictures, which was to be closed in a few days for the distribution of prizes.

Three works of an unknown artist had been particularly remarked; they were signed only by a little hammer. The first was an old woman playing with a dog,—a work of rare perfection; the second a picture of S. Eloi, the patron of smiths, which the artist offered to the church of Our Lady in Antwerp; the third was the portrait of Caroline, wonderful for its likeness and life.

Peter de Vos was astonished, and perceived that these three pieces were by the same hand. He even suspected that under them was hidden some gallantry of one of those who aspired to his daughter's hand. But he was puzzled in attempting to find out the artist, and did not succeed, for none of those young painters approached them in excellence.

The day of the solemn bestowal of the rewards given by the city was destined to reveal this mystery. The first prize was given, amid general acclamations, to the unknown artist. The seal, which hid his name, was broken. It was Quentin Matsys.

Peter de Vos ran to him, and warmly embraced him; and, at the end of a month, he became the husband of the lovely Caroline, who had so faithfully kept her heart for him. Quentin Matsys was happy, labouring with Peter, who could not do without him, and received the reward of his persevering courage.

The beautiful conclusion of this touching story has been altered in a thousand ways. It has been said that Quentin Matsys discovered himself to his future father-in-law by



painting, on one of his pieces of canvass, in his absence, a head of Our Lady, a maiden's hand, a ring set with a brilliant; and that in these strokes of the pencil Peter de Vos had recognized genuine talent. It has even been said that Quentin painted a fly on Peter's picture so naturally, that the old painter tried to drive it away with his handkerchief. Many other stories have been told, which are as freely applied to other persons.

The happiness of Quentin Matsys was as complete as he had hoped. He had a son called John, who also practised the art of painting, but whose life, no doubt, was too prosperous, as he never rose above mediocrity. Perhaps he was too powerfully surpassed by his father, who soon took the highest place in the art during his era.

It was, we are told, in 1508, that Quentin Matsys painted the famous *Descent from the Cross*, which is always admired, between its two panels, in the rich museum of Antwerp. He painted many other pictures, most of which perished, either in the tempest which swallowed up the title-deeds of the fame of Peter de Vos, or in the frightful devastations which signalized the troubles.

Quentin Matsys, when an old man, was afflicted very grievously. He lost his beloved wife. From that time he broke his pencils, which he had only taken up for her; and, to combine with the memory of Caroline the memory of the condition in which she had first loved him, he resumed the blacksmith's hammer. His last work was a chandelier of beaten iron, which he offered to the church of Arschoot, as an acknowledgment of the honourable sepulture which had been given to Caroline in that church. This monument has been respected.

He died soon afterwards, in 1529, and was buried in the convent of the Capuchins at Antwerp. A hundred years later, the city removed his remains to the foot of the tower of the cathedral. On the left of the great entrance, a tomb, with his bust in relief, was erected to his memory. His name was engraven on it, to fix the wandering irresolution of writers, who maimed it in all sorts of ways. Nor did the sculptor fail to glorify him in the celebrated line, which characterizes him in the poem on Flemish painters, by Dominic Lampsonius:

“Connubialis amor de Muliebre fecit Apellem.

i.e. “Conjugal love made an Apelles of a Vulcan.”

## APPENDIX.

We will add to this legend, which shows what labour can do, some details, taken from a notice published at Ghent, in the *Messenger des Sciences et des Arts* of 1838, pp. 1—12.

“Quentin Matsys, at Antwerp; lived first of all in the Rue des Tanneurs, in *de Simme* (at the sign of the Monkey); then in the Rue des Arbalétriers. The house which he occupied, so late as 1658, had a S. Quentin for its sign, an image made of hammered iron, the work, according to tradition, of Quentin. In the same house he had painted one of the rooms. It was ornamented *en grisaille*, in distemper, composed of compartments interlaced with festoons, and sustained by little cherubs. Near the chimney were painted in colour four flute-players. These works were executed in 1528, a year before the artist's death; they were still in existence in 1658.

“Van Mander assures us that Matsys was a great musician; and Tannenburg that he paid much attention to rhetoric.

“Biographers are not agreed as to the correct manner of spelling his name,—Metseys, Metsius, Messis, Messius, Messeys, Mathys, Mathysis; in Van Mander, Quentin Messys; in De Bie, Quentin de Smedt. On one of his paintings, representing a money-changer, he has signed himself Quentin Matsis; at the foot of the portrait of Knipperdolling, the signature Quentin de Mees (Quintinus Mesius) may be read. He was in the habit of putting a little hammer under his name.

“Besides the conduit in front of Our Lady's church at Antwerp, a large number of other works from the hammer of Quentin Matsys might be named. It is said that the tomb of Edward IV., King of England, in the chapel of S. George in Windsor Castle, was forged by him.

“The masterpiece of Quentin Matsys, the *Descent from the Cross*, with its two side-pieces, is in the museum at Antwerp. It was in 1508, that the guild of joiners in the city of Antwerp ordered this picture, for which three hundred florins were paid. Queen Elizabeth, of England, offered sixty-four thousand florins for it, without being able to obtain it. But in 1577, the joiners, being dis-

tressed, sold their treasure. It was on the point of being lost to the country, when, at the instigation of Martin de Vos, the magistrates determined, it is not known on what pretext, to seize this masterpiece. The *Descent from the Cross*, being redeemed at the period of the troubles for fifteen hundred florins, remained at Antwerp. In 1794, it was removed to Paris. It was restored, twenty years later, to its country ; and, since 1814, has continued to be the most rare ornament of the museum of Antwerp."

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### THE LEGEND OF THE FRIESLANDER WITH THE FLAIL.

"Those were brave men, who found their iron and steel lighter than our velvet."—*Victor Hugo*.

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#### I.

Two men, who had preserved the fair complexion of northern climes, under the burning sun of Portugal, were braving the burning rays of that sun for an hour, tempered as they were by a sea-breeze, to be sure ; for they were seated at the mouth of the Tagus, with their eyes fixed on the vast waves, from which they appeared to expect something. It was a fine morning in the month of June, 1217.

One of these men was an armourer of Liege ; the other was a fisherman, of the isle of Walcheren. Both had taken part in one of the small squadrons which accompanied Count Baldwin, of Hainault, to the conquest of Constantinople. Their little ship, separated from the flotilla by rough weather, had been wrecked off the coast of Portugal. They had been received with generous hospitality ; they had found countrymen of theirs at Lisbon, who had kept them there, and each having been established there in his own profession for fourteen years, they had both of them married.

"Decidedly they are not arriving," said the armourer ; "these delays tear me in pieces. I feel as if I were held in a vice."

"Let us spin off a few fathoms of patience yet," said the fisherman ; "an army is not carried off by the sweep of a drag-net."

"But on your return from your last great fishing expedition in the waters of your beloved Zealand, John, you brought me, with your cod-fish, news which quite set me up again. Were you not sure that our friends would come in the month of June?"

"The month of June is not past yet."

"Ah! you are cool fellows in your island. As for me, I am between the anvil and the hammer. The Moors will return to demand their execrable tribute."

"They will not come for ten days, Hubert. We have eight at least to enjoy our liberty. They are punctual."

"We are fools for having stopped in such a country."

"That is just what I say. Besides, I have now a substantial smack, which is water-tight; it has two masts and a well-fitted deck. In a week, if our comrades do not appear, I will not wait for the king of Morocco; I will embark with my wife and my six daughters, and will regain Zealand. Good bye to this warm sun! I shall be delighted to meet with the good fresh butter and brown bread of my native island."

"I would willingly go with you, John," said the Liege man, "if my young sister-in-law would accompany us, or if my weak-minded brother was come, for whom I intend her. For this country is really too dangerous."

"In fact," said the Zealander from the island of Walcheren, "Portugal is not safe. Nevertheless, it received a good piece of help from our countrymen, some seventy years ago; for in 1147, the Moors were still masters of Lisbon. Count Alphonso, who was the first to cause himself to be proclaimed king of Portugal, was besieging that city unsuccessfully. After several months of vain efforts, he was losing hope, and Portugal was on the point of ceasing to be Christian, when a fleet of crusaders, armed at the voice of the blessed S. Bernard, by good luck put in here. The Holy See, which is ever anxious to extend the faith, had recommended these new soldiers of Jesus Christ to fight the infidels wherever they might meet with them. As soon as Alphonso I. knew of the arrival of the Christian standards at the mouth of the Tagus, he hastened to them. 'You are seeking the Saracens,' said he; 'go no further; here they are. Help us to purge a land which has received the faith of our Lord, and rich possessions shall reward your valour.' These crusaders were Frenchmen, Zealanders, Liegers, Flemings, Brabanters, Fries-

landers, and Dutch. Arnulph, of Aerschot, who commanded them, joined all his gallant troops with those of king Alphonso. At the end of four months Lisbon was taken, the Moorish garrison put to the sword, and the whole of the country evacuated by the infidels. A part of our countrymen consented to remain, and established themselves on the rich estates offered them by the gratitude of king Alphonso; and we have been happy in finding their descendants here. It is a pity that they did not all remain here; if they had done so, they would have protected Portugal. As long as Alphonso lived," continued the Lieger, "it seems that he behaved nobly, and that the sword was not laid on the shelf. But his successor, Sancho, allowed it to get notched. He was afraid of the Moors; he repulsed them with gold, not with iron; and, what is most frightful, he consented to pay annually to the king of Morocco a tribute of one hundred Christian slaves." The armoured crossed himself here, and then continued. "During the six years that Alphonso II. has worn the crown, he has done all in his power to free himself from such shameful degradation. He will not succeed."

"Now I tell you, Hubert, that our friends will come. Rely on William of Holland; the voice of the sovereign Pontiff does not speak to our good country in vain. In all the brilliant exploits hitherto performed during the crusades, the children of the Netherlands have taken their part. It will not be the first time that William has borne the cross on his armour. The good Count Florence III., his father, died in Palestine, and he is buried at S. Peter's, in Antioch. William had accompanied him."

The Lieger at that moment stopped his friend, seizing his arm; and, pointing across the sea with his right hand, cried, "A sail in sight!"

"A sail!" replied the fisherman, after having looked for a minute through a long wooden tube, which served him as a walking-stick, and which might represent a telescope without glasses,—for spy-glasses were not then invented. "A sail! if I do not mistake, there are two, which move briskly."

The two ships approached so swiftly, that a little afterwards the fisherman started, and exclaimed, "A Christian sail, pursued by a Moorish corsair!"

The excellence of his sight had not deceived him. It really was a little vessel from Friesland. The Moorish

ship which was pursuing it appeared much stronger. The Frieslanders defended themselves to the best of their ability, rapidly hurling baskets-full of flints, by means of a catapult; which did not hinder the Saracens from grappling with the little vessel with a harpoon, and from boarding it.

The two spectators on the coast, unable to give succour to their brethren, fell on their knees and prayed. The battle was being fought in their sight, at a distance of scarcely half a league. They followed all the movements of it with their eyes; and the beatings of their hearts chronicled all the phases of the obstinate conflict. They had seen four men fling themselves from the Friesland ship into the sea, and were alarmed at not seeing them reappear. They perceived a mass of Saracens leap on board the Netherlandish vessel, and then had seen them driven back by a kind of giant, who marched up and down the deck, with an enormous flail as his weapon.

Soon the fisherman, John, clearly made out that the Frieslanders were throwing out ropes; and he saw the four comrades, whose absence disquieted him, remount their deck. Then a vigorous blow of the axe cut the chain of the harpoon which held the Christian ship; the Frieslanders floated free. The corsair appeared remarkably heavy in its course, and henceforward disabled from pursuing the chase; in a few minutes it appeared to be sinking, and suddenly it was seen to go down with a formidable noise..

"They are saved!" exclaimed the Lieger, leaping up with joy.

"Now I understand the conduct of my four gay fellows," said the Zealander. "It is a good stratagem."

They were divers, as then was the custom in the navy of the Netherlands, who threw themselves into the sea at the beginning of an engagement, approached the enemy's ship under water, and pierced it with holes by means of long augers; a manœuvre which generally sunk it.

The Friesland ship approached, however, at the signal of the two friends. As soon as it was within hail, the Zealander, putting his mouth to his tube, which served him for many purposes, cried out, in his native language, "The cross for ever!" A boat was sent off from the ship, and the two fellow-countrymen, placed on the deck, acted as pilots to the ship, which cast anchor in the port of Lisbon.

## II.

Two hours later, the fisherman's wife, who was continually going to the door of her cottage, on the banks of the Tagus, uneasy at not seeing her husband return, at last saw him, surrounded by a number of flaxen-headed men, led by a colossal man, armed with a heavy pole, at the end of which swung a solid flail. He was the man whom the two friends had seen so actively clearing the deck of the Saracens.

At the corner of a little street in the neighbourhood the troop divided itself. The greater number disappeared with the armourer, who, pleased at learning the arrival of his brother, brought them to his own house, and to those of his friends. Four only, amongst whom was the giant, came to take up their quarters at the house of the fisherman.

He, whom we designate the giant, deserved that name for his uncommon stature and strength. He was a Frieslander, whom nature had taken pains in forming. He was rather more than six feet high, and it was asserted that he would stand up against six men. Withal he was handsome and well-proportioned. His open and frank countenance displayed, beneath a flaxen head of hair, bright eyes, superb teeth, and a complexion as fresh as a rose. He was twenty-four years old, and was named Gaukéma. His comrades used to distinguish him by the name of the *Frieslander with the flail*, on account of his peculiar weapon, and because, on receiving the cross of the armed pilgrims on the shoulder of his doublet, he had made a vow never to unsew it till his terrible flail had knocked twelve Saracens on the head.

The Frieslander, on entering the fisherman's house, set his flail up against the wall; and, as soon as he heard the six daughters of his host address him in the language of his country, he made three or four bounds across the room, which threatened to knock the frail roof off. Then he sat down on a bench, and seeing on the table an enormous new loaf, he broke off a great piece of it, and began to munch it with his teeth, which showed that he had a strong stomach.

"I told you, then," said he, addressing himself to the Zealander, and continuing the conversation, which had

been interrupted, "I told you that we were coming. So no more alarm; and these young folks, whom you have here, though their complexion is a little sunburnt, will not be delivered up to the king of Morocco."

"Indeed I am reassured," said the fisherman, "the port in which we have cast anchor seems better, since you are here. Hubert, the armourer, will be no longer anxious about his sister-in-law. But you have been delayed a long time."

"People don't always do what they wish, my good fellow. Why have you not yet gone out whale-fishing?"

"Because I have not the means of doing so."

"Count William has hitherto had just the same excuse; and of him it may be said that he has hardly yet been able to find out what the taste of repose is. When the king of Portugal implored his aid, at the same time that the great Pope Innocent III. was preaching the crusade zealously, not only against the infidels of Palestine, but against the Saracens of Sicily, Spain, and Portugal, everybody amongst us bought arms, and even children volunteered to take the cross. But before quitting his states of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, William was obliged to secure their peace during his absence, and at last here we are in great numbers; the lord bishop of Utrecht himself is with us."

"But you do not tell us where the Netherlander army is."

"You wish Trinity to come before Easter, John. It seems that the Saracens are careful in guarding your coasts; for they are engaged with our fleet, from which they detached us."

"Without wishing to interrupt you, sir," here interposed the fisherman's wife, "dinner cannot be unacceptable to you."

The crusaders, already prepared for this by the agreeable smell of a fricasee of mutton cooked with chestnuts, readily approached the table, where glittered two jugs of gold-coloured Faro wine; and after having joined in the *Benedicite*, that solemn silence succeeded which is usual among hungry persons. After this, conversation was renewed. It was not till the Frieslander no longer saw anything on the table, that he said, "Let us go to the port to ask the news."



The fisherman's guests had not far to go. Shouts of joy and the ringing of the bells of all the churches of Lisbon announced the happy arrival of the crusaders. All the Netherlandish ships were in the harbour; Count William, who, indeed, had induced the bishop of Utrecht, Otto Van der Lippe, to accompany him in the holy war, was making a triumphal entry with the courageous prelate.

King Alphonso II., who had hastened to the sea-side, wished to be the first to offer his hand to William and to the other chiefs, whom he regarded as his liberators. He mounted the count and the bishop on two superb horses, loaded them with honours during their progress, and conducted them with ceremony to his palace, where a banquet was quickly prepared and served up. The whole city learnt with joy that the crusaders had already beaten the Moors, and every house was delighted at having some of those friends, who came to the help of Portugal, as their guests. There was a burst of rejoicing in Lisbon which lasted several days.

The armourer from Liege, who by his skill was making a good deal of money in a country where every citizen was occasionally obliged to assume the profession of a soldier, had received twelve crusaders at his house, whom he treated very hospitably. He was particularly pleased at having found his brother among the defenders of the cross. His brother Lambert was an armourer like himself; he wished to unite him to himself by a double tie, by taking him as a partner in his business, which it was inconvenient to manage single-handed, and by marrying him to his wife's sister. She was a young woman of a respectable family in the city of Lisbon, whose beauty was much admired, but who, though eighteen years old, had not yet appeared affected by any addresses. Her elder sister was happy with Hubert; she had often spoken to her of his brother at Liege, and the fair Rosalie was preparing to judge.

It is always injudicious to draw too flattering a portrait of a future husband beforehand. The sleepy air of the newly-arrived Lieger did not please the damsel. Of all those fair complexions of the north, which had been so extolled to her, one only appeared supportable; it was the frank and animated countenance of the Frieslander with the flail, although the custom which he had of always carrying his terrible weapon with him, even when visiting

his friends in the city, had made her laugh heartily. The second time that he came to her brother-in-law's house, she could not refrain from speaking to him ; she asked how he could wield so heavy a weapon.

" Oh ! it is very easy, senora," said he ; " but if the Moors had such heads as yours, I am sure that my flail would not break many of them."

The Frieslander was gallant without intending it ; and he did not observe that his gallantry was not displeasing. Nevertheless, he felt himself somewhat affected by the looks of the stranger.

### III.

The sixth day of the residence of Count William's army in Lisbon was the end of the festivities. Alarming news was suddenly reported. It was announced that the Moors were landing in immense numbers. They had hastily united all their forces ; they were coming to demand their tribute ; and, if it were refused, they would fight with the crusaders before they became more numerous.

The Saracen army, which that very night advanced to the walls of Lisbon, was said to be fifty thousand strong ; the crusaders, commanded by William, were not above eight thousand in number. Nevertheless, the Count of Holland had advised that all the enemy should be allowed to land ; at the same time that he ordered the commander of his fleet to be in readiness to set sail to cut off the retreat of the Moors.

The next morning, when all the soldiers of the cross had heard the holy mass, and confessed their sins, they quitted the town to march to meet the enemy. As they passed, the good priests and venerated religious blessed them in the name of the Lord ; and they went on courageously, determined to die or to gain a victory in the holy cause.

The army of the infidels marshalled itself proudly ; and the battle was so eagerly fought, that the Christians, Netherlanders and Portuguese, soon found themselves surrounded on all sides. The knights were not dismayed. A thousand valiant acts were performed, for which an historian is wanted. The din of arms drowned their voices ; blood flowed in all quarters. Amongst those Frieslanders who used the flail, Gaukéma was con-

spicuous; who, busily occupied in the performance of his vow, kept the ground round him clear, and received no wound.

Count William, in his plan for the battle, had resolved to make an opening through the enemy's ranks, on the side of the port, so as to support himself by his fleet, and at the same time to hamper the retreat of the Moors. Throwing himself into the midst of a compact body of infidels, he was so warmly received, that his horse, pierced with blows, fell under him. He was on the point of being killed, and the bishop of Utrecht, who was near him, had just been taken; the army was losing its two chiefs, when the Friesland giant, who could see over his prince's head, rushed to his aid, and cleared away the Moors who were nearest to him. He raised him on the expiring corpses, at the same time that king Alphonso II. rescued the prelate from the hands of the infidels.

William, remounted on another horse, pursued his plan, pierced the enemy's columns, and marshalled his troops before the harbour. The battle lasted for four hours, when at last victory was declared to be the lot of the Christians. The Saracens, routed, regained their ships, leaving behind them fourteen thousand killed, and six thousand prisoners, amongst whom were two of their kings. A great number of fugitives were drowned; many perished during the pursuit by the Netherlandish ships; and at the end of the day the city, the country, and the coasts were free.

The re-entry of William into Lisbon was a second triumph, still more joyful than the first. All the people on their knees sang thanksgivings, and blessed the soldiers of the cross. All the clergy of Lisbon came to meet the conquerors, with festive ornaments, with palms in their hands, and with songs of joy. After the warriors had given thanks to the Most High before His altars, the chiefs repaired to the palace. The two Moorish kings were allowed to ransom themselves; they swore to pay the tribute of money which they had hitherto exacted from the Portuguese. It was determined that the six thousand prisoners should be kept in captivity till the king of Morocco should have sent back twelve hundred Christians, who still groaned in his states, with the stipulation that two Saracens should be restored for each Christian.

During the renewed festivities, by which the now assured independence of Portugal was celebrated, the Frieslander with the flail again saw the sister-in-law of the armourer. The prowess of the giant was generally known; and Rosalie asked him if he was free from his vow.

There was a singular interest in her question, and in her tone of putting it.

"Senora," replied he, "everybody tells me that I have done some service; but, for my own part, I have not been able to reckon more than eleven Moors' heads really broken."

"But you are forgetting those on board the ship, on the day of your arrival."

"Ah! you know of that encounter, senora? But as for them, I do not know what I may have done, and they ought not to be counted. I must have one more battle."

"So you are going away?"

There was an expression in these words which moved the heart of Gaukéma, though he could not explain his feelings.

"Senora," replied he, sighing, "I could not kill an unarmed Saracen; and there are no others here. And then I have been happy enough to succour my prince in this engagement; and I shall doubtlessly find other opportunities of making myself useful to him. I ought not to abandon him till he furls his banner."

The Frieslander took up his flail, and went away with a melancholy look; and the next day he did not venture to revisit the Lieger.

The day after that, the Count of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, suddenly tearing himself away from the feasting, took advantage of a favourable wind to give orders for departure; and the Netherlands fleet, amidst a shower of blessings, steered its course towards Palestine.

Gaukéma often turned to look at the coast of Lisbon. When he had lost sight of the shores of Portugal, his first care was to inquire whether the brother of the Lieger, for whom the beautiful Rosalie was destined, had re-embarked with the Christians. He learnt that he had remained at Lisbon. The poor giant's heart was grieved.

## IV.

After a favourable voyage, the Netherlandish fleet arrived in sight of Egypt. William having joined his forces with those of the Christian princes, it was resolved to go and besiege Damietta, whose position was important. This place must not be confounded with the town of that name, which exists at the present day. The ancient Damietta was nearer to the sea by a league. This town, situated at the second mouth of the Nile, had, on the side of the river, a double rampart, and, on the landward side, a triple circle of bastions. An enormous tower, placed in the middle of the Nile, still further protected it. This tower was well supplied with provisions, and its numerous garrison held in check all the hostile ships which might attempt to approach. In addition to this, a solid iron chain, stretched from the tower to the town, closed the passage of the river against ships.

The Christians having pitched their tents in the smiling country in the neighbourhood of Damietta, blockaded that town on the landward side, and began the siege on the side of the river. This siege was destined to last a long time. The crusaders erected galleries on their ships, with draw-bridges and ladders, and approached the double ramparts. Their preparations had been long, their assault was terrible. But great and valiant exploits were also performed by the besieged. The infidels defended themselves so gallantly, that the first Christians, who endeavoured to scale the walls, were precipitated into the Nile and drowned. The knights, repulsed thus, held a council of war; the fine weather had been consumed in plans whose insufficiency was evident. It was determined that, during the winter, they should content themselves with blockading the river, and that from time to time each nation in turn, with its commanders and engines, should attempt the assault. But it was evident that they must break the great chain, which stretched from the town to the tower. It was then, say the chronicles, that the good Count William I. consulted with his warriors of the city of Harlem, who armed the bows of their vessel with a long and strong steel saw, made on purpose; and, the first time that the wind was favourable, they fell violently on the chain, which thus must either give way, or break their vessel to pieces. Their boldness

was crowned with success ; the chain broke ; the Christian ships had the command of the river ; and, in honour of this gallant exploit, the emperor, the superior of the Netherlands, allowed the worthy citizens of Harlem to bear the imperial sword in their escutcheon, in addition to the stars, which had hitherto been their only device. Above the sword the patriarch of Jerusalem placed the cross, for which they had so valiantly fought.

The spring of 1218, however, arrived without any result having been obtained. Then those of the warriors of the Netherlands, who had their tents above the river, managed to construct upon two ships, lashed together, a great wooden castle, equal in height to the lofty and vast tower standing in the middle of the Nile. On the top of this heavy floating fortress was fixed a drawbridge, which was to descend on the enemy's tower, and which carried a covered gallery. On the 24th of August, 1218, the monstrous machine descended the river. Determined soldiers, chosen from the crusaders of the Netherlands, and from the army of the Duke of Austria, occupied all the stories of the moveable fort, and prepared themselves for action. The sailors, who steered it, stopped boldly before the tower of the infidels, and, by means of catapults, fixed the anchors in the lower loop-holes of the walls.

A formidable engagement at once began ; the Christians commenced it by clouds of javelins and stones ; the Musulmen, standing in a dense crowd on their ramparts, showered on the moving tower burning darts and Greek fire. All Damietta, on one side, and all the army of the crusaders, drawn up on the bank, on the other, prayed fervently ; but, in an instant, the machine took fire ; the drawbridge, which had just been lowered, trembled and burned. The first crusaders, who had advanced, retreated after having lost the banner of the Duke of Austria,—the infidels triumphed.

At this terrible moment, all the battalions of crusaders, who stood on the river's bank viewing the great struggle, fell spontaneously on their knees, and each warrior, from the kings and princes to the humblest soldier, began to beat his breast and pray. The Patriarch of Jerusalem, the Bishop of Utrecht, and all the religious and priests of the army, lifted up their hands to heaven in supplication ; and suddenly, as all accounts tell us, the Greek fire was, as if by a miracle, extinguished ; the machine re-appeared un-

touched, as if the fire had not reached it. The drawbridge, whose gallery had been destroyed, fell again on to the tower of the Saracens; and the crusaders, recovering courage, rushed forward unprotected, brandishing their battle-axes, pikes, and maces.

At the head of the first of those who set foot on the battlements of the tower, routing, amidst innumerable dangers, a determined enemy, all historians mention a young Frieslander of great stature, who, armed with a flail, repulsed the infidels, or crushed them in their armour. It was Gaukéma. On arriving in the tower he had seized the yellow standard of the sultan. "Here is a banner," he cried; "it will make up for the one we lost." So saying, he made room with his flail for his companions, who were coming hastily. But soon hemmed into a corner by a group of enemies who wished to surround him, he perceived that he was alone, and that the Christians were again being routed. A bold Lieger, whose name history has not recorded, was still struggling, one foot on the drawbridge, the other on the platform of the tower. He was face to face with a powerful Saracen, who was fighting him with great courage. He did not observe that a party of Moors, who had retreated into a lower story, were seizing the crusaders with crooks from behind, and throwing them into the river. Nor did he see that, whilst he was fighting, a Moor stooped down, and cut with his axe the frail beam on which he was standing. However, he felt the narrow plank crack under his feet; and, not wishing to die without doing some service, he seized his tall adversary by the leg, dragged him with him in his fall, and disappeared with him in the depths of the Nile.

At that same moment the Frieslander, having disengaged himself, and bounding over the bodies of the Saracens, which were strewed on the ground, returned to the foot of the drawbridge; the Moors had disappeared. The bridge was repaired; the Christians, hurrying over it, then became masters of the tower. They found the lower stories evacuated; the infidels, betaking themselves to swimming, were either drowned or taken.

This conquest hastened the siege; the sultan of Cairo at last was alarmed, and offered peace, which was refused, contrary to the advice of Count William, and to the entreaties of John de Brienne, king of Jerusalem, who was in the camp with the other crusading princes, for his capi-

tal was then in the power of the infidels. By accepting peace, the Christian prisoners would have been delivered; and besides this, the sultan offered to put the crusaders in possession of the holy city. But was he sincere? The majority of the crusaders wished to be under no obligation except to their own arms; and some even declared that, far from accepting the sultan as an ally, they would endeavour to annex Egypt to the kingdom of Jerusalem.

The siege of Damietta therefore was continued; and, although that unhappy town, so closely blockaded, was ravaged by a frightful famine, it held out longer than had been expected. It was only on the 5th, or as some authors say, on the 9th of November, 1219, that at the beginning of the night the last assault was made. The scaling-ladders were planted in the midst of the noise of a violent storm, and the crusaders mounted them, astonished at meeting with no resistance. The cause of it was, that the town was no longer inhabited, except by dead bodies, which were left lying in all the streets. Of seventy thousand inhabitants that Damietta could reckon at the beginning of the siege, only three thousand remained, whom famine had made to look like spectres. The knights took pity on these unfortunate creatures, whom they respected. They found great riches in the town, and that was all the result of the crusade, which only proceeded further to meet with reverses.

Count William then returned to Europe; he was summoned back to his states. Gaukéma, loaded with well-earned distinction, returned with him; William did not forget that he owed his life more than once to him, and he had promised to grant him every favour in his power. "I will only ask for one," said the Frieslander, "when we come near the coast of Portugal, and that is, to set me down for one day at Lisbon."

The heart of the hero, in the midst of all these terrible commotions, had not forgotten Rosalie. He was proud at having so fully performed his vow; he wished to see her again, and to tell her so. He fancied with bitterness of heart that she might be married, yet he buoyed himself up with the hope that perhaps she did not love the armourer's brother. But two years' absence made him anxious.

The Count of Holland unhesitatingly granted the request



of the valiant Frieslander. He was not sorry himself to see again the city which he had preserved, and which was being healed of its wounds. He was received there by King Alphonso II. and his people with as much gratitude as on the day after the defeat of the Moors, and his fleet was plentifully furnished with fresh provisions.

The Frieslander had hastened to the armourer's house ; the first person whom he met at the door was Rosalie, who blushed at the sight of him. The giant betrayed his joy at hearing that she was still free ; the Lieger, stained with cowardice and sloth, had formally displeased her. Seeing him remain at Lisbon, instead of following his vow for the holy war, the high-minded Portuguese had despised him, and all the efforts of her brother-in-law and sister had not been able to alter her resolution.

When Gaukéma had related the accounts of the battles which had been fought, and of the death of the brave fellow from Liege, who had dragged the Saracen down with him at the combat on the tower, Rosalie, thinking of him who had been proposed as her husband, said, "It was one of his townsmen ; I would have consented to become his wife if he had returned hither, having fought by the side of heroes."

"But I," said the Frieslander, "have now accomplished my vow." Then, blushing up to the ears, he began to stammer out some words with a voice full of emotion and a trembling heart, when the two brothers from Liege interrupted him, by asking him to come in.

After four days' rest off Lisbon, the Netherlandish fleet set sail. The fisherman of the island of Walcheren had joined it with his wife and his six children. When they arrived at their native land, the relations of Gaukéma, who had come to welcome him, saw a beautiful stranger ; it was Rosalie, who had not hesitated to quit her country to follow her valiant husband.

## RUBENS VISITING VELASQUEZ.

"Art, like a young eaglet bursting its shell, cannot be restrained; a man suddenly darts forth, and is famous with a name unknown yesterday."—*J. Saint Albin.*

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A GREAT bustle might have been observed one fine morning in the autumn of 1629 in an elegant pavilion in the Escorial, a sort of detached palace in a corner of that other immense palace, the residence of the kings of Spain, which might be taken for a town. The little court was sanded, the carpets relaid, paintings put into their places; above all, a large studio was being carefully arranged, for it was the abode of the young and celebrated painter, Diego Velasquez; and the stir that was made clearly showed that some solemn visit was expected.

Velasquez, though only thirty-four years old, had already made in Spain a name, whose celebrity was daily on the increase. Numerous pupils greedily sought for his instruction. King Philip IV., a lover of the arts, had been one of the first to recognize the genius of Velasquez; had appointed him his painter, made him a chamberlain, and expressed his wish that he would live near him in the Escorial itself. Thither he himself would sometimes come, and make attempts with his own royal hand under the superintendence of the artist.

Diego Velasquez had travelled through Italy, Germany, and Flanders; he had seen Rubens; and from his travels, which had not been undertaken in vain, he had brought back a knowledge of those points which are in the arts what the usages of the world are in society.

No one could fail to meet with, at the house of Velasquez, a singular being, a mulatto, a poor slave, timid and embarrassed, whom the painter esteemed and protected. But in his absence the slave was the butt and laughing-stock of the pupils—a malicious set, who will not know pity till they have had a little more experience of life.

To understand what will follow, we must relate, in a few words, the history of the slave.

Velasquez having, at the request of Philip IV., painted the portrait of the celebrated Admiral Paréja, the sailor, delighted at seeing himself so wonderfully well represented by the fashionable artist, came to thank him, followed by a young mulatto slave, whom he had bought in the Indies, and who carried a costly gold chain for the painter. When the admiral left, the slave, whose name was Juan, prepared to follow his master. But the rough sailor, pushing him back with his foot, said, "Do you think that when I offer a gold chain, the case is not to go with it? You belong for the future to Senor Velasquez."

So saying, he left in his most haughty manner.

The poor mulatto, with the retiring air which is produced by slavery, with his strange and wild appearance, seemed to the pupils a stupid creature, at whose expense they might divert themselves. The manner in which he had entered into the studio, by a kick, was an inexhaustible source of jokes for them. They found it very funny to give him the great name of his former master; and they called him Juan de Paréja, a name which he always retained. As for Velasquez, having taken compassion on him, he gave him the care of the studio, which gave him little trouble, but which proved a long trial to his patience. Juan, then, was happy as long as his master was there; but as soon as he went away, the slave had to suffer a never-ending succession of tricks from the pupils. He endured them for some time with magnanimous resolution. At length, wearied with these petty annoyances, he adopted the plan of avoiding them, during the absence of Velasquez, by taking refuge in some unknown garret, where he could escape from his persecutions.

It is said that man is an imitator, that industry promotes industry, that the arts are propagated by contact; but something more than the application of these adages is necessary to make an artist; and yet it must be confessed that circumstances often awaken a feeling of art in minds in which it did not seem innate. Juan could not see painting for two years, during which time he heard the greatest persons extol it to the very heavens, without feeling an indefinite desire of being able to employ colours himself. He therefore, in order to while away the long hours during which he waited for his master, endeavoured to paint. He had only brushes which had been thrown away, and remainders of colours, which he picked up in

all parts. He was quite aware that he could only daub ; but he found a charm in it ; and he was so quiet about these secret occupations, that no one suspected them.

In the midst of the bustle which prevailed, as we have said, in the dwelling of Velasquez, the poor slave appeared the most busy ; everybody was giving him orders. Two illustrious visitors were expected. One was King Philip IV. ; but he used often to come, and all this care and ceremony was not on his account. The other visitor was named Peter Paul Rubens ; and the citizen of Antwerp was, in the eyes of Velasquez and his pupils, far above the King of Spain and the Indies ; he was their sovereign, the King of Painting, the grand master of the arts. Then throughout Europe the great name of Rubens was never pronounced but with respect and enthusiasm. In his glorious country, in Holland, in the empire, in France, in Italy, in England, in Spain, everywhere, that name was deservedly revered.

Rubens was beloved by all princes. Mary de Medici esteemed him ; Philip IV. had loaded him with honours ; King Charles I. had knighted him ; the Infanta Isabella took pleasure in sitting by his easel. He had hung paintings in all the galleries of Europe ; he had formed schools of painting and engraving destined to astonish the world. He had displayed his architectural talents by building himself a palace, and by designing the magnificent church of the Jesuits in Antwerp. As a diplomatist he had concluded treaties of peace between the potentates whose portraits he painted. As a writer, he corresponded with all the learned men of Europe.

His disposition was as admirable as his genius. He maintained young artists at Rome. He shut the mouths of his enemies by benefiting them. Cornelius Schut had declared himself his adversary ; he understood that he wanted employment, he immediately procured it for him. He employed Van Uden and other of his pupils to execute the animals and the landscapes in his paintings ; it was said against him that he did not know how to manage such subjects ; not long afterwards he publicly exhibited hunting scenes of great excellence, and magnificent landscapes entirely painted with his own hand. His studies of heads were blamed ; he produced his "Descent from the Cross." He replied to criticism by disarming it ; that is, by doing what he was charged with being unable

to do. He used to quote the Spanish proverb, "Do well, you will make people envious; do better, and you will confound them."

Velasquez felt much emotion at the thought that he was about to be judged by the most celebrated artist of the day. "My renown is nothing," said he, "as long as I have not the approbation of Rubens."

He only wished to show himself to him surrounded by his masterpieces. He had painted, expressly for this interview, his celebrated picture of "The Coat of Joseph," which the French brought to the Louvre in 1809, and which was restored to Spain in consequence of the events which occasioned the overthrow of Napoleon. He reckoned on the effect of this work, for two years before Rubens had come to Madrid, and had left in that city some splendid productions of his pencil, and the Spanish artist had been inspired by them.

At noon two magnificent processions arrived at the gate of the pavilion inhabited by Diego Velasquez.

One of these stopped deferentially, to allow King Philip IV. to pass, who was surrounded by the *élite* of the *grandees* of Spain. Then it too entered; it consisted of Rubens, accompanied by Van Dyck, Sneyders, Van Uden, Gaspar Craeyer, Widens, and other artists, his pupils, whom he used to take with him during his embassies. This was his second visit to Spain in the character of an ambassador.

As soon as the Flemish artist found himself in the king's presence, he hastened to alight from his horse, and to show reverence to the sovereign. But Philip IV. would not receive his homage, saying,

"We are at the house of a painter; it is you who are the king here."

With this he took him by the arm, notwithstanding his punctilious etiquette; and the two kings entered the studio, followed by their courts.

On the side of Velasquez and his pupils, politeness was shown to Philip, honour to Rubens. Juan de Paréja, the mulatto slave, appeared especially fascinated. His eager eyes devoured the great man with a zealous admiration. It was evident that, had he dared, he would have fallen on his knees.

Rubens was fifty-two years old. His head was handsome, his appearance imposing, his bearing noble and

*distingué*. Accustomed to courts, he united the elegant manners of a nobleman to the majesty of genius.

The hearts of the bystanders beat faster, as the chief of the Flemish school examined in silence the works of the chief of the Spanish school. At the sight of "The Coat of Joseph," he expressed his profound admiration, and affectionately held out his hand to Velasquez, who threw himself into his arms. "This is the greatest day of my life," exclaimed the painter of Philip IV. "You will complete my happiness and glory, Senor," continued he, addressing himself to Rubens, "if you condescend to honour my studio by leaving on one of my pieces of canvass a stroke of your pencil, as a remembrance and memento of your visit."

So saying, Velasquez pointed to his principal paintings, and presented a pencil and palette to Rubens, hoping that the great painter would cast a ray of his flame on some one of his works.

"All that I see," said Rubens, "is finished. But I will willingly make an attempt."

So saying, he stooped to take a piece of canvas turned with its face to the wall, and which he supposed to be untouched. He uttered a cry of surprise, for the canvas was the picture afterwards known under the name of "The Entombment."

The mulatto slave grew pale with fear, seeing this picture in such hands, as he had not thought that it was there, and as he had painted it in solitude. He began to tremble like a culprit, hanging down his head in the twofold expectation of the reprimand of his master, and of the raillery of the pupils.

Rubens, however, having examined the painting attentively, said at last:

"I thought at first, Velasquez, that this painting was by you."

The slave held up his head, not daring to believe his ears, and feeling himself carried away by a golden dream beyond his most ardent hopes. But no one observed him.

"Looking at it closer," continued Rubens, "I perceive that this painting must be the work of one of your pupils. Whoever he be, he may call himself a master for the future; for there are both talent and genius displayed in it."

Each of these words redoubled the palpitation of poor Juan's heart.

"I really do not know," said Velasquez, examining the painting in astonishment, "whose work this is; I did not know that it was in my studio."

He looked anxiously round at his pupils, and asked, "Which of you gentlemen has done this?"

No one had answered, when his eyes met those of the mulatto. Juan de Paréja fell at his knees in inexpressible emotion.

"It was I," said he.

And Van Dyck was obliged to hold him up. He began to weep, without being able to add a word. Rubens and Velasquez lifted him up and embraced him. King Philip IV., the happy witness of this great scene, immediately advanced, and said, laying his royal hand on the shoulder of the mulatto, "A man of genius cannot remain a slave; lift up your head and be free. Your master shall immediately receive two hundred ounces of gold as your ransom."

"And those two hundred ounces of gold shall be yours, Juan," added Velasquez. "I have already gained much in finding in you an artist and a friend, instead of a slave."

"Oh! always a slave," cried Juan de Paréja, with much emotion. "Yes, I will always be your slave," he added, embracing his master's knees.

Rubens had felt himself so much moved, that he laid down the palette and the pencil. He deferred till the next day the performance of the request of Velasquez. The two companies of visitors retired.

The next day Rubens came according to his promise. He painted for an hour, and left a sketch. He was served by Juan, now dressed as a free man; and he did not depart without again embracing his new brother artist, who seemed ready to worship him.

Perhaps we might venture to add a few words as to the artist-life of Juan de Paréja. He never forgot the kindness which he had received from Velasquez, and never would consent to be separated from him. He accompanied him everywhere, and at Rome was admitted, on the same day with him, to the academy of St. Luke, which then reckoned among its members Domenichino, Guido, Pietro di Cortona, Poussin, Sandraert, Guerchin, and many other great names.

Velasquez died of a contagious disease at Madrid, in

1660. Juan, on quitting his death-bed, continued to attend on his widow. She died of the same illness a week later; and then he went to the house of his master's daughter, who had recently married the landscape-painter Martinez del Mazo.

"Senora," said he, "you alone are left to me; take me into your service, if you do not wish me to die."

"Come in," replied Mazo, "you belong to the house."

And Juan attached himself devotedly to the landscape-painter, whose life he saved; for, in 1670, on account of a satirical picture, which is yet to be seen at the palace of Aranjuez, a great nobleman of Madrid, conceiving himself insulted, had hired an assassin to stab Martinez del Mazo. Juan de Paréja, who always accompanied the man to whom he had devoted himself, threw himself in the way of the dagger, received the blow, and died of it.

The museum at Madrid possesses many admirably-painted portraits by the mulatto artist. The portion of the immense museum at Paris which is called the Spanish Museum, is enriched with two of his paintings; one is "The Holy Women at the Tomb of our Saviour;" the other, that famous piece "The Entombment," which was brought to light by the hands of Rubens. The "Calling of St. Matthew," which is considered the masterpiece of Juan de Paréja, is in the palace of Aranjuez.



## THE UNION OF ALL SEVEN SINS.

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### THE BOAR OF ARDENNES.

"This man, with brutal instincts, whom Satan guides and protects, has always the seven deadly sins as his suite."—*Chappuys*.

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#### I.

ONE fine morning, in the month of May, 1455, a chilly old man was warming himself at a good fire of coals, in a great hall at the court of the Hague. This old man, broken down by his passions as much as by his years, was Philip the Good, sovereign of the Netherlands, and Duke of Burgundy. His weakened head was subject by turns to excess of violence and of dejection. Nevertheless, he still governed, aided by his son, the Count of Charolais, who was already called Charles the Bold.

Philip had no longer enough energy for anything more than ambitious thoughts. To his paternal inheritance of Burgundy and Flanders, he had united, by intrigues and conquests, Brabant, Hainault, Holland, Zealand, Friesland, and the territory of Namur. He was uneasy because he could not also get possession of the territory of Liege, which was always governed by its prince, the elective bishop.

Wrinkled, pale, and emaciated as he was, the sparkling eye of Philip was still dreaded, as it burned under the wig which used to cover his head, which had for a long time been bald. His long bony hands bent when he felt the prey which he had watched slipping away.

There was then a suitor before him, the beautiful Countess of Salm, who was *enceinte*, and who, as the

mother of a family, was begging of him some productive benefice or dignity for her husband, who, she said, had been ruined in the last wars. He promised, without specifying anything, and was drawing about him his velvet gown lined with ermine, when an old chamberlain came to him and announced the arrival of a messenger from Liege.

"Ah! ah!" said the duke; "let him come in. Is not your husband at Liege, madam? He may serve us."

The beautiful countess blushed. She thought that Philip knew nothing of her husband's residence at Liege, where he was seeking to re-establish his fortune, whilst she was negotiating at the Hague.

"He will willingly do so, sire," she answered, "if you will condescend to give him instructions."

"But that fool, De Heinsberg, has occupied the bishopric for thirty-four years, and, *pardieu*"—(this was his usual oath). He did not continue the expression of his thoughts. The Countess of Salm was silent, and did not appear to be attempting to guess at them. The fact was, that the Duke of Burgundy, without wishing to take possession of the principality of Liege, which was an ecclesiastical one, aimed at placing there, as he had done at Utrecht, a man of his own family, whose conduct he might direct. He had already considerably weakened the authority of John de Heinsberg; he had fomented disturbances at Liege, in order to have an opportunity of interposing as a mediator. Liege, under his patronage, was losing every day some fragment of its old independence. Philip's agents had obliged the prelate to suppress the Court of the Ring, and the Court of Peace, which gave much security to the citizens in matters of justice. He had disturbed the mind of Heinsberg, inconstant by nature, and a blunderer by habit. Heinsberg loved motion and travelling. At the suggestion of Philip the Good, he had determined some years before to visit the Holy Land; but as he was preparing to embark for England, he was warned that he would be seized while passing through Flanders, imprisoned, and stripped of his bishopric; so he hastened back to his capital.

Some time afterwards, during a journey to Maestricht, he discovered men posted by the road-side to murder him, and he only escaped by the assistance of his escort. He thus lived in continual alarm. But Philip the Good thought that he was reigning too long, and he was pre-

paring a successor for him, and taking steps to secure the principality of Liege for his nephew, Lewis de Bourbon, a young prince eighteen years of age, who had hitherto only shown a taste for dissipation, but who nevertheless had a noble heart.

As soon as Philip saw the messenger come in, who knelt down and presented him a letter, he cried out in an agitated tone, "What is that?—*pardieu!* Did I not say, that I wished nothing to be written?"

"Sire," replied the messenger, "this letter contains nothing but the assurance that your highness may believe my words."

"Very well," replied the prince. And he opened the letter, which indeed was only a passport given to the bearer by the Chancellor of Burgundy, who was then at Liege.

"Well," said he, immediately, "Heinsberg had promised me the first vacant prebend in his church for my nephew, Lewis de Bourbon, son of my sister Agnes. Liedekerke, archdeacon of La Campine, is dead. No doubt, you are come to tell me on whom the prince-bishop has bestowed that office?"

"Exactly so, sire; your highness's wishes have not been fulfilled. The prince-bishop is feeble; there have been many intrigues."

"I should be much surprised," said Philip, "if there were not, at Liege."

"The most zealous of the applicants for that dignity was a bold young man, of powerful family, who has moved the whole city, and who will be a terrible agitator if he ever come to have any power."

"What is his name?"

"He is of the house of Arenberg; it is the young William, son of the rebel Everard de Lamarck."

"An enemy of me and of my house," said the Duke of Burgundy, rising with passion. "Had John de Heinsberg the audacity to give him the archdeaconry?"

"No, sire; he could not venture on that. But, on the other hand, the clamours of the people prevented him from yielding to the suggestions of the Chancellor of Burgundy. So that he has not named Prince Lewis de Bourbon."

"Who, then, has been promoted?"

"John de Heinsberg, embarrassed, acted according to the request of his sister, the abbess of Thorn; he has con-

ferred the dignity of archdeacon of La Campine on the Count of Salm."

The beautiful countess at these words could not restrain a cry of joy. But suddenly she blushed excessively; for she was aware that she was in the presence of the Duke of Burgundy, whom her triumph humiliated. Philip looked at her for some minutes with an eye of fury without uttering a word.

"There, then," said he, at last, "that husband of yours, in whose favour you were seeking to move us, is provided for. But all is not done."

"Sire," replied the countess, alarmed by the menacing tone of the prince's voice, "your highness may, however, by approving the election, find a devoted servant in the count my husband."

The Duke of Burgundy stopped for an instant, looked steadfastly at the countess, and resumed:

"We shall soon see."

Then, turning to the messenger, he said:

"Has not this conduct of the prince-bishop been blamed in my name?"

"It has, sire, most decidedly. The Chancellor of Burgundy has bitterly reproached the prince-bishop for it."

"Do you know what answer he made?"

"Yes, sire. He said that if he had not disposed of the archdeaconry of La Campine in favour of the prince-bishop, it was because he kept the best benefice of the principality of Liege for him; and when the chancellor asked what benefice that was, he answered, 'The one which I possess.'"

"The one which he possesses," repeated the duke; "that is good; that would be very good, *pardieu*; but the fool will hold back."

"That is what is feared, sire; and it is on that very account that I am sent here. The report is current, that John de Heinsberg is thinking of going into France, to claim the protection of King Charles VII."

The old duke smiled disdainfully; then, having recollected himself, he ordered the messenger to have some dinner given him, and to be detained.

"Madam," said he to the Countess of Salm, when he was alone with her, "we can indeed recognize your husband as archdeacon of La Campine, and join new favours to that benefice; but for this you must serve us as you have

offered. Your pregnancy is not so far advanced as to hinder you from travelling, as you have been able to come to us. We will furnish you with an escort, and you shall go to the Count of Salm; and, in concert with him, you shall induce the Bishop of Liege to come and pay us a visit here, at our court of the Hague. We will give you a letter for John de Heinsberg."

The Duke of Burgundy took a silver whistle from a little ebony table, which stood beside him. He whistled twice; a good monk entered, who wrote some lines at the dictation of the prince. Philip signed it, according to his custom; and the letter having been sealed, he put it into the hands of the Countess of Salm, asking her if she had understood him.

She answered that she had.

"In that case you may leave, and remember well," said he, laying particular stress on these last words, "that our gratitude will increase in proportion to the promptitude of your success."

## II.

A fortnight after the scene we have just described, a sort of cavalcade of honour quitted the Hague, preceding a great man. Among the nobles who composed it, might be observed two good-looking young men; one, who appeared to be twenty-five years of age, and who carried himself with an air of determination, with disordered hair, a bright grey eye, a prominent chin, and features indicative of violence, was Charles of Burgundy, Count of Charolais, son of the lord duke. He was dressed negligently; he wore a riding-hood of grey cloth, trimmed with black fur, over a poppy-coloured velvet doublet; his heavy sword hung by his side; his legs were, according to his custom, encased in great military boots.

By the side of his powerful horse, on an elegant palfrey, with white silk housing, gracefully cantered a light-hearted youth, dressed in silk and blue velvet, with ash-coloured edgings and slashings. This young man, eighteen years of age, was Lewis de Bourbon, who was destined to be Bishop of Liege.

"Tell me, noble cousin," said he, approaching the Count of Charolais, what will John de Heinsberg think, when he sees his successor?"

"He will not think at all," replied Charles. "Besides, does he know you?"

"No; but do not you think that the Countess of Salm has been expeditious in her plans, for all is on the point of being finished? I am curious to know how the good duke will get out of the affair. I confess, Charles, that I am much pleased at the idea of having this principality; not for power, for which I do not care, but I shall have large revenues, and be a sovereign prince."

"Pleasures will never fail you, my fair cousin. You may draw as much from those villains as you like. We undertake to protect your territories."

"Provided that these obstinate Liegers," continued Lewis, "do not compel me to take orders. I am not even tonsured."

"Well, well. Only mistrust some turbulent persons, who incessantly agitate your bishopric. Such are especially the Sires de Lamarck."

"I have heard of them. Did not our grandfather, John the Fearless, cause one of them to be beheaded, and have not we the same rights?"

"After a war these rights are acted on; but, in time of peace, noblemen have their privileges. Never mind; these Liegers will be reduced. I repeat, when you are invested, keep your eye particularly on that fierce William de Lamarck, your competitor for the archdeaconry of La Campine, and then we shall see."

Another procession, consisting of but a few persons, was observed: it was John de Heinsberg, who was coming with some of his knights. At the moment that he was preparing to go into France, the Countess of Salm had had the address to persuade him that, by visiting Philip the Good, and promising him the principality of Liege for his nephew, he would find in him a benevolent protector, whilst, by going to implore the aid of King Charles VII., he would certainly induce the Duke of Burgundy to invade his territories during his absence, and to declare his abdication.

He came, half-confident, half-troubled by presentiments, which he endeavoured to check. As soon as he appeared before Charles of Burgundy, he was about to alight. The prince hastily anticipated him; and, having embraced him, conducted him to the Hague with all kinds of honours. The old duke received him with a great display of

affection: he even caressed him, fêted him, and, after several days, which quite put him at his ease, Heinsberg requested to take leave to return to Liege. He was introduced alone into a hall, where Philip the Good was waiting for him.

"Hitherto," abruptly said the old prince, "you have been my guest; on quitting me, you will again become my enemy."

Heinsberg, surprised at this change of tone, was about to open his mouth. The Duke of Burgundy gave him no time.

"You have broken your word," he continued, "about the prebend, which you promised to our nephew Lewis."

The bishop was about to repeat the humble promise of resignation, which he had made to the Chancellor of Burgundy. Philip again interrupted him, and said, raising his voice with rage:

"You intended to have recourse to my enemy, the King of France, against me; the indignation which I feel at this does not permit me to finish what I was about to say."

At these words the old duke moved towards the door. John de Heinsberg, trembling, hastened to assure him that he abided by his offer, and that he was ready to resign his bishopric to Prince Lewis de Bourbon.

The duke gave an indefinable look at the feeble victim, whom he was thus torturing. After a moment's silence, he departed, without adding another word, leaving the poor bishop in a state of suspense, which lasted a quarter of an hour. Then an officer of the court came in, and requested John of Heinsberg to step into an adjoining apartment.

It was a gloomy little room, where he saw an old Franciscan, with the executioner standing behind him, holding a piece of black cloth under his arm, and a drawn sword in his hand.

"Reverend lord," said the friar, "the good duke, our most dread lord, accuses you of having failed in fidelity; he will have no more delays nor shuffling; abdicate on the spot, or think of your conscience."

John de Heinsberg, half-dead with fear, signed the paper. He departed, no longer a prince or a bishop; and the Count of Charolais brought Lewis de Bourbon before Philip of Burgundy, who exclaimed, "Liege is ours!"

## III.

Time went on ; no one at Liege doubted about the resignation of John de Heinsberg. Philip the Good still required it to be kept a secret, till he should have obtained from the Holy See the necessary dispensations for his nephew. The messengers had set out ; but the mission was difficult, on account of the youth of Lewis de Bourbon.

Meanwhile the prince, who had been stripped of his title and dignity, was living in sadness at Breda, neither daring to remain at the Hague, nor to return to Liege. He had sent for the Count of Blankenheim, his nephew, to come to him ; and, in hope of obtaining some consolation from him, he had told him, under an oath of secrecy, what had taken place.

"You have been ensnared, my dear uncle," said Blankenheim. "You have signed with the dagger at your breast : you are not bound to abide by your promise."

"But what can I do, my son ? If I resist the Duke of Burgundy,—you know his power."

"Why not apply to the King of France ?"

"I was going to do so, when I was led into this ambush. But I am still young, much younger than Philip at least. It is odious to be obliged to resign power. Yes, I would go into France, if I were not watched, as is certainly the case. Listen to me, my dear nephew ; you always have loved me ; go quietly into the dominions of King Charles VII., inquire from him whether he will assist me. I will wait for you patiently."

Blankenheim, having approved of this plan, left Breda without saying a word ; and, by a skilfully-arranged route, entered France, whilst Heinsberg, again buried in solitude, was a prey to ennui and grief. He learnt every day that his people were murmuring at him, not knowing how to explain his long absence. Winter came and went away during this state of things. The Count of Blankenheim did not return, and sent no news. Heinsberg hoped the more the longer his nephew remained in France ; he accounted for his silence by the danger of trusting to put his communications on paper.

The Liegers were not so patient. The conduct of their bishop displeased them ; they felt themselves abandoned ;



and this people, though irritated by ever so light a yoke, could not do without a sovereign.

They knew that their prince was at Breda; that he was not detained by any illness; they wished him either to return, or to explain to them the cause of his strange delay in that town. Already they had been grieved at seeing him go to the court of the Duke of Burgundy, whom they justly considered to be their enemy. They wrote several letters to John de Heinsberg: they remained unanswered. They sent messengers to him, who only brought back vague replies. On the 1st of July, 1456, after a year of impatience, the aldermen addressed a letter of reproaches to Bishop Heinsberg, which they concluded by saying that he must adopt one of two plans,—either return to Liege immediately, or never.

John de Heinsberg was suffering: he was irascible. The style and tone of this letter wounded him. He placed before his eyes all the turbulence of the Liegers, all the trouble that he had had in governing them, all the insults that they had offered him, all the disturbances which had occurred during his reign. He thought that perhaps the Duke of Burgundy had done him a service by relieving him of what was called his power; and, in that moment of ill-temper, without thinking any more of his nephew's negotiations, he went and drew up a public act of abdication. After this he wrote abruptly to the Liegers, that they would not have long to wait before they were governed by a prince, who would teach them to soften their style.

This extraordinary letter arrived at Liege on the 18th of July; it caused much talk; groups collected in all the streets, assemblages of people in all the cross-ways. The public places were filled, as if the city were being attacked.

Before the town-hall particularly, men were to be observed, haranguing the people with a loud voice: they spoke of running to arms; they were afraid the country was in danger. Innumerable suspicions, which had long been in process of formation, were openly expressed; animated conversations agitated this people, whose exterior appearance was so excited.

A young man, of lofty stature, of rough and swarthy appearance, although only twenty years old, particularly engaged the attention of those who stood around him. He

spoke with vehemence : his muscular arms gave a formidable effect to his gestures. A thick beard already hid his mouth. He was dressed in a buff doublet, and armed like a nobleman of old days, with a large and heavy sword, and a small battle-axe, hanging from his girdle. His cap of red velvet, lined with a brass skull-piece, was surmounted by a tuft of wild-boar's hair, by way of a plume. This young man had been brought up in the Ardennes. The life which he had led in the forest had rendered him robust and powerful. He was considered a bold hunter, and a redoubtable champion in feats of strength. It was William de Lamarck, Lord of Lumain, of the house of Arenberg.

The men who appeared to listen to him most attentively, were John de la Boverie and Pollain, young men of his own age ; Lahousse, a brazier of Dinant ; Joachim, of the guild of butchers of Liege ; and a stranger, who had just entered the city, and who, by his dress, might be known to be a nobleman. Pollain, examining him a little, remembered that he had seen him at the court of the prince-bishop ; it was, in fact, the Count of Blankenheim, who was just come from France.

"We are ensnared," said William ; "the Duke of Burgundy has driven us to the wall ; it is a trick of his ; unhappy we are if we remain without defence."

"This," added the brazier, "is a blow of the hammer, which falls on our heads. Precursory signs have announced it ; there have never been so many jack-a-lanterns in our marshes before."

"And the comet with a long tail," continued Joachim ; "the comet over St. Walburga's, and which was stationary not long ago over the palace of the prince-bishop. We are murdered if we do not give a good blow over the horns to those who are trying to knock us on the head."

"But," interrupted John de la Boverie, "perhaps we are alarming ourselves, gentlemen, on the ground of false reports."

"How false reports ?" cried William de Lamarck. "You are told that John de Heinsberg has abdicated, and that he hands us over to Lewis de Bourbon. Is that right ? The Duke of Burgundy did not send for the bishop to his court for nothing. There is our implacable enemy ! When I reflect that Philip deprived my father of his castles of Agmont and Rochefort, that John the Fearless

beheaded my grandfather after the battle of Othée, I say 'War with the house of Burgundy!'

"Well said," murmured the crowd; "long life to William de Lamarck!"

"You know," resumed the violent young man, "all the evils that the house of Burgundy has done, all that it has attempted to do to us. It has only sought to deprive our provinces of their liberties; and had it not been for the wars excited against it by our ally France, we should no longer be independent. It is to France that John de Heinsberg should have addressed himself, instead of putting us into the clutches of the tiger."

"Excuse me, sir," said Blankenheim; "but I am just arrived from the court of France, where King Charles VII. has assured me of aid for my uncle John de Heinsberg against him whom his flatterers call the good duke. My uncle expects me at Breda; and yet you tell me that he has publicly abdicated."

"He has, to his shame, to our misfortune," replied William; "and to take his place, he sends us a boy, without consulting the chapter and the people, who yet have a voice in the election. A boy, still a student at Louvain! A boy to govern Liege!"

"The pope will not allow it," said Blankenheim.

"The dispensing bulls are already granted," interposed an alderman; "for the court of Rome has been deceived. The pope does not know that the choice of the prince, whom they wish to impose on us, is fatal to the state and to the church. Besides, Calixtus III. is obliged to make concessions. The Turks, three years ago, made themselves masters of Constantinople; they may invade Italy and the dominions of the Holy See. A new crusade is wanted. Philip the Good, already bound by his vow on the pheasant,\* has promised the holy father to send a fleet against the infidels, and for this we are sacrificed."

"So," said Pollain, "they wish to give us a bishop who is neither a priest, deacon, nor sub-deacon. Truly, we live in abominable times!"

"Philip of Burgundy is Antichrist," cried Lahousse. "You will see him playing the pope."

"At least, let him not play with us," resumed William. "We should show him that we are Liegers."

\* According to the usages of chivalry, he had sworn on the pheasant, at a banquet, to take the cross against the Saracens.

"We ought to address ourselves to the emperor," said Joachim; "he is our superior and natural protector."

"The emperor! Frederick III.!" said William; "a prince without heart or energy! Let us rely only on ourselves, gentlemen. Mark my words: if we seek support from foreigners, we shall come under the yoke. This happened when the house of Burgundy gave us John of Bavaria for a prince, a monster who never was a priest, who so well deserved the name of John the Pitiless, and who, like a demon, so long tyrannized over us. Gentlemen, we must declare an interregnum, elect a mambour,\* and run to arms at once."

"Well said," exclaimed the multitude; "let us name a mambour. The pope may give us a bishop; no one has a right to exercise temporal power over us."

"A mambour will govern us according to our customs," said John de La Boverie.

"And we will show the Duke of Burgundy," said Lathousse, "that we can rivet his nail, and that we are not so dependent on him as he imagines."

"Gentlemen," said a canon, who was in the crowd, "it is for the chapter to elect the regent, or mambour, for whom you wish."

"Not so," loudly called out William de Lamarck; "the chapter, aided by the people, will elect a bishop, for we must elect one. The nomination of the mambour belongs solely to the people."

"But," replied the canon, "those who can create the bishop, can also create his deputy during the interregnum."

"Wrong," said William, again; "the chapter's voice relates only to spirituals; the mambour is not a churchman; a man who can use the sword and the axe ought to fill that place."

"Well said!" cried the crowd again. "Long life to William de Lamarck! He will defend us; let him be our mambour."

"I give him my vote," said Blankenheim.

"The nephew of the prince-bishop," exclaimed Pollain, "votes for William de Lamarck. Long live William de Lamarck! To St. Lambert's! Let us display the standard."

A thousand confused clamours were heard. But in the

\* The mambour at Liege was the person who governed during a vacancy of the see.

dispute between the canons and the people, it was decided that they should consult the aldermen. Their advice was, that the mambour should be named by the three estates united; the assembly was convoked for the next morning, by sound of trumpet. The crowds dispersed.

Blankenheim followed William, with whom he united himself against Lewis de Bourbon. William was also a partisan of France. In the evening, all their friends used their influence among the people to promote the election of William de Lamarek as mambour of the territory of Liege. But the next morning, just as the three estates were uniting for this important nomination, it was reported that the new prince-bishop was speedily approaching, and that he was not more than half a league from the city. All the crowd, fickle and curious, putting off their anger to another day, went to meet him.

Lewis de Bourbon advanced with much pomp; having been an apt scholar of his artful uncle, he showed a smiling and agreeable appearance to all. Five hundred horsemen, splendidly armed and clad, formed his procession; he rode on a superb horse, having on either side of him John de Straile and Gerard Goswin, masters of the city. Anselm de Hamal, who also had hastened to meet him, carried the standard before him; he was accompanied by the bishop of Cambrai, the Count of Horn, Raes de Varoux, Arnold de Corswarem, and a multitude of other nobles of Liege.

The people applauded the graceful manners of Lewis; and as, on his arrival at the palace, he treated the three estates very handsomely, as he was seen good-naturedly talking to every one, as he caused gaiety and good humour wherever he went, the people, abandoning their prejudices, judged well of their new prince, and cried, "Long live Bourbon!"

"I know the man," said William, who had watched all this; "the charm will scarcely last; let us go, meanwhile, and sharpen our lances." Then, taking the hand of Blankenheim, he added, "I accept your alliance, sir; France will aid us, John de Heinsberg shall be avenged, and you will see the day when I am mambour of Liege."

#### IV.

The cannon thundered furiously against the walls of Dinant. It was the 20th of August, 1466.

For ten years Lewis de Bourbon had continued his stormy reign over the Liegers. For nine years and nine months he had been detested by them. He was supported by Charles of Burgundy, who was invested with the title of mambour of Liege.

At sunset six men appeared on the ruined ramparts of Dinant, on the side of Bouvignes; all six were substantially armed, and covered with dust, like men who had long been fighting. They were Lahousse, Joachim the butcher, Raes de Heers, Guérin, ex-burgomaster of Dinant, Blankenheim, and William de Lamarck.

"They are numerous," said William, fixing his piercing eye on the camp of the Burgundians.

"Never mind," added Lahousse, "if the Liegers arrive, they will not have us."

"And if Liege should fail us," resumed Lamarck, "who would be coward enough to surrender? At least this town of Dinant shows itself; it is ardent in its hatred; it is worthy of us."

"It must be confessed," said Joachim, "that your highwaymen and banished men, William, those brigands whom you have brought, are a valuable assistance to us. They kill well."

"*Corbleu!* gentlemen," said old Guérin, "I hope the siege will be raised by St. Bartholomew's day. Then we will march on Liege, on Hui, on Maestricht, and death to Bourbon!"

"He will not have been undeserving of it," said Raes de Heers. "I never shall forget his first great iniquity, which took place at the beginning of his reign. A young man of Waremmes, a friend of mine, was going away tipsy from a party of pleasure which we had been enjoying together, and because he ventured on some jokes against Lewis de Bourbon, he was put to death by the executioner, and his body cut into four pieces whilst he was still breathing. It was horrible, gentlemen; I saw it, and I have vowed vengeance."

"So have we," said Blankenheim.

"It shall only be quenched in blood," added William.

"Let us come in here."

The six companions opened the door of a tavern, called for wine, and began to drink.

"After the affair you mentioned," resumed the butcher, "*parbleu!* Bourbon is right in going to live at Maestricht."

"Oh! that he had come hither," cried Guérin.

"You would have pounded him," said Raes de Heers, "in one of your caldrons."

"Certainly," replied Lahousse, "we would have beaten him to death."

A new guest entered; a rough villager of savage appearance, who wore on his sleeve the image of a hideous man, rudely embroidered in wool.

This man was one of the troop of "Fustigeants" (or Thrashers), a sort of vagabond partisans, who had formed themselves into bodies between Tongeren and St. Trond. They all had the same ungainly image on their arms, caps, and standard, which they called the "Bishop's Baulker." This frightful image held a thick stick in its hand, as an emblem of the band. For a long time they had traversed the country, beating and knocking on the head the collectors of the prince's revenues, after having emptied their boxes and burned their papers; they were, in the rural districts, the terror of the partisans of Lewis de Bourbon. The interest of the cause which they served had attracted them all to Dinant.

"Well," said he, saluting William, "it is reported, sir, that the interdict has been again laid upon the city of Liege. Lewis rubs his hands at it. He says that the Pope, and his uncle of Burgundy, will bring the rebels to reason."

"His uncle of Burgundy is a blackguard, and we will rap his knuckles for him," said Raes de Heers. "As to the interdict, we will do as we did four years ago, and appeal from the Pope ill-informed, to the Pope better informed."

"But it appears," resumed the Thrasher, "that the churches are shut up; that the clergy of Liege, as numerous, they say, as those in Rome, live with their arms folded, and that none of the numerous bells in the old city may venture to ring."

"Let us finish here," said Raes; "after that, we shall see."

He took a large draught.

"I have a great desire," he said, "this evening to make a little sally against the advanced guard there, at the suburb of Leffe."

"I will not allow it," said William, "your old father is in it."

"Bah! I have often besieged him at other times in his own castle, and without the intervention of the bishop."

"That is bad!" cried William, "silence on that point; let us drink. If you wish to go out afterwards, you can go and hang the effigy. Insult Charles of Burgundy, Philip, and Lewis of Bourbon, as much as you please; but the people love you; do not lose yourself by any outrages against your father."

"As for Lewis de Bourbon," said Raes, who was beginning to get drunk, "I can do no better than what I did, when, at my suggestion, the people declared Prince Mark of Baden bishop in his stead."

"A coward."

"Very good! he makes the place ready for us. I wish to be prince-bishop myself," said Raes; "you, William, shall be mambour, and we will make war. You are thirty years old; it is the prime of life. War with the old wolf Philip; his head is no longer his own."

"And yet he had himself brought to the camp in a litter."

"That is," said Blankenheim, "because he likes to see blood flow; we will treat him to that. We are allied with the French, who will arrive as soon as the Liegers. That pig, Mark of Baden, has taken refuge in Germany."

"Never mind," said William, "we will do without him. We have men here who will not surrender. The guild of vine-dressers, and the guild of butchers at Liege, are proscribed for having plundered Limburg without a declaration of war. They will fight."

"It is said that Bourbon has just had himself consecrated at Hui," observed the Thrasher.

"He is too late," said William; "your comrades, who are here,—the companions of the Green Tent, and the gunners, who killed the messenger of peace from Lewis, the brigands of Villène, who knocked his officers on the head,—all these gallant men will no longer be able to submit. War, then, since the wine is poured out. Death to Lewis de Bourbon, and to his adherents."

"Death to the old wolf of Burgundy!" cried Blankenheim.

"And to his cub," added Joachim.

"And to his beggarly duchess," said Lahousse.

"To his name and race," shouted the landlord.

"They are coming," said Guérin, "against that good



town of Dinant, which, for three hundred years and more has been allied by commerce with France, England, and Germany. May they find their grave here!"

"For that," continued Lahousse, "I would give my ten best coppers."

"And I an arm from my body," added Raes,—and all drank furiously. "Come," continued he, rising, "let us go and prepare them a pleasant joke."

Although they were all drunk, they went out of the town carrying a gibbet, a ladder, a long rope, and an effigy of the Count of Charolais, dressed in a cloak, with the arms of Burgundy on it. They erected the gallows, and hanged the effigy in the marsh between Dinant and Bouvignes, and returned to the town.

Next morning, at break of day, the Burgundians, who were besieging Dinant, saw this insulting figure, at which the besieged were shooting arrows and throwing mud from their walls, crying out:

"There is the son of your duke, the false traitor, the Count of Charolais, whom the King of France will hang, as he is hanged there."

They added other insults of a like nature against the duke and duchess. Charles of Burgundy, to whom they were reported, swore to revenge himself for them. His mother declared that she would rather lose all she was worth, than that the insult should not be washed out in blood.

The same day, by means of a mortar, the Burgundians threw another effigy into the town of Dinant, representing Lewis XI. hanging, and cried in their turn:

"You set of toads, go and look for your toad and traitor, the King of France,—a fool and madman."

"Go along!" replied the men of Dinant, "your old skeleton of a duke has come here to die basely; and your little Count Charlotteau may go to Montlhéry, and get a drubbing; his beak is too yellow for him to come amongst us. The noble King of France will hang him like a fat hog."

William rejoiced at these excesses, because they rendered capitulation impossible. But the town, which was to expiate them, did not entirely approve of them. There were three parties at Dinant, who did not agree among themselves,—the guild of founders, the townsmen of the middle of the town, and the nine guilds. The townsmen

wished to make their submission ; the guild of founders, who supplied all Europe with brass-ware, wrote continually to Lewis XI., on whom they relied, in the distress into which the town was plunged by the long siege ; they begged him to come, out of pity and charity ; but he did not arrive. The nine guilds, to which all the more high-minded joined themselves, knew but one word—resistance ; they had but one feeling,—that of hatred to the house of Burgundy. They were countenanced by the highwaymen, bandits, and plunderers, whose chief was William de Lamarck, who wished to put down Lewis de Bourbon and his adherents, in fire and blood.

The nine guilds, to answer the Burgundians again, constructed two other effigies ; one represented a woman (of straw) holding a distaff and spindle. They planted it on the loftiest tower, on the side towards Bouvignes, with the following inscription, in letters two feet high :—

“ Quand cette femme filera,  
Philippe cette ville aura.”

(When this woman spins, Philip will have this town.)

There was a pun intended between *filera* and *Philippe*. The other effigy was a representation of the old duke in his great chair ; they paraded it round the walls, hooting and beating it in presence of the army, and finished by burning it amid shouts of joy.

The anger of the Burgundians was at its height. The burgesses of Bouvignes, shocked at the fate which their senseless neighbours were preparing for themselves, took compassion on them. They sent a messenger to them, to beg them to propitiate by a prompt submission the Duke of Burgundy, whom they might yet appease, by protesting against the insults offered to him, and by giving up the authors of them to him. The messenger of peace was seized by the Thrashers, who cut off his head, and threw it into the camp of the Burgundians.

The people of Bouvignes, still more alarmed at such an excess of madness, sent a second letter, which they caused to be delivered by a dumb lad, an idiot, who did not know to what danger he was exposing himself. The people of Dinant, whose fury was at its height, seized the new messenger, notwithstanding his innocence, tore him to pieces, and paraded his limbs on the ramparts, as if they had been cannibals.

All these are simple historical facts.

The more sensible inhabitants of the town dreaded the inevitable results of such atrocities, deputed some of the principal men to go to Liege, to quicken the arrival of the succour which they expected. But the army of the Burgundians augmented daily its numbers, and the Liegers did not come. The Count of Charolais ordered the cannon to thunder incessantly ; fragments of the walls, sixty feet in length, fell at once ; in all quarters houses were burning and buildings tottering ; it was a frightful chaos. Breaches opened in every direction left no hope. On the morning of the 24th of August the town observed with consternation a defection, which became the signal for ruin. The banditti and the adventurers, the Thrashers, the gunners, the companions of the Green Tent,\* the brigands of Villène, had escaped during the night. They were not very numerous ; but the absence of these determined men discouraged those who were left behind. In vain did William and Blankenheim, who did not yet abandon their posts, and old Guérin, who had taken up the standard of the town, summon them to arms, saying that they could not reckon on the clemency of an enemy whom they had mortally offended ; the town now only thought of surrender. Only their lives were begged for. They could obtain no conditions.

Charles of Burgundy entered Dinant on the 25th of August, 1466, at the head of his army ; his looks were sinister, his mouth sternly closed. The old duke did not venture to appear in the town, which might have cried to him for mercy ; he returned to Brussels, leaving to his son the care of avenging him. Charles had determined to pillage the town on the 26th and 27th of August, and to set fire to it on the 28th. But the soldiers did not wait for his orders, and the sack of Dinant began on that same day, the 25th of August, the festival of the patron saint of the Bishop of Liege. The order was given by the Count of Charolais to spare none but ecclesiastics, children, and women ; they were collected into a body, and driven along the road to Liege. Then in a few hours that great and rich town of Dinant was completely pillaged. The townsmen were tortured and put to death, after they had revealed the hiding-places of their treasures. The pillage

\* They only encamped in the woods.

lasted four days, accompanied by the most frightful excesses; after which, the town was set on fire and completely burned. A number of executions had taken place. To finish the chastisement of the insolent town, the conqueror had ordered the ruins of the walls to be demolished; he wished the plough to pass over its site, and that in after-days it might be asked, "Where was Dinant?"

As soon as the news of the capture of Dinant was reported at Liege, the city rose against the burgomasters, one of whom, William Deschamps, Lavolette tells us, was put to death. The Liegers were for marching against the Burgundians.

William de Lamarck, who had escaped in the disguise of a priest, was amongst them; he was heard to say to old Guérin,—

"When Liege has suffered the fate of Dinant, we shall triumph."

## V.

The tumult increased at Liege the more the unhappy fugitives arrived from Dinant. The accounts of the bloody sack of the town were listened to with horror. People wept with pity for the children and women of respectable families, who were now reduced to the greatest misery.

Excitement had driven the Liegers to take up arms; they wished to avenge their neighbours and to march against the Burgundian army; a part of them went out with warlike cries. But the sudden appearance of the veteran Burgundian troops, so accustomed to war and so numerous, which were advancing against Liege, at once intimidated the insurgent subjects of Lewis de Bourbon. Surprised and alarmed, they sent a deputation to beg for peace; for they knew that they should lose all if they were defeated, their city not being in a state fit for defence.

Charles of Burgundy consented to retire, on condition of receiving fifty hostages. The Bishop Lewis selected them; and this odious service did not tend to heighten his popularity. The destroyer of Dinant also resumed his title of mambour of Liege; he sent, as his deputy, Himbercourt, who sought to gain the good-will of the citizens, by causing his name to be inscribed in the register of the

guild of smiths, whose robes he put on. Thus, in the preceding century at Ghent, Artevelde had been adopted into the guild of brewers.

Himbercourt soon saw that, among the fifty citizens who had been put into the hands of the Count of Charolais, the most turbulent had not been included. William de Lamarck had retired with his bands into the forest of Ardennes; he disturbed the country, harassing the friends of Bourbon, and of his supporters. Of a noble family, which had given two bishops to Liege (Adolphus and Englebert de Lamarck), William was by his birth a powerful chief. Gifted with extraordinary bodily strength and unheard of boldness, he would have made himself respected solely by his natural advantages. An intrepid warrior and able partisan, to make himself look more formidable, he had allowed his beard to grow; it was rough and bristly. In his armorial bearings he had a boar's head, and he ordered all the men in his bands to bear it. All attempts to capture this man, who was styled the Boar of Ardennes, were in vain: it was of no use to do more than endeavour to avoid him. Himbercourt would have given the world to take this chief of the robbers, but no one dared even to pursue him.\*

His friend, Raes de Heers, had not followed him into the forest; he had boldly remained at Liege, whence he corresponded with the Wild Boar and Lewis XI. The Duke of Burgundy's lieutenant demanded the audacious Raes de Heers from the magistrates of the city, wishing to send him to the duke, instead of some other hostage. The people exclaimed, in the most formal manner, that they would never allow their defender to leave; and Raes, thus warned of his danger, was on his guard. He learned, moreover, that several of his letters to William and to Lewis XI. had been intercepted. He assembled his most confidential friends at his house in the Place Saint Pierre. He made of them a secret council, whose occult authority became all-powerful. He surrounded himself with a guard

\* The historians of the period have exaggerated the appearance of William, of whom they were afraid. His lower jaw was, they say, extraordinarily thick, and projected beyond the upper one. He had long teeth on each side, like tusks. This is a fancy portrait; but the fact is, that his vices and violences had made him hideous. He sometimes wore in the forest, by way of a cloak, a boar's skin, whose hoofs and snout were of silver; the skin of the head, which was prepared, hung over his forehead, and gave him a monstrous appearance. The war-cry of his bands was "Sangler" (Wild Boar).

composed of resolute men, chosen from the different guilds, and dressed in uniform. He armed them with thick sticks loaded with lead, and called them the Free-Liegers (Francs-Liégeois).

For some time Raes was thus master of Liege; he declared himself more openly than ever against the house of Burgundy, which proscribed him. The Boar of Ardenne immediately arrived, at the head of his brigands and exiles, under the walls of Liege; Raes de Heers, with his adherents, joined him. To reply to the edict of proscription, they proceeded to take Hui, which had joined the party of the bishop; and the Liegers hastened to the plunder of the town.

Charles of Burgundy infuriated, swore to fight through fire and blood. He put himself in motion, saying that he was going to destroy Liege. .

## VI.

The deputies whom Lewis XI. sent on behalf of the Liegers, had not been able to stop the Burgundian army for an instant: but the city was re-assured. Thirty thousand men, good and bad, as Comines says, were there in fighting order. All these ardent citizens, united with banditti and adventurers, took up arms, and requested to be led out to attack the enemy. It would have been more prudent to remain behind the ramparts of the city; but this proposition would have been rejected as cowardly.

The alarm-bell was rung; all the militia called out; all the banners of the guilds displayed. The standard of St. Lambert, supposed to have been given by Charlemagne, was exposed on the high altar. The charge of carrying it was intrusted to the Count of Berlo, an old friend of Raes de Heers and of William; he was solemnly conducted under the great crown, which decorated the nave of the cathedral. He was clad in white armour; the bag of the same colour, containing one hundred sous of Liege, was given to him, which he hung at his white girdle. He went up to the altar to take the oath.

"I swear," said he, receiving the sacred banner, "to bring back this consecrated standard from battle, unless I fall."

He departed after uttering these words, and rode on his

splendid white horse through the midst of the guilds. Nothing was heard but some sighs.

"This war would be noble," said some voices, "if, going in the name of our patron St. Lambert, we had not among our enemies the successor of St. Lambert himself, our unworthy bishop."

The two armies met at Brusthem. There the troops of Tongres joined with those of Liege: it was the 28th of October, 1467, the festival of SS. Simon and Jude. The attack began at once; the Liegers, though victorious at the first onset, after long efforts, were defeated, broken, dispersed. The standard of St. Lambert returned torn to pieces, seven men only escorted in his flight the valiant Berlo, who preserved it.

William de Lamarck and Raes de Heers, who were sought to be hemmed in, with difficulty escaped from the battle. The Boar regained his forest: Raes returned to Liege.

But trouble and terror were in the city. Charles of Burgundy was approaching. Three hundred of the leading men went trembling and barefooted to carry him the keys of the city. He entered victorious in the midst of a people supplicating him for mercy; he abolished most of the charters and privileges of the Liegers, took away the steps,\* which stood in the city market, as an emblem of their freedom, and declared all those who were absent to be banished, confiscated the goods of those who had opposed him, established heavy imposts, demolished the fortifications, *so that a person might enter Liege as one would enter a village*, and disarmed all the citizens.

Lewis de Bourbon had re-entered Liege in his train; the people said, to have a share in the plunder.

Raes de Heers was sought, in order to be put to death, but he was not to be found. He had only remained an instant in the city; then he had joined the Wild Boar, to whom he related the sad details which have just been mentioned.

"It is well," replied William de Lamarck, "but before long it will be better. Companions of the Boar, rejoice; the time is at hand when you will salute me as mambour of Liege."

\* A set of stone steps, whence the people were addressed in what might be called the Forum of Liege.

## VII.

On the 12th of April, 1468, a detached wood in the district of Franchemont was animated by a sort of bivouac, where ten or twelve hundred wild soldiers had spent the night. By the head embroidered on their sleeves, they might be recognized as the companions of William, who had been reinforced by numerous proscribed persons from Liege. One of them, Joachim, of the guild of butchers, who had been sent on a journey of observation, was returned from the old city.

"All goes well," said he, addressing William de Lamarck.

"Are the people contented?" asked the chief.

"They can hardly help being so, sir; for they get full justice; they don't allow their swords to get rusty. A poor old woman has just been put to death for having said, 'Ah! if the Duke of Burgundy were in paradise!'"

"For that only?"

"For nothing else."

"Good! But has not the Holy See sent a legate?"

"Very fortunately, sir, he has done nothing towards calming the city. Lewis de Bourbon went to the festivities at Brussels; then, on his return to Liege, since the importunities of the legate troubled him, he went on board an elegant bark on the Meuse, with musicians, and went down to Maestricht, where he has again fixed his residence."

"So he has abandoned Liege to Himbercourt?"

"Better than that, sir. Himbercourt has been sent for to the Burgundian army. The place is vacant."

"Come hither, John Deville and George Strailhe," cried Lamarck; "Liege is not guarded, and I know, from good authority, that war is rekindled between France and Burgundy."

He spoke in a low voice to the two captains, who departed at once with eight hundred men, entered Liege, established a system of police there, and constituted themselves its guardians and defenders.

The accounts of those times represent to us the formidable appearance of those long-bearded men, from Franchemont, Rivage, and Liege, who could not be recognized again, mingled with adventurers. Wishing to give them-



selves more authority in carrying out their plans, they were aware what weight the presence of the bishop among them would have, they devised a bold stroke, which succeeded; some of them, having secretly repaired to Maes-tricht, carried off Lewis de Bourbon, and brought him to Liege.

In the disorder, they had killed a canon, a favourite of the bishop. This murder, which was exaggerated, and the audacity of the enterprise, which was carefully blackened, rekindled the hardly-extinguished fury of Charles the Rash. Contrary to the law of nations, he seized Lewis XI., who had come to visit him at Peronne, and conducted him to the sack of Liege, of which he compelled him to be a spectator. At the cruel siege of this town, the devotion of six hundred Franchemont men, those Spartans of modern history, is well known. John Deville perished, after having performed great exploits. Liege was again taken on the 30th of October; the forty thousand men, whom the Duke of Burgundy had brought to destroy it, became, at a given signal, forty thousand executioners. The old city was pillaged, burned, demolished, treated like Dinant.

The Boar exclaimed—"Burgundy!—Himbercourt!—Salm!—Bourbon!—now for us."

## VIII.

On the 5th of January, 1477, Charles the Rash, already defeated at Granson and Morat, was preparing in a great fury to fight the battle of Nancy.

During the heat of the battle, there was seen among the Swiss a tall warrior, with a bristly beard, having on his helmet a tuft of boar's hair, by way of a crest, who eagerly sought out Charles of Burgundy, pursued him, attacked him, fought him hand to hand, dragged him with him furiously: in the disorder of that bloody day he was lost sight of for an instant.

After the battle, no more was seen of the Duke of Burgundy. It was only on the fourth day that his lifeless body was found, stretched out by the side of a little pool. His livid face was stained with blood and mire, and so bruised, that he could not be recognized, but by his ring.

Some time afterwards, the people of Ghent put Himbercourt to death, under the eyes of Mary of Burgundy. In

the crowd an active agitator was observed, who wore in his cap of red cloth a tuft of boar's hair.

The Countess of Salm had given birth to a daughter. She was in 1478 the darling and pride of the family; she was carried off by a man, who took her into the Ardennes, where he had his lair.

"And Lewis de Bourbon?" said Blankenheim to William de Lamarck.

"Oh! as for him," answered the Boar, "I will kill him by inches."

## IX.

The historians of the fifteenth century scarcely speak of the Boar of Ardennes without shuddering. "His soul," says an old chronicle, "was a gulf, wherein seven devils, who possessed it, held their revels, and held, as one may say, the seven deadly sins chained up there. He showed himself so swollen with pride, that he despised every one, and even railed at God, in his insolent audacity. He carried his impiety so far, as to adopt, without shame, this device:—

" ' If God does not wish me, the devil beseeches me.' "

"His avarice was shown by the pillage of churches, monasteries, and the manors of worthy people, whence he amassed great treasures wherewith to pay his banditti. He was envious of every one who was his superior, and made himself the enemy of every one whom he wished to oppress. When he raised himself against the Count of Salm, it was not because that nobleman had obtained the archdeaconry of La Campine, which was a clerical dignity, but because he wished to usurp it himself.\*

"His other vices, orgies, and irregularities, rendered the life of his virtuous wife very wretched. Brutal anger seemed to be his habitual state; and except during wars and acts of violence, he lived idly, passing his days at the table, and gambling, only occupying his mind with evil conversations.

"But he fought with fury, and that was called courage."

\* The archdeaconry of La Campine, at Liege, was sometimes possessed by laics, contrary to the holy canons. But then these laymen only performed the administrative and civil functions of the office.

## X.

Liege was gradually rebuilt.

The Boar of Ardenne, continuing to live his wild life, waited patiently for the execution of his designs. He had revenged himself on Charles of Burgundy, on Humbercourt, and on the Countess of Salm. He re-appeared in the city, and had become so powerful, that every one was brought to fear him.

He used to walk about freely in the old city, whenever he chose to stay there.

His friends were astonished, nevertheless, that he put off his vengeance against Lewis de Bourbon.

"I wish only to strike a sure blow," said he ; "to destroy the prince-bishop, I must make war against the Liegers, which I cannot do ; he must expiate his offences alone. To prove to you that I am not afraid," he added, "you shall see."

This conversation was held at Liege. Messire Trochillon, one of the grand vicars of the bishop, was walking along the street ;—it was noon. The Boar coolly went out with two of his men ; at a sign which he gave them, they assassinated Trochillon, some few paces from the palace of Lewis de Bourbon, and almost before his face. After this, William came in again, and resumed his conversation with his friends.

He had no reason for fear. The murder of Trochillon was not even inquired into. However, some time afterwards, the Boar having retired into his forest, where he meditated a more important enterprise, the prince-bishop, emboldened by his absence, took courage, and sent a detachment of men to take possession of and destroy the castle of Aigremont, which belonged to him.

"Well," said Blankenheim.

"This is what you wish for," added Raes de Heers. "It is Lewis de Bourbon who begins the war."

"He throws down the glove to you, sir," added Joachim.

"I will take it up," answered William. "But wait till he who destroyed my castle shall have rebuilt it."

His haughty confidence was not without foundation ; Bourbon was more alarmed at the inaction of the Boar

than he would have been troubled by a war. Trembling at the bare thought of the projects which he supposed him to entertain, he made him an offer of peace; and when, wishing to reconcile himself with his subjects, the death of Charles the Rash having left him with no support, he had obtained from Mary of Burgundy the remission of the penalties and the restitution of the steps so dear to the Liegers, as he was returning to Liege, William de Lamarck went to meet him, surrounded by a small escort. The prince received him with remarkable favour; seeking to attach to his party a man, whose enmity left him no repose, he caressed him, restored to him all the dignities of his family, conferred new ones on him, nominated him captain of his guards, and shortly afterwards mambour of the church of Liege.

"So, I have already part of what I wish for," said the surprised Boar. "Let us see if I owe it to free-will."

He kept his banditti always in arms in that part of the Ardennes which borders on the territory of Franchemont; he demanded the title of governor of Franchemont and Logne; he obtained it, and said, "I owe all to fear."

He lamented the ruin of his castle of Aigremont; Lewis de Bourbon obtained for him, from Mary of Burgundy, a sum of money to rebuild it with.

"It is well," said the Boar, whom nothing could bend; and he kept on his guard.

Meanwhile Lewis, who had returned to better feelings, busied himself among his people, whose love he regained; he left to William de Lamarck all his power, without being able to attach him to himself. The Boar was one of those men whose hatred is delayed from action, but not dispersed by benefits. Lewis de Bourbon begged him to make his peace with the family of Trochillon; he took no notice of the recommendation. He sent for some of his old friends to Liege, to stand by him in case of necessity; among them was Raes de Heers; but he, aged before his time from the adventurous life that he had led, only returned to Liege to die there.

Mélar, in his "History of Hui," thus depicts the authority which William de Lamarck then exercised at Liege:—

"Absolute master in the bishop's palace, neither councillor nor courtier dared speak but by his mouth; nor did any secretary dare to write but at his dictation.

Edicts and proclamations were drawn up by his orders. He listened to no commandment of the provost, dean, or chapter. He was never seen to enter a church, to hear mass, to confess, or to communicate; he commonly ate flesh-meat in Lent; and he was not reconciled to the relations of the grand-vicar, who had been murdered by him. Having, by his own authority, divorced himself from his consort, he took another."

But, as one day Lewis de Bourbon ventured to censure a little of this, William took offence. And as then, notwithstanding his advice, the prince of Liege refused to take part with Lewis XI., who was making war on Mary of Burgundy, the Boar took advantage of the occasion to quit the city abruptly, and to retire again amongst his banditti, whom he always kept on foot.

He had made himself enemies. The bishop, whom a feeling of weakness had hitherto restrained, thought himself powerful enough to brave him; he denounced him as a felon to the aldermen, who banished him. There were proofs of his understanding with Lewis XI. in the complaints which that monarch made of his condemnation, which he regarded as a personal injury.

The Boar at length prepared for vengeance, but his plans were long in execution; and he did not prepare to march to Liege till he had made all the friends of the bishop throughout the country feel his displeasure.

On the 28th of August, in the year 1482, it was known that William de Lamarck had just left the forest of Ardennes at the head of three thousand banditti on foot, and twelve hundred horsemen. He advanced slowly, increasing at every step the number of his partisans, which at Liege was considerable.

Lewis de Bourbon was at Hui; he hastened to Liege, assembled his soldiers and the militia of the city, distributed wine to every one, and harangued his men-at-arms, determined to come to an end with the man who was his scourge.

Although his wine was drunk, his words had but little effect. The adherents of the Boar were in the majority in the capital; they were so far from concealing themselves, that they all wore a little branch of oak in their hats, to distinguish themselves.

John de Horne, a valiant young man, to whom the standard of St. Lambert was intrusted, advised them to

wait the attack of the enemy within the city, whose ramparts had been rebuilt. The prince-bishop thought that they ought to show more confidence in their cause; and he marched with his men to La Chartreuse, where the brigands had halted. Armed with a helmet and breast-plate, like a knight, Lewis de Bourbon rode a spirited horse, which reared at first, and refused to move. This sort of presentiment was looked on as an evil omen. But the prince was obstinate, as weak men always are, when they at last make up their minds. The Boar, informed of everything by his friends at Liege, waited for him in the defiles of La Chartreuse. The army of the bishop was hampered in these narrow and difficult roads.

As soon as the prince and his feeble escort had arrived at the dangerous spot where William de Lamarck had placed himself in ambush, a detachment of the brigands fell on those who surrounded the prelate, and killed them in a moment; and Lewis de Bourbon saw himself alone, abandoned by most of his own men, who took to flight, separated from the others, who could not come to his aid, surrounded by the fierce companions of the Boar. He was in front of a pool formed by a little brook, which ran down from the fountain of Wez. He cast his eyes around, and saw, some paces off, on an eminence, William de Lamarck, who sat immovable on his horse. He cried to him with a suppliant voice—

“Mercy, Lord of Arenberg: I am your prisoner.”

As he said these words, one of the bandits struck him on the face with his long sword. The blood spirted forth. Bourbon, staggering and disfigured, joined his hands, and repeated his prayer. Then, as the brigands seemed to hesitate to strike him again, the Boar, putting spurs to his horse, rushed on him sword in hand, plunged it into his throat, and then ordered his men by a sign to finish him.

The body of the prince-bishop had fallen down at the edge of the pool, the face in the mud. It was stripped, by order of William, who entered Liege on the 30th of August. John de La Boverie and Pollain, his old friends, were burgomasters that year. By their advice, he allowed the body of Bourbon to be taken up, and the honours of burial to be done to it. Then he caused his son, John de Lamarck of Arenberg, to be elected bishop; as for himself, he declared that he would reassume his dignity of mambour.

## XI.

The old historian Duhaillan records this great scene in these words :

“The Boar of Ardennes then made and plotted mortal war against Mgr. Lewis de Bourbon, Bishop of Liege, who had formerly benefited the said Boar ; and, to put his evil enterprise into execution, he assembled many bad characters, robbers, and plunderers, up to the number of two or three thousand, whom he clothed and vested in red gowns, and on the left sleeve of each of the said gowns he put a boar’s head. He found means to hold intelligence with some traitors at Liege against their lord, to pursue and murder him, or to lead him out of the city with such men as he had, which the said Liegers did. And, under the pretext of a feigned friendship, which they said they had for their bishop, they told him that he must go and attack the enemy ; that the inhabitants would follow him in arms, and die for him ; and that there was no doubt but that the Boar and his company would in the end be discomfited and destroyed. Mgr. de Liege, inclining to their request, left the city, and went with them to the field, to the place where the Sire de Lamarck was ; who, when he saw the said bishop, appeared from the ambush in which he was, and came towards him ; and when the said traitorous inhabitants of Liege saw their bishop in the hands of his enemy, they turned their backs, and, without striking a blow, returned to the city of Liege.

“Immediately Mgr. de Liege, who had no aid or succour but his servants and household, was much amazed ; for Lamarck, who had sallied from his ambush, came to him, and gave him a cut on the face, and then slew him with his own hand. After the fact, he brought the bishop and threw down and extended his naked body in the Great Place, before the church of St. Lambert, the cathedral church of Liege, where he was manifestly shown quite dead to all the inhabitants of the said city, and to all who wished to see him. Soon after the said death came, in the hope of aiding him, the Archduke of Austria (Maximilian), the Prince of Orange, and others, who, when they knew of his death, returned without doing anything on the occasion thereof.”

Duhaillan and the other French historians have, as we see, only known part of the details. Walter Scott himself, in the researches which he made for his "Quentin Durward," did not discover everything.\*

## XII.

Lewis XI. had just died, and the sovereign pontiff had not approved of the irregular and violent election of the son of William to the bishopric of Liege. He had named another bishop,—it was John de Horne, the same who carried the standard of St. Lambert on the day of the death of Lewis de Bourbon. From that time he had made great efforts at Liege to close the wounds of the country, and to restore peace.

In 1485, by the help of judicious steps, things had come to such a state, that the Boar had consented to give up his post. He had been loaded with grants and honours for it; he had been negotiated with as one of equal power with the prince; he was treated as the friend, the ally, and the equal of the new bishop, John de Horne.

One day this same year the abbot of St. Trond having given a great feast to John de Horne, William de Lamarck was invited to it. The bishop's brothers, James, Count of Horne, and Frederick, Count of Montigny, did not fail to come. Many persons had been invited, among whom were several ladies of the highest rank. After the feast they amused themselves with different sports; they laughed, joked, even danced; the snare which was prepared for him was covered with roses.

The day advanced, and the bishop's brothers pretended a wish to return to Louvain; they called for their horses. The bishop said that he would not allow them to depart alone, and that he would even accompany them for some distance. The Boar, out of courtesy, added that he would also escort all of them. He was unarmed, and had with him but one servant.† They set off.

When they were in the open country, after some cheer-

\* This great writer, in the same work, has made Lewis XI. a contemptible character, which Casimir Delavigne has awkwardly copied. It is a pity that M. Victor Hugo should have also adopted this error.

† These details are borrowed from the excellent work of M. de Gerlache, "Revolutions of Liege under Lewis de Bourbon," and from different contemporary chronicles.



ful conversation, Montigny challenged the Boar to a race. He, mounted on an excellent horse, and suspecting absolutely nothing, had soon outstripped his challenger, who galloped as well as he could to excite him. Hardly had they entered into a wood, called the Forest of Heers, when William de Lamarck suddenly saw himself surrounded by a band of soldiers placed in ambush, who ran upon him with lighted matches at the pans of their guns. Montigny immediately arrived, who declared him his prisoner.

The Boar was surprised, and demanded the meaning of what was going on. Montigny coldly showed an order signed by the archduke Maximilian.

"But whither do you conduct me?" said he.

"To Maestricht."

"Notwithstanding your treachery," said the Boar, with a degree of terror, "if you have any knightly feeling remaining in your heart, do not take me thither."

"To Maestricht," repeated Montigny, in a freezing tone of voice.

"That is, to death," said William.

They entered that town in the evening; and the Boar of Ardennes, loaded with chains, was intrusted to a guard who might be relied on. During the night, notice was given him, that he had only time to put his conscience in order, because he was to die the next day. He received this news as if he had expected it, and finding his conscience uneasy at last, asked for a confessor.

Early the next morning he was conducted to the Place Saint Servais, where executions took place. A raised yard occupied the larger part of it. This enclosure was surrounded by a wall four feet high, all round which the spectators leant. Iron rings, fastened into this wall, were used by the executioners, who on some occasions fastened the criminals to them, when there were several waiting their turn. The scaffold where the Boar was to lose his head had been erected in the middle, with its sinister aspect and its block stained with blood.

William de Lamarck, led by his guards as far as the iron gate which served as an entry to the enclosure, was there delivered to the executioner, who, with his two assistants, was alone in the place. The condemned man, accompanied by his pitying confessor, was dressed in a red coat; his hands were tied behind his back. He raised his head, and amongst the compact mass of gazers, who

blocked up all the windows, and covered all the roofs in the square, he thought he could distinguish his enemy at a balcony. Furious with rage, he mechanically made a violent effort, which broke the solid bonds which held his hands. The executioner, seeing him free, started back with alarm.

"Do not fear me, my good fellow," said the Boar, roughly; "you are doing your duty. But," added he, shaking his fist, in a wrath which ought not to have occupied his last moments, "on another be the blood of to-day! There is a man who shall pay for it; and this head, which is about to fall, will bleed for a long time."

After these words he sought for some known faces in the crowd; he begged of them to convey his last farewell to Mary, his wife, with whom he had been reconciled, to his two sons, to his two daughters, to Jeannot, his bastard son. Then, recommending his brothers and friends to avenge his death, he took off his coat, and threw it among the people, who divided the fragments among themselves; then, twisting his long and rough beard with both his hands, he put it between his teeth, and offered his neck to the executioner, who beheaded him at one stroke.

His body was claimed by the Dominicans of Maestricht, whose prior had attended him at his last moments.

The death of the Boar was avenged by his family; and the bloody troubles, with which it still afflicted the country, did not cease until the episcopal chair of Liege was occupied, in 1506, by Erard de Lamarck, nephew of William.

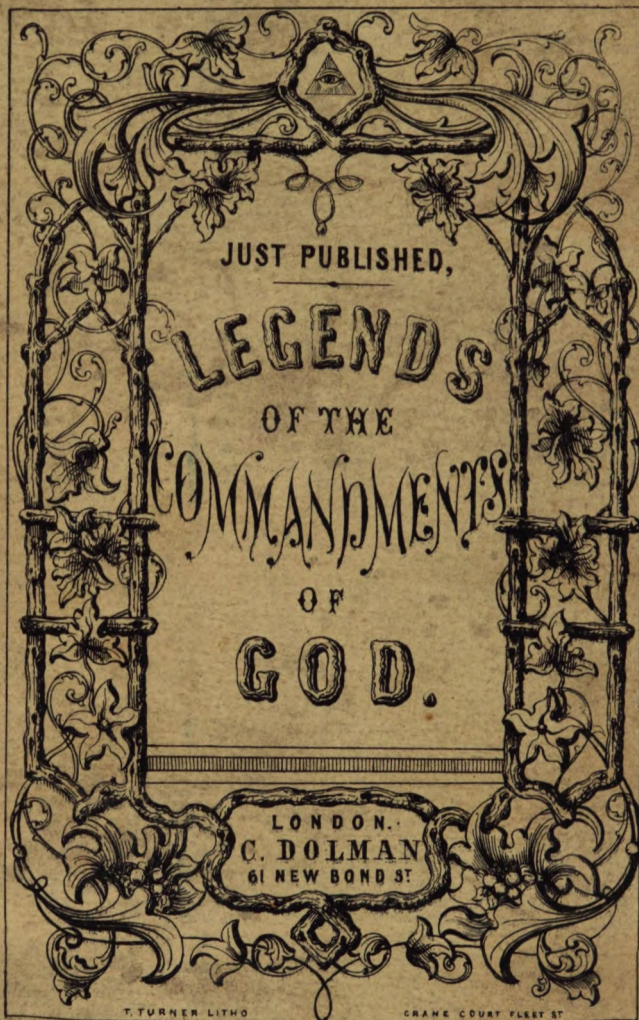
THE END.











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